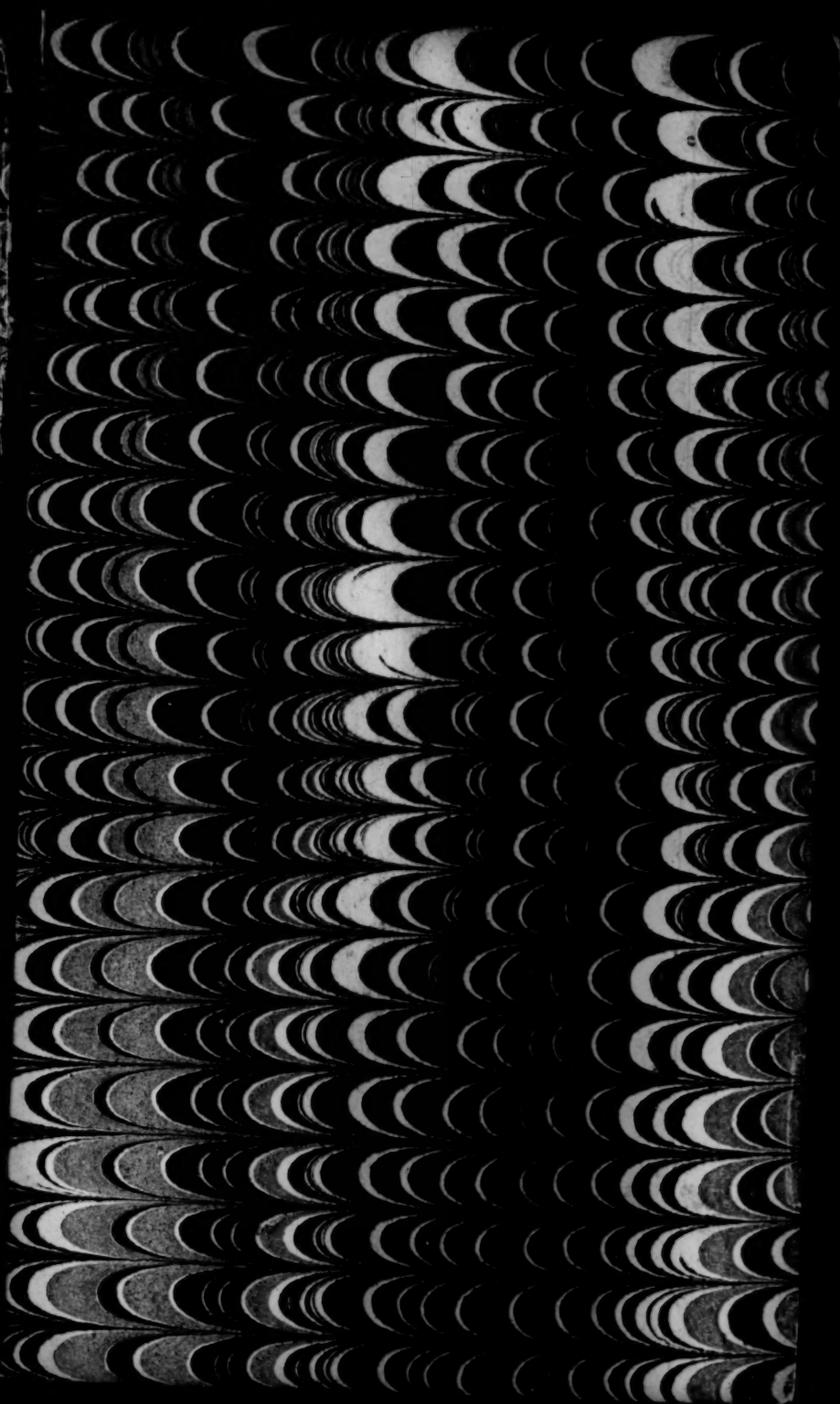




Philip Bliss.



Philip Bliss.



12613 a 35

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LOVES
OF
ANTIOCHUS
AND
STRATONICE:

In which are interspers'd some
Accounts relating to Greece
and Syria.

By Mr. ^KTHEOBALD.

L O N D O N;

Printed for Jonas Browne at the Black-Swan
without Temple-bar. 1717.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

I Could not think it proper to thrust this Piece into the World, which revives a Tale of such Antiquity, without giving some preliminary Account of the Reasons for which I wrote it, and of the Reasons for which I think it may be read. The Story was first propos'd to Me by a Friend, with some Sollicitations that I would attempt to adapt it to our *English* Stage: I did not wholly refuse

A 2 this

iv. *The P R E F A C E.*

this Task, but employ'd some Time on the considering the Subject; and at last remember'd that *T. Corneille* had wrote a *Tragi-Comedy* under the Title of *Antiochus*: The Play is in its Nature entirely Tragical; but it has been the Fashion of some *French* Criticks and Poets to call that *Tragi-Comedy*, where, tho' the Subject be Tragical, the *Catastrophe* is happy: By this sort of Criticism, I am sure at least Eight of *Euripides's* Plays must lose the Name of Tragedies.

Upon a Perusal of the *French* Scenes, I found such a Fund of Passion in them, that I thought they might happily be turn'd to Account in the Prosecution of my Design; tho' I immediately judg'd
that

The P R E F A C E. v.

that the Passion would much better be tasted in a Narrative, than in a Representation : For on the Stage, if the Distress be not active as well as strong, and the Subject hangs upon one Passion, the Scenes are soon observ'd to flag and appear dull. I therefore chose to make it rather a *History* than a *Drama*; and I had a Mind besides to exercise my Hand a little in Prose: For too frequent a Conversation with Verse, and a Neglect of Prose, generally gives a Man a Shuffle in his Style, like That of a Horse who has just begun to pace, and is not broke to it.

This is all that I have to say as to the Reasons for which I wrote it; and I design not to be much more

vi. *The P R E F A C E.*

copious as to Those for which I think it may be read. 'Tis a very just Remark of a late ingenious Writer, to which I am proud to subscribe my own Opinion, that **Let the Book be what it will, the Author's Justifications or Encomiums of it, like the prating Trader's Commendation of his own Wares, (which he wou'd recommend to the World) rather give Customers Suspicion of their real Value, than are Invitations to the taking them off of their Hands.*

It will, however, be no mean Apology for my Performance, to let my Readers know that the Story treated of in this Book, has not esca-

** Mr. Wycherley's Preface to his Poems.*

The P R E F A C E. vii.

ped the Pens of * *Galen*, † *Appian*, || *Plutarch*, * *Lucian*, † *Julian*, || *Val. Maximus*, and others, of no little Character for Letters. The last of these Writers, whom I mention'd, has propos'd it as one of the most extraordinary Examples of Paternal Tenderness that is on Record: And *Plutarch* and *Appian* seem to applaud *Seleucus* for this one Action more than for all his Atchievements in War, or most signal Victories. A celebrated * Author, who was to give a Painter a Subject for a History Piece, propos'd to him the remarkable Incident between *Alexander* the Great

* Περὶ περιγνώσεων. † In Syriacis. || In Demetris Vind. * In Dea Syra. † In Milopogone. || In lib. 5. c. 7. * The Tatler.

and

viii. *The* P R E F A C E.

and his Physitian : In which the *Prince* drinks up a Potion, which he has the strongest Reason to suspect was Poyson ; and the *Physitian* reads a Letter wherein he is accus'd of having taken a Bribe to destroy his Prince. It must be confess'd the Passions arising from these extraordinary Circumstances, would require a Masterly Brain to conceive and Pencil to express. I believe, if I were to propose this Incident between *Seleucus* and *Antiochus*, it would cost the Painter as much Skill and Knowledge to do it Justice. It would be very hard to represent the Conflict of Passions that ought to appear on either Side: The Generosity and Pleasure of an Indulgent Father, who resigns a
Young

The P R E F A C E. ix.

Yóung and Beauteous Queen to save his Son's Life, mix'd with that Concern which must necessarily attend the Resignation of such a Treasure: And on the other Hand, the Shame and filial Piety of a Son, who had languish'd almost to Death with the Concealment of his Passion, to rob his Father of a Wife whom he so tenderly lov'd, mix'd with that tacit Joy which the receiving a Blessing, in which his own Life was treasur'd up, must as necessarily inspire.

I do not know whether I have not some Excuse to make for the Word HISTORY in my Title-Page, since, tho' the Ground-work of the Story, the giving *Stratonice* in Marriage to *Antiochus*, be a real Fact,
the

x. *The P R E F A C E.*

the Means and Method of this Action suffer here some Variation, and are embellish'd with Incidents, which I cannot affirm, to be so strictly true. The whole Current of Historians is against my Conduct of the Story in one Point: They all agree that *Seleucus* was actually married to *Stratonice*; and * some go further, and inform us, that he had a Son by her. The Reader will soon see the Innovation that I have made in this Respect: And must be the Judge whether my Reasons for so doing are sufficient. It was no new thing among the old Heathens either wholly to put away their Wives, or to bestow them on their Friends. Instances of both are frequent in the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors. The System of Christianity has banish'd this Custom from our *European* World, and I doubt not but our Notions of it are alter'd with our Religion. In this Tract therefore, which

* Plutarch.

The P R E F A C E. xi.

I propos'd as a *Novel* rather than *History*, I accounted my self a Master of my Story ; and have ventur'd, with *Corneille*, to make *Seleucus* only on the Point of Marriage when he resign'd his Bride, that should have been, to his Son. I desire the *French Poet's* Excuse may be taken for mine. *L'Usage de nos Mœurs n'a point souffert, que j'aye suivi l'exacte Verité de l'Histoire dans le Mariage effectif qui étoit déjà entre lui & Stratonice avant qu'il la cedât à son Fils : mais si je semble avoir affoibli par là ce qu'un si extraordinaire Effort lui a fait acquérir de Gloire, du moins Ceux qui n'ont qu'une mediocre Ferveur pour le Sacrement, n'auront point à m'opposer que la Resolution de se defaire de sa Femme n'est pas la Matiere d'un grand Triomphe.*

As I have borrow'd this Author's Excuse, so I have transplanted the greatest part of his Sentiments, as well as Incidents, occasionally into my Fable. Of the First my Language almost thro'-
out

xii. *The P R E F A C E.*

out will be an Evidence ; of the Latter, the Affair betwixt *Tigranes* and *Arfinoe*, and the Exchange of that Princess's Picture for *Stratonice's*, which the Poet has made the Means of discovering *Antiochus's* Passion. By this Fiction it was impossible for the Tragedian to introduce what the Story furnish'd with Relation to *Erasistratus* : But I have been so just to History as to give it a place, tho' I have not made it instrumental in the Discovery.

As to the *Episodic* Parts, which are purely Invention, if they cannot please of Themselves they are worth no Excuse ; and if they can, they need none. As to the *History*, which I have mix'd, it is neither so foreign to the Story, nor so tedious in its Recital, as to require an Apology. And, lastly, as to my Digressions in *Geography*, I shall rely on Curiosity for supporting Them : Since Many do not scruple to go a little out of their Way, but to have a distant Prospect of a Town that is new to Them.

T H E



The L O V E S of
ANTIOCHUS,
AND
STRATONICE.

NOW was the City of *Antioch* all Joy and Pleasure; the rude Cares of War, which used to warm the Breast of the Martial *Seleucus*, were extinguish'd by the more active Fires of Love; and no Preparations were going forward in *Syria*, but what were for the Celebration of her Monarch's Nuptials, and to congratulate the Arrival of the blooming *Stratonice*.

P. B. 29

The

The Match which State-policy on the one side propos'd, was embrac'd from an Amorous Inclination on the other; and *Demetrius*, who saw the Powerful Charms of his Daughter, and knew how easily *Seleucus* kindled at the Attractions of Beauty, consented to throw her into the Arms of that Aged Monarch, and repair the Injuries of his own declining Fortune by the firm Alliance of so potent a Neighbour.

Of all the Successors of the Victorious *Alexander*, who divided the Conquer'd World at his Death, none were so Powerful as these Two Princes; they seem'd to inherit the Soul of that Monarch, and, unsatisfied with the bounds prescrib'd to their Merit, both grasp'd at universal Empire. The Kingdom of *Macedon* was too narrow for *Demetrius*, and nothing less than the Conquest of all *Asia* could content the Ambition of *Seleucus*. The former had from his Infant Years been inur'd to Arms; and, when he was but just arriv'd at Manhood, was sent to put a Stop to the Successes of *Egyptian Ptolomy*, an old harden'd Soldier, who had been train'd up under the Discipline of *Alexander*, and to whose
Sword

Antiochus *and* Stratonice.

3

Sword Victory herself seem'd a Slave :
The latter was not of a less Martial Dispo-
sition, nor less exercis'd in the rugged
Trade of War : And Venerable Time
gives such a Sanction to Superstition, that
we may say the Fates bespoke his Gran-
deur, and Omens and Presages mark'd
out his future Royalty. For 'tis recorded
of this Prince, that his Mother *Laodice*,
being married to *Antiochus* an eminent
Commander under *Phillip* of *Macedon*,
dream'd she was honour'd with the Em-
braces of *Apollo* ; and growing with Child,
as an Assurance of his Favour, that she
had receiv'd a Ring from the Deity, on
the Jewel whereof was an Anchor in-
grav'd ; with this Command, to give it to
the Child which she should be deliver'd
of : What made this Dream consider'd of
the more Importance was, that a Ring
with that very Impression was the next
Morning found in the Bed ; and the In-
fant, when born, had the apparent Mark
of an Anchor on his Thigh. There is
another Story that has been handed down,
and seems recommended by a greater
Appearance of Truth. *Seleucus*, having
attended *Alexander* in his Expedition
into *Asia*, when that Prince returning
B 2 from

From the *Indies* embarked on the *Euphrates* to go visit the Marshes of *Babylon*, with intent to make Channels to water the Champion of *Syria*; his Diadem, by a gust of Wind, was whirl'd off from his Head, and lodg'd on a heap of Reeds which grew near the Sepulchre of an Ancient King; (for it was the Custom of the Ancients to erect their Monuments on the Banks of Rivers, and on the Sides of Hills at distance from their Cities:) *Seleucus* immediately plung'd into the River, and swimming to the Reeds recover'd the Diadem, which he clap'd on his own Head, and brought back dry to *Alexander*. Time soon after better explain'd the Mystery of this Presage, than the South-sayers durst; who only advised that the Bearer should be put to Death: But it was not long e'er *Alexander* dy'd at *Babylon*, and *Seleucus* succeeded to the greatest part of his Empire. Let it suffice for the History of this Monarch's Reign, that he let slip no Opportunity of Augmenting his Glory, or extending his Dominions; pursuing his Conquests with indefatigable Ardor, till all the Lands from the Confines of *Phrygia* to the River *Indus*, were under his Obedience.

Some

Some Historians, I know, have reported that the Marriage with the fair *Stratonice* was first mov'd to her Father by *Seleucus*; and that he sent Embassadors to treat with him on that Affair; but I am rather of Opinion, as I have above hinted, that the Alliance was coveted on the part of *Demetrius*. Be that, as it will; It is certain *Seleucus* had but one Heir by the *Persian Apamia*, his first Wife, whom he call'd *Antiochus*: And that he stood possess'd of so many spacious Territories, as might well satisfy the Ambition of more than one Successor.

Never was Son more respectful to a Father, than *Antiochus*; never was Father more affectionate to a Son, than *Seleucus*. Indeed the Prince had Endowments which demanded Love and Veneration; the Eyes and Hearts of all *Syria* were on him; and he was the general Object of Respect and Desire. He had a race wherein Majesty and good Nature were agreeably mingled; a Form and Gracefulness of Shape and Air, which made the Neighbouring Queens sigh for such a Consort; an Affability, which endear'd

him to the Courtiers; and a sprightly Fierceness which made him ador'd by the Soldiers. Him, when the Propositions for the Marriage were settled, did *Seleucus* send to the Court of *Macedonia* to conduct the bright *Stratonice* from the Embraces of a Father to those of a Husband: To lead her from her Virgin Apartments in the Palace of *Demetrius*, to Hymen and a Throne in that of *Seleucus*.

The expected Day of their Arrival was at hand, and every thing in *Antioch* testified the Love they bore their Monarch, and the Joy with which they receiv'd his future Queen. His Subjects press'd from the remotest parts of *Syria* to the Solemnity; and *Media*, *Bactria* and *Persis* sent out Numbers, impatient to compliment the Young Beauty, the Report of whose Charms had pass'd the *Euphrates*, and penetrated to *Caucasus* and Inhospitable *Scythia*. Nor was *Seleucus* backward in testifying the Grandeur of a Monarch, or Respect of a Lover: His Forces, richly accoutred made Lanes for their Passage, the Embassadors from all the Kingdoms he had subdued, met them
at

at *Oroffus*, and fell in with their Train; and the Wives and Daughters of all his *Satrapæ* were seated beneath the Threshold of *Jupiter's* Temple, and attended the approach of the Pomp to the Palace. The Skies resounded with the Acclamations of the Populace, when *Antiochus* and *Stratonice* appear'd aloft in their open Chariot, drawn by Milk-white Steeds, that seem'd prouder of their fair Charge, than of the costly Trappings of *Persian* Arras which hung down to their Heels. Incense was burnt all the way before them; and such Rites perform'd, as if for the Reception of the God of War, and Goddess of Beauty: Some praised the Grace and Majesty of the Prince; others the Sweetness, yet awful Charms of the Lady; but all concluded her fitter to bless the Bed of *Antiochus* than his Aged Father.

Soon as the Prince alighted at the Palace, the King's Favourite *Tigranes* receiv'd him; and the fair *Arfinoe*, the Niece of the Monarch, approach'd and wellcom'd the fairer *Stratonice*. When they came to the Presence, *Seleucus* gave a vigorous Spring from the Throne, and

with Tears of transport fell on the Neck of his darling Son ; with Thousand Expressions of paternal Fondness congratulating his Return, and thanking him for the lovely Partner of his Travels. 'Twas observ'd that the Prince turn'd Pale at those last Words, and saw with Confusion and Uneasiness the Welcomes which *Seleucus* paid to the adorable *Stratonice* : *Tigranes* who perceiv'd *Antiochus* change Colour, and little suspected the rising Indisposition proceeded from any secret Emotion of the Mind, ask'd his Highness if he were not well. The Prince striving to recover his Disorder, but in vain ; with redoubled Confusion, confess'd on the sudden he was seiz'd with an Illness, which he attributed to the Violence of the Peoples Shouting, and the Fatigue of his Journey ; therefore begg'd he might have leave to retire, and a little Repose would set him right. The King, who thought the Prince o'erlabour'd with the Hurry of the Day, was as earnest to dismiss him from the Tumults of that Night's Joy, and chose much rather to dispense with his Absence, than endanger his Health by a complimental stay.

Soon

Soon as *Antiochus* was retir'd, the jovial old Monarch encourag'd the Company not to be wanting to themselves in Pleasures, or ought that might contribute to express their Satisfaction at what he accounted a Cause for Triumph. The Bowles were immediately Crown'd with generous Wines, the Tables cover'd with the choicest Dainties, and the sprightly Trumpets sounded a Charge to Mirth and Jollity. *Tigranes* ever officious to please his Royal Master, was not wanting on this Occasion to surprize him with an Entertainment, which was a grateful Piece of Flattery to his intended Queen: He had prepar'd a splendid Masque, in which the Poetry, Musick, Dress and Machinery seem'd to contend for Mastery, all were so exquisitely Elegant and Perfect. It began with the descending of a large Purple Cloud, which, at a certain Period of the Musick bursting asunder, disclos'd a bright Transparent Heaven where the Gods, in Robes that seem'd studded with Stars, sat in full Assembly; all consulting to shower down Blessings on the Nuptials of *Seleucus*, and contribute a

Thousand Divine Graces to the blooming
Stratonice.

The King was so pleas'd with this unexpected Piece of Art, that he pluck'd a rich Jewel from his Finger, and throwing it into a massy Golden Goblet presented it to *Tigranes*: And *Stratonice*, who thought herself oblig'd to reward where the King had set her a President, drew a glittering Bracelet from her snowy Arm, and with a blushing Modesty reaching over to *Tigranes*, beg'd it might for the future grace the Arm of that Virgin, who held his Heart bound in richer Fetters. The transported Favourite made a low Obeisance, and with Eyes full of Passion glancing on *Arfinoe*, told the Queen, that tho' he was fix'd to Death in his Choice, yet he would not in her Presence presume to dispose of her Favours. *Arfinoe*, who knew the Present was destin'd hers, glow'd with the Satisfaction of being Mistress of so valuable a Treasure.

Selcucus, mean while, amidst all his Enjoyments, anxious for the Welfare of his Darling Son, sent to enquire concerning the Prince; and was soon inform'd, that
he

he was retir'd to Rest, and that his Pages had the strictest Orders given them, that he might not be disturb'd. The King, with an Air of Satisfaction at the News, turn'd to his Charming Mistress, and told her, that *in the Morning, he hop'd, she might expect the Welcomes of her Fellow-Traveller.* The lovely Cheeks of Stratonice were in an Instant cover'd with Blushes, and her Heart flutter'd so at the mention of the Prince, that she struggled long with her Confusion e'er she could recover to answer the King: At length with a Smile and easy Sweetness, *My Lord, says she, my Welcomes seem so full already, that I can hardly conceive any thing can add to them; yet if I thought the Prince displeas'd at my Arrival, Syria would yield me but slender Satisfaction: I should suspect I was come an Invader of his Rights, to divide with him his Father's Affections, which his filial Tenderness could not but be jealous of: Or perhaps that I should lessen the Regards which the People cannot but pay to so much Merit.* The old Monarch eagerly grasping her Hand, reply'd, *The Prince is too generous, Madam, to fear a Rival in Stratonice: Nor can the tender Passions her Charms inspire, interfere with the Affection of an indulgent Father. Believe me,*
thou

thou Fairest of thy Sex, Antiochus will joy in your Arrival, and my Happiness: Will adore you as his Queen, reverence you as his Mother, and prize you as the Treasure of his Father's Heart. But why am I lavish in the Praises of the Youth? Demetrius's Court, no doubt, has been a Witness to his Virtues: Yourself, Madam, are no Stranger to his Respect and Carriage; but must perceive that his Eyes and Soul confess you with Homage.

All the while the King was speaking, *Stratonice* sat as in Pain and Disorder; sometimes the lively Red forsook her Cheeks, as if the Blood were retir'd to convey a Message to her Bosom; and the next Moment it tumultuously return'd, as if her Heart was alarm'd at the Tidings, and a Civil War was begun within. A glowing Pleasure trickled thro' her Veins at every mention of the Prince; his Mien, his Virtues, and awful Address to her crowded up her Thoughts; his Image dwelt in her Imagination, and the Repetition of his Praises was Musick to her Ears; her whole Attention was engag'd by *Antiochus*, and every Accent that breathed his Name was swell'd with Harmony! But then, the King--- the old, the destin'd

Antiochus and Stratonice. 13

destin'd Husband!---- The bare Thought of him was Discord to her Soul: His Courtesy and Addresses were insipid and tiresome, and she started with Horror at his future Embraces.

Tigranes who saw some little uneasiness in the Queen, of which he much less divin'd the Cause; and who perceiv'd likewise that his old Master, doubly transported with Wine and Beauty, began in immoderate Talk to betray the Infirmary of Age, in humble Terms address'd him thus: *Might I presume to advise, most Royal Sir, the wasted Tapers seem to counsel our Departure, and our Pleasures begin to be too largely Borrowers on the Night: Silence and Repose are the Triumphs of her Empire, and in breaking them we invade her Prerogative. The fair Stratonice, no doubt, may secretly wish to be repriev'd from Ceremony: The Compliments of a Court are at best but troublesome; and the Fatigues of a Journey and publick Entrance are no weak Invitations to Rest. But pardon me, Sir, that while I am taking Care for my Royal Mistress, my officious Concern breaks in upon your Happiness, and aims at robbing you of those beauteous Eyes, in gazing on which, Pleasure is renew'd, and time glides away*

away insensibly. The King with Transport and Satisfaction dancing in his Aged Eyes rose up and reply'd, that *Tigranes*, had oblig'd him extreamly with his Care of the Queen; and that however precious her Company was to him, yet he would not indulge his own Pleasure to the prejudice of her Health, or hazard of making her uneasy.

The Train of Courtiers immediately arose, and perceiving that now their Absence might be dispens'd with, made their parting Compliments, and retir'd: *Arfinoe*, who had conducted *Stratonice* into the Palace, was now to renew her Office of Attendance, and wait upon her to her private Apartment: The King having kiss'd her fair Hand, and wish'd her a Repose sweet as her own Innocence, threw his Arms over *Tigranes*, and, supported by him, withdrew to his Apartment.

The Prince in the mean time, whose Breast was too full of Love and Despair to admit of Repose, whose Eyes no balmy Slumbers could weigh down, and whose Cares were heighten'd by Thought
and

Antiochus and Stratonice. 15

and Solitude, retir'd backward out of his Lodgings into a Grove, whose ample Shade was compos'd of spreading Poplars, and tall Aspins. The Silver Moon, now got up to the middle of the Heaven, darted her trembling Light through the Trees, the quivering Leaves ruffled with the Zephyrs that visited the Grove, the Nightingales warbled out their Mourning Melody, and the Waters of the Canals ran pleasantly murmuring down the falls of Artificial Rocks. The Prince threw himself along on the Grass, and with Sighs that seem'd to heave his Bosom like an Earthquake, to the Winds, to the Waters, and the silent Night complain'd of the inevitable Rigour of his Fate. *Follow (said he) the Counsel which Honour dictates; and fly from these unfortunate Regions, or rather from thy Life, Ungrateful Antiochus! To dye is the least thou canst do, to redeem thee from the Disgrace of thy Fortune. Can that Exile, which thy Melancholy would prescribe, render thee once more Master of thy revolted Senses? Or dost thou fondly think that thou shalt less feel the Ardour of thy Flame, and by change of Place effect a Change of thy Passion and Affections? Oh, no! Thy Heart in vain attempts to conquer*

quer its Weakness: Thou art destin'd to Love,
and love thou must eternally; tho' Reason and
Resolution offer to succour thee, the stubborn,
cherish'd Distemper will not be depos'd. Yet
must not Thou accuse thy self of Baseness, of
Pride, Ambition, Insolence, and Treachery?
To make the Queen the Object of thy Vows!
To adore Stratonice, and violate the Faith of
a Son to his Father, of a Subject to his King!
Is she not by Contract, by Consent his Wife?
And to discard the Flame so vainly nourish'd,
must thou, alas! wait to see her surrender her
Hand? Reflect, reflect with horror on the
secret Murmurs, which Nature whispers to
thy frantick Vows; and think thy Love af-
fronts both Gods and Men. Yet whilst I see
her Charms my Love's augmented and my
Pains redoubled. The Beauties of her Form,
and Graces of her Mind strike me with Plea-
sure and Surprise: A Thousand Subjects for
my esteem grow on every View, bear down my
Reason, and enhance my Crime: I yield, I
surrender to the powerful Attractions; and act
in Combination against my Sense and Duty.
Still I must Love! — Necessity commands
me: But let me Love in Silence, Droop in
Despair, and give my Passion no Tongue. I
will be Banish'd from her fatal Beauties; and
end at once my Love and Days in Exile: There
my

Antiochus and Stratonice. 17

my last Sighs breath'd out for thee, O Stratonice, shall finish the Injustice of so Criminal a Flame; and the Concealment of my Passion shall justify my Faith.

Thus did he breath out his Sorrows to the Night, sighing as if his Soul would issue out with his Complaints: Sometimes would he pause, and lie silent on the Earth, as if his Grievs had robb'd him of his Being: Sometimes would he raise himself from the Ground, in all the Agonies of Despair and Passion. But the Clouds that began to blush with the Approach of the Morning, now summon'd him back to mourn in his Apartment. He knew well the Tenderness of the King would prompt him early to enquire of his Health; and he in return was too fond of his Father to afflict his Age with the Knowledge of those Grievs, which whilst conceal'd, prey'd only on himself.

Scarce was he retir'd from the Grove to his Chamber, but, as he suspected, a Messenger was sent from the King: The Page who attended gently open'd the Door, as fearing to awake the Prince
from

from his Slumber; but he, whose Sorrows had kept him all Night waking, soon eas'd his Servant of the Care he was under. *Philotas*, says he, *your Entrance has not disturb'd me: I can easily guess at the Reason of your Approach: The King does ever prevent me in my Duty; tell me, how does my Royal Father?* The Page advancing to the Prince's Bed-side, replies, *My gracious Lord, the King commends him to you: Nor will the Impatience of his Love suffer him to rest, till he is convinc'd your Highness is in Health.* Go bear, says *Antiochus*, *my Duty to the King; tell him, I am preparing to throw myself at his Feet, and expect his Commands; nor can he be so willing to demand my Presence, as I to offer up my Service to him.* The Page with a Bow withdrew from his Bed, and the Prince arose to go to the King.

The Antichambers were crouded in Expectation of his Appearance: Numbers throng'd to make their Addresses to him, and as many press'd to deliver him Petitions. He pass'd through the bending Croud to the Presence, with a Brow which confess'd an inward Discontent, even while he forc'd himself to an exterior

rior form of Courtesie. Many who were acquainted with his usual Vigour and Sprightliness, were at a loss to interpret the present Gloom which hung on his Aspect; and as Subjects will always be guessing at their Prince's thoughts, some concluded his Father's Match distasted him; and that he fear'd the Aged Monarch was surrendring up himself to the subtle Conduct of a Woman who charm'd him: Others, that he grew jealous of *Tigranes's* Power, and thought his Interest too prevailing with the King; but none could devine that *Stratonice's* Beauty was the Cause of his Melancholy: All wish'd the Redress of his Cares in their Power, and curs'd the unknown Occasion of his Sorrows. Fame, that is ever for meddling with Misfortunes, was not remiss in acquainting *Seleucus* with the Prince's Grief; and the Sorrow which before was so evident on the Son's Forehead, now lay with Weight on the Heart of the Father.

Soon as *Antiochus* appear'd before him and knelt at his Feet, the King rais'd him up to his Embraces; and with the strictest Eye of enquiring Kindness perused his whole Face, to see if he could read
the

the reported Discontent. The Prince, who saw the King's Eyes rivetted upon him, blush'd with the Surprise, and endeavour'd to throw all the Chearfulness into his Face, which at that Instant he could be Master of. But forc'd Smiles, and dissembled Mirth are a Mask which can conceal the Sentiments only from superficial Observers: *Seleucus* was too strongly alarm'd with the Report of his Melancholy, to trust such slender Shews of Satisfaction, or believe that all was calm in his Son's Bosom, because his Brow was smooth and serene; the One however was too artful to discover that he saw, what the Other took such Pains to disguise; and therefore diverting his Observations to indifferent Discourse, he question'd his Son concerning *Macedon*, and the Treatment he met with in that Court. *My Lord* (says *Antiochus*) could I have dislik'd the Climate, yet my Reception with the People would have bound me in Honour to report favourably of their Country. They seem'd to welcome me not as the Son of a Courted Ally, but as an immediate Heir to their own Dominions. *Demetrius* could scarce out-do his Subjects in their Caresses; and when I return'd, they seem'd to mourn
my

my Departure equally with that of the Fair Stratonice. The King, during all the while Antiochus spoke, glow'd with a secret Pleasure at his Son's Treatment, and the Approbation his Merits had found abroad. When Tigranes, who both lov'd the Prince, and always studied to heighten the satisfaction of his Old Master, reply'd to Seleucus; My Lord, I do not mean to disparage the Civilities of Greece, when I affirm that the most barbarous Nations must confess the Prince's Virtues. Such Superior Merit, like the Influence of the Sun, must be felt by all; tho' all have not the like Address of Adoration. Tigranes, says Antiochus, I thought you had lov'd me too well to put me to the Pain of so certain a Blush: 'Tis the Merit of Friendship secretly to admire; the Talent of Flattery openly to commend: Remember, my Friend, we have been Brothers in the Field, where Action speaks the Character of a Soldier, and Verbal Praise is an upbraiding of Virtue. I shall be proud to meet your Love in an Embrace, but spare me the suspicious Ceremony of a Panegyrick. The Prince spoke the concluding Words with such an Air of Sweetness, as sufficiently convinc'd Tigranes, that tho' he disslik'd the

the Complement, he was fully reconcil'd to the Person who offer'd it : On which the Favourite bow'd with the lowest Respect, and was preparing to assure the Prince he would not repeat his Offence for the Future, but was interrupted in his Speech by the sudden Approach of *Stratonice* and his Mistress.

The King, immediately seizing the Hand of his bright Charmer, led her towards the Prince and told him ; *Antiochus, I have engag'd for you to this Lady, that she shall be sure of receiving your Welcomes to Antioch.* The Prince scarce gave the King leave to speak, e're bending his Knee, and kissing her fair Hand, he reply'd ; *Madam, I hope you needed not the Solemnity of an Engagement to assure you of my Welcomes : The whole Service of my Life shall testify how much I honour my Queen, and joy in the Choice of my Royal Father. If Antiochus has Eyes that must be blind to your Beauties, yet I may be bold to discern other Perfections; which must every where command a Welcome for Stratonice.* The Prince spoke this in such Languishing Accents, as seem'd in some measure to interpret the Mystery of his Passion ;
and

Antiochus and Stratonice. 23

and as he rais'd himself from the Ground and lifted his wishing Eyes, in that instant he met hers as fully fix'd on him: A rising Blush was suffus'd over both their Faces, their Hearts flutter'd conscious of the Joy, and mutual Transports thrill'd through their Veins, even while they both were Ignorant of each others Passion. But, oh! how severely were these transitory Raptures check'd by Reflection, when he considers her as the destin'd Wife of *Seleucus*, she him as a Son and not a Lover. Cruelty of Remembrance! ---- What would they have given to have been lost to Thought? Or how did they curse this Benefit of Nature, which now serv'd only to wound them with Affliction? ---- *Stratonice* however dissembling the inward Emotion of her Soul, with a settled Serenity of Countenance reply'd to the Prince, *My Lord, you'll permit me to hope that Repose has conquer'd that Indisposition, which robb'd the Court last Night of the Pleasure of your Society. I must accuse the fatality of my Arrival, if it has so ill an influence on the Health of Antiochus.* Madam, replies the Prince, *I confess you justly reprove my Indisposition, and I must blush at the Remembrance of so unseasonable a Disorder.* But pardon

don it, as the Error of a wayward Constitution; and believe that I will struggle hard with Infirmary to contribute to the Satisfaction of my Royal Father, or to testify the Respect I shall bear to his admir'd Stratonice.

The Prince had no sooner spoke these Words, than the Image of Love was again renew'd in both their Bosoms; fresh meeting Glances produc'd fresh Blushes, and a new Toil arose upon them to regulate their mutual and involuntary Confusion. *Antiochus* who had no other means of interpreting for *Stratonice* than by the Emotions which he felt in himself, could not see her Disorder without a secret Pleasure, and a Wish that it might spring from the same Cause of Passion. But what could those flattering Conceits avail? Duty and Honour oppos'd his Pretensions; the concealment of his Love was the fix'd Resolution of his Soul, and he intended that his Death alone should unravel the Secret.

Seleucus, whose Breast was still anxious on account of his Son's reported Melancholy, often observ'd the Manner of his De-

Deportment; and the Prince who was as much on his Guard to prevent Observation, and found his Father's Eye upon Him, with a stol'n Sigh turn'd from *Stratonice*, and mov'd as to address the Princess *Arfinoe*. Occasion ministred luckily to his Design, and prepar'd an easie opening to his Discourse; for he beheld the Bracelet glittering on her Arm, which he had once remember'd on the Arm of *Stratonice*, (and which the Queen but the Night before had given to *Tigranes*, and *Tigranes* presented to the Princess;) My Fair Cousin, said he, I perceive you wear the Trophies of Love; and even your Triumph speaks the Bounty of your Lover: These Jewels, like the Bright Eyes of her that wears them, sparkle with an uncommon Lustre. I fear, you're growing Cruel, gentle Cousin; where Nature has been so bountiful in dispensing of Charms, the Additions of Art and Ornament are insulting on your Conquests. My Lord, reply'd *Arfinoe* to the Prince with a Smile, I fear more the Court of Macedonia has infected you with Flattery; I have so poor a Stock of Beauty to boast of, that Art and Ornament are thrown away in Improvement of it. But — She was proceeding, when *Antiochus* hastily interrupting

C

pting

pting her, Nay, Princess, said he, 'tis Ingratitude to the Gods to disown their Bounty ; and it will be calling the Judgment of my Friend in Question, to suffer you to discredit your own Form. Tigranes has piercing Eyes at discerning Beauty, and a Heart that kindles at its Attractions when found. I'll appeal to him to clear Me of Flattery. Your Highness, reply'd She, may perhaps have pick'd out a partial Evidence, and I must object to his Decision of the Question ; Tigranes knows his Duty too well to speak in Contradiction to his Prince ; and has too much of the Courtier in him not to complement a Lady's Beauty : Your whole Sex are vers'd in the Vanity of ours, and it is but decent Policy to strike in with our Weakness. The Lover would make but weak Impressions on the Heart of his Mistress, if he had not some fine things to say of her Charms ; if he did not make her a Goddess in Perfection ; compare her Eyes to Stars, and her Neck to polish'd Ivory ; and tell her a Thousand Cupids bask'd in her Smiles, and the Graces wanton'd in her Air and Motion. My Lord Antiochus, is not this the reigning Method of Addresses ? Are not we to be betray'd to Love by the fond Insinuations of our own flatter'd Power ; and inveigled out
of

of our Hearts and Liberties, by believing such little artful, but agreeable, Falsities? Madam, says the Prince, I am so little acquainted with the Artifices of that Passion, that I am as improper a Judge in this Question, as you suppos'd Tigranes a partial one in the other; but I am so fully convinc'd of the Honour which ought to be used in these Cases, that I look upon all little Compliances of Dissimulation to be below the Dignity of our Sex and Nature. For my own part, I believe were I reduc'd to the cruel Necessity of being in Love, so much I abhor the Fashionable Notion of Insincerity, that my Eyes and Actions should speak more fervent Passion than I would give my Tongue the Liberty of Disclosing. Words are at best but the Shadows of Things; and the strongest Elegance can but faintly express the Tenderness of which the Heart is capable. Our Sentiments may be too fine for Language to reach; and our Imaginations swell above the Compass of Elocution. May not a Sigh be more expressive, than the most persuasive Exclamations? I can but think I should conceive my self a feeble Lover, to stand indebted to the awkward Rhetorick of my Tongue for a Declaration of Passion: But I have declar'd my self a Novice in the Science; and there-

fore may have declaim'd upon Principles of Error.

Stratonice was all Attention while *Antiochus* spoke ; She was too sensible of the Truth of the Prince's Sentiments, and her lovely Bosom was heav'd with Sighs, to hear her own Notions so justly decypher'd. Nor was She alone affected with the Description ; the Prince spoke with that force and knowledge of his Subject, and varied his Air and Accent so feelingly to every Phrase, that *Tigranes* and *Arfinoe* view'd each other with Surprise, and the Old King himself did not scruple to declare, that *Antiochus* had touch'd the very Soul of Love.

He had perhaps enlarg'd on the Delightful Topick, had not his Discourse been discontinued by the Interruption of Company : The Ladies resorted to the Palace in Troops, to pay their early Leveé to their future Queen ; which oblig'd *Stratonice* and the Princess to retire to receive their Court. *Arfinoe*, as she withdrew, acquainted the Prince that she should take the Freedom, at a proper occasion,

caſion, to reply to part of his Highneſs's Diſcourſe; and *Antiochus* promis'd that he would readily enter the Liſts with Her in Defence of his Opinion, ſo ſhe would not too much take the Advantage of his Ignorance.

But *Stratonice* withdrew with an Air of penſive Sadneſs; her poor Heart labouring with the ſtrong Impreſſions of a hopeleſs Paſſion. How gladly would ſhe have choſe to decline the Addreſſes of officious Ceremony; how gladly have baniſh'd the Thoughts of dreaded Royalty; and have retir'd to Solitude and given a Vent to her Sorrows! How would ſhe have been pleas'd with an Opportunity of Complaining of the Rigour of her Stars; of accusing Deſtiny for ſhewing her the Godlike *Antiochus*, and then dooming her to the abhorr'd Embraces of the wither'd *Seleucus*! Scarce could ſhe bear up againſt the Shock of ſuch Reflections; ſcarce prevent the guſhing Tears from diſcloſing her Anguiſh: Now ſhe flatter'd herſelf with an imaginary Scene of Transport; fancied *Antiochus* kneeling at her Feet, and breathing Vows of Eternal Love; fancied

cied the Father had given him to her Arms, and bless'd her hopes with unutterable Pleasures; Now again a horrid Train of Imaginations chase away the fleeting *Ideas* of Delight: She sees herself adorn'd in the Imperial Pageantry; sees her ador'd Prince snatch'd from her Embraces, and dying with Agonies of Despair and Disappointment; sees the Flames of the Altar mounting, and hears herself summon'd to surrender her Charms to the detested Power of the *Syrian* Tyrant. There all her Courage sinks; her Resolution fails; and her Senses are almost growing wild with the Terror!

Ev'n as when Clouds interpose betwixt our Earth and the Sun, and robs us of the glorious Lustre of his Beams, the chearful Day is overcast, and Nature all around looks Sick and Melancholy; so when *Stratonice* had left the Presence, the Prince no more retain'd his Gaiety, but was cover'd with an instant Gloom of Sorrow. His Eyes now look'd heavy and languid, and were bent downward as if he sought her in the Earth; his Arms were folded and his Motion fix'd, as if Life had forsaken his Body, or his Soul was retir'd to
Council

Council with his Thoughts. When the King spoke to him he started as at some dreadful Summons, to which he was but ill prepar'd for an Answer; so strongly were all his Powers engag'd within, so wholly employ'd on a single Object.

It was impossible for *Selucus* not to perceive this sudden Transformation in the Prince; and he was distracted in his Thoughts betwixt a desire of knowing, and a fear of enquiring what should be its Cause. He was not certain but it might heighten his Son's Disquietude, to know that he observ'd it; and that Doubt put a Restraint on his Curiosity.

Whilst the King stood irresolutely debating with himself, Embassadors from several of the conquer'd Provinces of *Asia* came to make their Court to him; and each had his Mules and Camels laden with the richest Products of his Country, to present to their Conqueror. The young *Cappadocian* Prince, *Ariobarzanes*, who was a zealous Admirer of *Antiochus's* Virtues, brought him Eight gallant Steeds of War, with Reins and Curbs of Massy Gold, and their whole Accoutrements so

cied the Father had given him to her Arms, and bless'd her hopes with unutterable Pleasures; Now again a horrid Train of Imaginations chase away the fleeting *Ideas* of Delight: She sees herself adorn'd in the Imperial Pageantry; sees her ador'd Prince snatch'd from her Embraces, and dying with Agonies of Despair and Disappointment; sees the Flames of the Altar mounting, and hears herself summon'd to surrender her Charms to the detested Power of the *Syrian* Tyrant. There all her Courage sinks; her Resolution fails; and her Senses are almost growing wild with the Terror!

Ev'n as when Clouds interpose betwixt our Earth and the Sun, and robs us of the glorious Lustre of his Beams, the chearful Day is overcast, and Nature all around looks Sick and Melancholy; so when *Stratonice* had left the Presence, the Prince no more retain'd his Gaiety, but was cover'd with an instant Gloom of Sorrow. His Eyes now look'd heavy and languid, and were bent downward as if he sought her in the Earth; his Arms were folded and his Motion fix'd, as if Life had forsaken his Body, or his Soul was retir'd to
Council

Council with his Thoughts. When the King spoke to him he started as at some dreadful Summons, to which he was but ill prepar'd for an Answer; so strongly were all his Powers engag'd within, so wholly employ'd on a single Object.

It was impossible for *Seleucus* not to perceive this sudden Transformation in the Prince; and he was distracted in his Thoughts betwixt a desire of knowing, and a fear of enquiring what should be its Cause. He was not certain but it might heighten his Son's Disquietude, to know that he observ'd it; and that Doubt put a Restraint on his Curiosity.

Whilst the King stood irresolutely debating with himself, Embassadors from several of the conquer'd Provinces of *Asia* came to make their Court to him; and each had his Mules and Camels laden with the richest Products of his Country, to present to their Conqueror. The young *Cappadocian* Prince, *Ariobarzanes*, who was a zealous Admirer of *Antiochus's* Virtues, brought him Eight gallant Steeds of War, with Reins and Curbs of Massy Gold, and their whole Accoutrements so

rich and magnificent, that they suited the Royalty both of the Giver, and of him who was to receive them. This Present happily gave an Occasion to *Antiochus* to retire from the Presence, on the just Pretence of viewing his New Horses; and the King was not displeas'd to dismiss him, as hoping the Sight would be a Diversion to his Melancholly.

But the stubborn Malady had taken too deep a Root in his Bosom to suffer any Objects or Ideas of Pleasure to stifle its Growth; he receiv'd indeed the Present from *Ariobarzanes* as a Testimony of his Friendship, express'd his Obligations with wonted Courtesie, and begg'd he might have leave to make such Returns as might report him not willing to be guilty of Ingratitude. He endeavour'd however, as soon as Civility and good Manners would permit him, to shake off the Society of the Young *Cappadocian*, and retire to feed on his Sorrows in Private.

The whole Court every Day grew more and more alarm'd at his encreasing Melancholly; it was observ'd he carefully declin'd appearing in Publick; abstain'd

stain'd from Hunting and all usual Diversions; and so fell off from his Food and Appetite, that he scarce eat enough to sustain Nature. He was no more that active vigorous *Antiochus*, who was wont to awake the Morn with his Sports, to seek the raging Tyger in her Den, and course her over the Mountains; who was wont to grapple with the Lyons of the Woods, and transfix the foaming Boar with his Javelings. Now Desolate and Pensive, Drooping and Unactive, he shun'd the Noble Companions of his Youth, and indulg'd himself in Solitude and the closest Retirement.

The Preparations were now compleated, and the Day fix'd for the Royal Nuptials; the good old King, tho' impatient of enjoying the expected Bliss, was not a little anxious for his darling *Antiochus*; and that he might do on his part whatever he could to remove the Prince's Sorrows, he resolv'd that the same day which was a Witness of his own Happiness, should likewise see his Son's encreasing Glory: He told *Tigranes* he meant to Crown *Antiochus* King of *Phenicia*: And *Tigranes* was employ'd to inform the Prince

of his Father's intended Favour: The old Monarch, to make it still a Day of more general Pleasure, promis'd his Favourite he would then surrender his Niece to his Arms; and that the same Hour which put him in possession of *Stratonice*, should bless *Tigranes* with his ador'd *Arfinoe*.

Tigranes was too full of the Joy of his Errand, to delay the Delivery of it; he knelt at his old Masters Feet, express'd his Gratitude in the most moving Terms his Transports could inspire, and beg'd he might have leave immediately to wait on the Prince, and acquaint him with the purpose of his Royal Pleasure. The King, unwilling to interrupt his Satisfaction, permitted him to depart; and he having made the lowest Obeisance, flew directly to the Apartments of *Antiochus*.

He found the Prince retir'd into the Grove, and spread on the Grass under the Trunk of a Poplar, leaning his Head on his Arm which supported it, and bending his languid Eyes to the Earth. *Tigranes* justly began to fear his News would meet with but a faint Reception
from

from the Disposition in which he saw the Prince; yet hop'd the Royal Gift would be a Charm against his Sorrows, and the Business of his Imperial Charge prevent Melancholy from harbouring in his Bosom: As he approach'd, *Antiochus* lifted up his Eyes, and raised himself from the Earth to meet him. *Is it Inclination*, says he to *Tigranes*, or some *Message from my Royal Father which has directed my Friend to seek me in this Seat of Solitude?* Say, am I beholding to choice or command for this kind *Visitation?* My Lord, replies *Tigranes*, I might fear my Duty would be too presumptuous to press on your Retirements, only to be Impertinent; and yet my Country would applaud that Impertinence, if it contributed to heal their Prince's Sorrows: Alas! My Lord, methinks this rural Scene is fitter for some Rigid Philosopher, than the Heir of Syria's Diadem. These Groves have something of Wildness and Desolation in them, too pensive for Youth and Royalty to converse with. Have these Prospects charms that can come in Competition with the Beauties of a Court? The Ladies must accuse you, my Prince, for preferring Solitude and wither'd Trees to their Bloom and sprightly Conversation. The Prince with all his Severity could
not

not refrain from smiling at Tigranes's Words, but immediately resum'd the Gravity of his Air and reply'd; Believe me, Tigranes, I could grow grey beneath these venerable Shades: Solitude and Contemplation are what my Soul sighs after; and the Tumults of a Court and bustling Formalities of Grandeur are grown Anxious and Uneasie to me. Here I can converse with Nature and my own Thoughts, and dwell on Ideas perfect and uninterrupted; can see, as on a safe Shore, the many Rocks on which the World are split, the Wrecks which Passion and Follies create; can reflect on the Disquietudes of Power and Ambition, and wrap my self round with a grateful Obscurity? — But Princes, says Tigranes, by their Birth and Stations are debarr'd from that Obscurity, which Persons of a meaner Rank are privileged to enjoy. They are Born for the World, as well as Themselves, and the Repose of Nations hangs on their Direction. The Regal cares, my Lord, must now summon you from Solitude; your Subjects will demand your Presence and Protection; and invest you with their Safeties, when you put on their Diadem. The Prince fix'd his Eyes steadfastly on Tigranes, and with Amazement on his Brow seem'd to demand
an

an Explanation of his Words; when he observing the surprize of *Antiochus* proceeded to inform him that the King his Father had purpos'd to create him Monarch of *Pbenicia*, that he meant to ease the Remainder of his Age by this Partition of his Dominions, and put a Sceptre in the Hands of his darling Son, to approve the Confidence he put in his Wisdom, as well as to speak his Paternal Fondness. *And now* (says *Tigranes*, kneeling and embracing the Knees of the Prince) *my Lord*, permit your Faithful Servant to congratulate your Promotion and acknowledge you his Sovereign: *And oh!* Be kind to your expecting Subjects, call forth the Royal Virtues that are lodg'd in your Bosom, and be a worthy King. Dispel this fatal Gloom which hangs upon your Spirits, and exert your Martial Fires and wonted Vigour. Your secret Sorrows hang like a Weight upon the Royal *Seleucus*, and bow him more than Age. Spare him the Affliction of your further Sorrows: and ease the whole Land by reassuming your Gaiety: Let not a clouded Brow prophane the Pomp of your Inauguration, or damp the Joys of my Masters Nuptials. Let your Serenity testify your Approbation of his *Stratonice*, and that you
accept

accept the Royalty with the same Pleasure which he confers it.

Antiochus with the greatest Courtesie raising *Tigranes* from the Ground, fix'd his Eyes upon him in a Languishing manner, and reply'd thus: In vain do you press me to give way to such an Enticement: The offer of such a Remedy is to redouble my Misfortune, and to believe it the effect of a light and trivial Distress, if the dazzling Appearance of a Crown can dispose of it. Tho' Royalty and Empires have Charms for the most Brave and Virtuous, 'tis my pleasure to see the Diadem sparkle on my Father's Head; and never yet did my Ambition soar so High, as to wish for this great Partition of Power which his Goodness would allot me. Tell me, *Tigranes*, with what Forehead can I take upon me the Administration of Kingdoms, who have not yet learnt to govern my self; what a ridiculous Thirst would it be in me after the Title of a King, to assume that Dominion over others, which I cannot boast of over my own Actions! No, no, my Friend; never have I yet been so eager of independant Grandeur: And tho' my Rank and Birth give me Assurance of the future Throne, yet I can live content without

Antiochus and Stratonice. 39

without a Crown. The Prince ended with a Sigh, which left Tigranes still as distant as before from guessing at his Sorrows ; who nevertheless reply'd ; My Lord, the whole Realms of Syria acknowledge with what advantage an absolute Virtue sways your Courage ; and you have given us too certain Proofs of your Loyalty, to suspect in you a Prince of Ambition : But the King who is led by an impatient Desire to make the great Day of his Marriage the most splendid one of his Life, will see his Wishes imperfect and disappointed, if marrying Stratonice he does not Crown Antiochus. The excess of his Love for that adorable Princess pushes him to exert all the Magnificence of a Monarch ; and he thinks he but poorly seconds the Glory of his Choice, if he does not place Her on the Throne betwixt two Kings. Permit us then, my Lord, to see that Day shine with the Pomp of such glorious Nuptials, and that your Coronation may augment the Splendor of so many Preparations as are to signalize this Greatness.

The Splendor that would attend it, says Antiochus, has nothing in it-dazzling to me : I know that Seleucus adores Stratonice ; that he lives but in her ; and that never Love
was

was more interested in the Pomp of a Nuptial Ceremony. But whilst he devotes to her so pure an Ardor, this generous Goodness to a Son is an Injury to her. By this division of his Empire, he robs her of the right of extending the Glory of her Commands to me: Therefore, my dear Tigranes, Honour requires me to refuse the proffer'd Crown, and put a Bar to that unjust Proposition which in Crowning me would rob them both of a Subject. My Lord, says Tigranes, when my Royal Master has put Phenicia under your Dominion, he is still Monarch of all Syria: And in this Gift which confesses his assurance in your Highness, he heightens his Glory in assuring to himself the Homage of a King. Then if my Prince can find himself capable of refusing these Honours, we cannot but charge it on the Extremity of that Chagrine which hangs on your Soul. Too long has a gloomy Heaviness in your Eyes betray'd the secret Anguish of your Heart: In vain have we labour'd to abate your Sorrows: Solitude is the only Bliss you prize; and all the Diversions and Pleasures of the Court have given you nought but Pain and Uneasiness. The whole City languishes and stands confounded to see this fatal Alteration. — He was proceeding to talk when the Prince

Prince threw his Arms about him, and sighing on his Bosom; *Alas!* said he, my Tigranes, I am my self confounded: The gloomy Sickness comes upon me with such weight that it bears down my Reason, and oppresses every Sense. In vain have I summon'd my Resolution to resist it, I feel it recoil upon me with double Fury, and still am more at a loss to know its cause. It must be Destiny; some envious Stars o'er-rule my Fortunes, or else the Gods are angry!—— How, my Lord, says Tigranes, can you impute it to the malignity of the Stars! Or—— The Prince immediately interrupted him; Yes, my Tigranes, believe my present silence as a Proof of it; If I did languish with any secret Sorrow, could I till now have kept it a Secret from you? From you, whose Friendship has ever been so dear to me, that there is nothing which mine could possibly conceal from you! Are not the State and I indebted to you for this very Life, which was preserv'd by you? My Royal Lord, replies Tigranes bowing, it is too much to reproach me with my feeble Services, when to you alone I owe that the fair Arsinoe will bear her Servant sigh: I lov'd her, but my Reason condemning the Ambition of my bold Desires, made me in Respect
to

to stifle my presumptuous Flame. The Princess's Rank, as Niece to my Royal Master, and Daughter to his princely Brother, forc'd me to smother my passion in Silence. Till you, my Lord, authoriz'd my Address'es; inform'd her of my Passion, and open'd me a Path to Happiness. The greatest Exploits which my Zeal could conceive would still be below the Reward my King designs me. But my Lord, if, when I am indebted to you for all, I might be permitted to complain, I could tell you that this gloomy Distress of yours suspends my good Fortune, and is an Obstacle to my Glory. For Seleucus, whose fond Soul this rigorous accident alarms, if you are not contented refuses to be happy; and as the same propitious Day which was to place Stratonice on the Throne, was to assure my Bliss in the Possession of Arsinoe; my ardent Desires in vain presume to hasten it, when your Inquietudes seem to withstand it. Believe me, Tigranes, my dejected Soul, replies the Prince, surrenders it self wholly to the Distress which kills me: My Sufferings are encreas'd in that the Happiness of the King depends alone on that Marriage, which he defers on my Account. But since his Goodness gives him such Uneasiness, go and address him from me: Prevail with him

him to consent to my Retreat: Perhaps a Month or Two's Retirement will restore me that Repose which I have lost in the Court. Its Pomp is troublesome to me; and my Inquietude pants after Solitude to calm its Transports. This is a Blessing, my Friend, which your Sollicitations may obtain for me. —

At these Words of the Prince Tigranes started with surprize; and Pardon me, says he, my Lord; must I endeavour at Banishing you from Court? Nay, my Tigranes, hear me, replies the Prince: The voluntary Exile which my Melancholy imposes alone can calm the Pains which it gives me: Here every thing afflicts me; and the trouble which I am in finds an Aggravation of Sorrow in the Happiness of others: My Heart, whatever cares I employ, spite of my self repells all Subjects of Joy; I languish, I sigh, and yet know not wherefore; go, find the King, my Tigranes; I conjure you find him; and by my Retirement press the happy glorious Solemnity, to which I here am the only Bar: Tigranes was again preparing to interpose his Objections, when the Prince proceeded, Nothing, my Friend, can alter my Resolution; 'tis for my Service, that you are to speak; and can you fear the Resentments of a King whose Favour is your Prote-

*Protection? If my friendship have any weight with you, deny me not: I am deaf to all Perswasions that would attempt to stagger me in my design; therefore let your Compli-
ance testify your Love, and let your kind-
ness for me add Zeal to your Intercession.* Tigranes could no longer resist the Prince's Importunities, but told him that, however unwilling he was to undertake the Errant which he knew would displease, he would not be accus'd of Disobedience to his Prince. *My Lord,* says he, *the Height of my Ambition is to please you, and your Highness's desires must be the Rule of my Conduct. I'll speak to the King, tho' sure of a repulse: Your Presence I know, is of that Moment to his Happiness, that the thoughts of your Retirement will be an insupportable Affliction to him.* He had no sooner utter'd these Words, but bowing low to *Antiochus* he withdrew from the Grove thro' the Prince's Lodgings, and went directly to find *Seleucus*.

After Tigranes's Departure the Prince with folded Arms and pensive Countenance return'd to his chosen Amusement of Solitude; he had not taken
many

many Turns in the Grove, e'er he was surpriz'd to see the charming *Stratonice* attended only by her favourite *Phenissa* breaking on his Walks: His Heart was fill'd with Pleasure at the Sight of her, but he stood divided betwixt Joy and Confusion. He fear'd he should be reproach'd with his Solitude, and perhaps examin'd as to the Cause of his Melancholy: Her Reproaches he was sure he could not bear, and the cause of his Melancholy he durst not disclose to her. He was determining in himself to seem as if he had not seen her, and by striking out into a different Path to avoid her Presence. But she, taking care to prevent his Design, made hast to approach him; and turn'd directly into the Parterre which led her to him: *Antiochus* found himself oblig'd now to retract his Intentions, and fixing his Eyes on the Princess bow'd, and hastned his Pace to meet her. When she approach'd him, *My Lord*, says she, *I fear I press on your Retirement; what has Stratonice done to Antiochus to make him avoid her?* *Madam*, reply'd the Prince, *you may pardon it in him who would avoid himself, if he could; but 'tis the cruel Dis-*
appoint-

appointment of my Misfortune, that tho' I
 labour to lose my self, Thought and Reflection
 still bring me back, and double my Afflictions.
 If it be a Pain to you to find your self,
 says Stratonice, why don't you resolve to do
 yourself Justice? And however this Melancholy
 may win upon the Senses, it should be your
 Comfort that you cannot lose yourself. It is
 thro' that Consideration, replies the Prince,
 that my Reason redoubles its Alarms, the
 habitual Gloom makes me find Charms in
 it; and I hold it best never to suffer my
 self to be cur'd of what, spite of my self, I
 find gives me Pleasure. If you find Pleasure
 in it, my Lord, says Stratonice, you have
 less to complain of than they to whom its Rigor
 gives fears on your Account, and robs their
 Bosoms of that Repose it leaves you to enjoy.
 Alas! replies the Prince with a smile
 to Stratonice, is it then Happiness to be
 pleas'd at our Sufferings? Is a Misfortune
 no longer such if it flatters in Appearance,
 and because it grows dear to us does it lose
 its Violence? Believe me, Madam, its
 Strokes are more piercing, when to surprize
 the Soul it abuses the Senses: and scarce
 can we embrace a voluntary Distress, but
 some imperious Star fixes it on us as a Ne-
 cessity: And forces our Hearts, seduc'd by
 this

this Treachery, to refuse all the Succours which our Reason proffers. The Charms of such a Sorrow, replies the Princess, in Favour of which the Heart opposes the Reason, are much stronger in the Cause than their Effects: The Applications for a Remedy must be address'd to that Head, and the Cause being perfectly known ought to be explain'd. The King too sensibly partakes your Sorrows, not to make all the Efforts possible towards Removing them. There I am wounded anew, says Antiochus, his Concern hangs on my Soul with a fresh Addition of Sorrow. But since it is the Unhappiness of my Fate, that my Melancholy is heighten'd by the Splendor of the Court, I think for some little time it will be an ease to him to suffer my Retirement to some Place of Solitude: It is a Request which I have this Day made to him, and towards gaining his Consent vouchsafe, Madam, to Second me in it. By your Intercessions, I may be assur'd of Succeeding; and, by my Absence, restore my Royal Father to that Repose which he now wants from the Knowledge of my Uneasiness. How! Prince, replies Stratonice, exalting her Voice, am not I then to suspect that this conceal'd Disturbance of your Mind carries some Envy
in

in it of my Glory; and that some Emotion of Jealousie in your Breast, now that I am call'd to the Throne, — What say you, Madam? — replies the Prince interrupting her, with an Air of Concern; O spare me the Pain of such unkind Suspicions; Just Heaven, answer for the Truth, and Earnestness of my Desires! Let me be perjur'd, if I would not joy to see you Mistress of the World: If there be any Worth in the Scepter which Seleucus would put into my Hand, I throw it at your Feet. So far is the Lustre of your Promotion from giving me a Distaste, that it is my Ambition to adore you, to see and serve you as my Queen. I account you alone worthy of the Royalty; and, to enhance your Glory — But, Gods! Whither am I going? My Lord, says the Princess, you have some Reason to leave it unfinish'd; it may be a means of augmenting your Trouble, to let your Civility engage you to say too much. The Prince turn'd pale at this Reply of Stratonice; he was too conscious to himself of not deserving the Resentment it seem'd to express, and with a languishing Look which seem'd to say his Heart was pierced with her Cruelty, Madam, said

said he, *why will you wound me with the Rigour of such a Reproach? My Tongue has utter'd nothing but what my Heart consents to: The dazzling Store of Virtues and Beauty you stand possess'd of, — But pardon me for touching on that Theme — Madam, the King is too much alarm'd at my Unhappiness; may I not hope you will propose my Retirement? May I not hope, you will obtain it for me? Prince, replies Stratonice, I am to mount the Throne, and will you abandon me! Is this to enhance my Glory, to fly being a Witness of it! — Ah! — Madam, says Antiochus immediately, did you but know all the secret of my Fate; durst I but disclose the convincing Reasons: But adieu! My Queen, adieu! In the trouble which I am, all that I can do is to think, to fly, and be silent!*

While the Prince was uttering these last Words, his Face was cover'd with Blushes, and his whole Behaviour confess'd a Confusion; he had no sooner pronounc'd them, but bending almost to the Earth with Respect, he hastily retir'd from Stratonice: Nor had she, who perceiv'd some mysterious Passion contain'd in his meaning, the Power to recal

D

him,

him; however her Heart was anxious, and panted for a better Explanation.

No sooner was the Prince withdrawn, but *Phenissa*, who had attended *Stratonice* at some small distance, had observ'd the Prince's Looks and Deportment, and overheard a great Part of their Discourse, came up to her Lady. This favourite Attendant was not a Stranger to the Priviledge she might take; and knew that if her Sentiments were not approv'd, yet at least they would not displease: An Assurance like this was sufficient to make her indulge a Woman's Curiosity, and sound her Mistress's Breast for the same Secret, which she suspected she had found in the Prince. *Madam*, said she, as she approach'd the Queen, *either I am extreamly deceived in my Guess, or Antiochus studies to conceal a Distress, the Vehemency of which is lodg'd in his Soul. While he was discour-sing you, his Eyes full of Regard and Awe, whenever they met yours, were turn'd away; his Glances were languishing, stoln, and full of the highest Disorder. Might I presume to explain my self, I would say, he loves you: And that having suffer'd himself*

to be charm'd by such strong Attraction — How! reply'd the Queen interrupting her, in a Tone which seem'd to betray some Pleasure in the Discovery, do you believe, Phenissa, he may love Me? Madam, I fear to say too much, says Phenissa again, but if I must conceal nothing of my thoughts, I believe he may, and not displease you in his Passion: The Air in which you speak, and the Accent of your Words confess no great Resentments. The Queen, with something of Surprize and Confusion, catching her by the Hand, Phenissa, says she, do'st know what thou ha'st said! — Madam, replies she, with a Smile; but what did your Highness say to me? What may not a Soul like mine, says the Queen, astonish'd, and dejected, be guilty of saying? Like mine, who see Death the Consequence of my Obedience, and yet who, redoubling the Efforts of Duty, would suffer a Thousand Deaths rather than betray it! Yes, my Phenissa; the King shall have his Wish: Seleucus receiv'd my Faith in my Father's Court; by that, I am his Wife, and in vain my Misfortune makes my Constancy shrink at surrendering him my hand. Why was it not surrendred then, alas! when the Reasons of

D 2

State

State call'd for this Marriage? Was there a Necessity for Pomp to have the Day deferr'd, and give me time to know his Son? Whilst Seleucus, returning to Syria, thought on the Preparations to grace this Change which must undoe me, the Prince Antiochus, in all the Pride of Youth and Royalty, arriv'd to charm our Court. While he stay'd there in Order to conduct me hither, his Presence by degrees robb'd me of my Repose. The Gallantry of his Air, the Nobleness of his Soul, his elevated Courage, all that mark'd a complete Heroe, his Behaviour at the Races, Tournaments, and Exercises of Fame, his Address in every Trial, which assur'd him of the Victory, made me a Slave; I felt, spite of my Soul, that this eternal Victory, with every Prize bore away my vanquish'd Heart! Antiochus without doubt, replies Phenissa, has every Perfection which ought to Charm; but your Hand was already due to his Father, and even when your Breast perceiv'd it self fir'd — Alas! says the Queen, wiping her fair Eyes which swam in Tears, can one be sensible of Love when first it seizes? Is Love, who struggles to subdue the Heart, however we resist, to be discover'd! O no! I am taught by this Distress, that Love by disguising himself sur-
prizes

prizes us. He fixes his Intelligence in the Soul which he would attack before any Suspicion discovers his Arrival. The industrious Power of its conceal'd Fire makes it self Confederates who procure its Admittance. The imperceptible Charm of soft and tender Inclination disposes the Soul to immediate Sensibility: and the little Emotions, which first betray its Being, in vain render the Tumult which pleases suspected: The crouding Images of perfect Merit in the Object admir'd, represent all the sweet Ideas innocent; and the Senses once dazzled by this deceitful Charm, the Virtue we admire authorizes our Error: The Heart, whom these flattering Allurements have seduc'd, assures it self of Conquest from its own Forces, and upon the proffer'd Succours which Reason makes her, suffers without fear the subtle Poison to work: She loves the soft Deluder, admits of, and surrenders to him; thinking it sufficient that on Necessity, she knows her Remedy; but when the Distemper gets Head, and she attempts her Rescue, it grows Habitual, and makes the Cure impossible. Thus was it with me at first, Phenissa, my Imprudence suffer'd me to consent to my own betraying. There was something, I know not what, so Grand in Antiochus

which exacted of my Heart the Tribute which it paid him. This Heart, too full of a warm Esteem for him, neither thought my Duty, or Glory wounded in it ; I admir'd a Prince so perfect without any Scruples ; I was desirous of esteeming him, and lov'd him in Effect ; and my Heart, neglecting the Artifice of my Senses, thought to avoid an Error in which it was an Accomplice. But, Madam, replies Phenissa, if I may enquire ; what Hopes could you entertain from this cherish'd Passion ? — Be satisfied, Phenissa ; yet, says the Queen, I will perform what I ought ; and tho' I find too much in Antiochus to please me, my Hand shall follow my Faith, and I am all his Father's : But yet I wish I could believe at this Instant, that he felt the same Passion for me that I bear for him : That the same Inclination, whose force over-powers me, should in this fatal Match give him the same Anxiety : That trembling with a Respect, which I cannot but entertain, he long'd to tell it me, yet durst not explain himself : That his strong Grievs to his confus'd Sighs abandon'd their Complaints, and smother'd them with such an Air, that in the rigid Conflict he left me room to divine what he did not confess.

Soon

Soon as *Stratonice* had utter'd these Words, without giving time to *Phenissa* to reply, she mov'd forward out of the Grove and return'd to the Presence. Scarce had she enter'd the Ante-chambers, but she was met by *Selencus*; he had just heard from *Tigranes* the Prince's Request for retiring from Court; and, full of the displeasing News, was preparing to find his lovely *Stratonice*; and implore her to use her Endeavours with *Antiochus*, that he would forego all Thoughts of Retirement. The charming Virgin was cover'd with Blushes at so suddenly meeting the Old King, when with Raptures pressing her Hand to his Lips, *Madam*, says he, *all things now wait on your Consent and Syria is in Pain to pay her instant Homage to her Queen; and waits no longer than till to morrow's Dawn to see, as she wishes, Stratonice on the Throne, and Selencus happy. One Trouble alone resists the fullness of my Joy, that I behold the Prince continually a Prey to gloomy Sorrow: Unable to resist his Griefs, he obstinately strives to pluck from me a Consent to his Retirement. May I not blush, my Charming Princess, that deeply as I love, I should suffer other Interests to prevail*

on my Soul? But perhaps this Son is endued with Qualities to excuse my Concern, and render his Misfortune worthy of your Goodness: I implore Assistance from your Virtues, Madam; prevent Antiochus from deserting the Court: If I have too much Tenderness, he has some Merit; and I shall stand indebted to your Beauties, if prevailing with him to relinquish his Design, you can engage his Hand to lead you to the Throne. My Lord, replies Stratonice to the King, whatever the Violence of your Love be, I should condemn myself, if it stifled the Voice of Nature; and seduced you to discard those Cares, to which so dear an Interest obliges you. Never, thro' a Destiny so opposite to our Wishes, was a Father's Concern employ'd for a more Illustrious Son. But in vain our Desires would hasten the Cure of those restless Transports which disturb his Reason: Whilst you are wishing me to intercede for his Stay, he employs me to importune you for his Retirement; and the Splendor of those Preparations which your Court displays, as much contributes to his Melancholy, as it soothes your Love. What are we to hope then, Madam? says the King, what favourable Deity will restore him that Repose, the Loss whereof burthens my Soul?

As

As Ambition generally can do every thing with youthful Princes, I tried by that to over-rule his Sorrows: And when I was to receive you to the Throne of Syria, I design'd that he should fill that of Phenicia. I imagin'd, that the sweets of Imperial Power would in part controul his gloomy Anguish: But so far is he from being touch'd with this Charm, that Tigranes returns with his obstinate Refusal of the Sceptre; nor can he discover ought which may explain to us the Reasons of a Sorrow, which all our Cares are baffled to remove. 'Tis therefore, replies the Queen, that I see the Consequence more to be fear'd: For whatever Distress the Prince endures, we can but barely grieve for his Pains: And in vain your Paternal Fondness will struggle how to cure a Disease, which he is pleas'd to conceal from your Knowledge. Already have I made an Effort to subdue his Silence, but I perceiv'd my Endeavour was a Violence which disturb'd him: And fearing to press too freely on his Temper — Ab! Madam, replies the King, you could not take a disobliging Freedom with Antiochus; To you every thing is permitted; and you alone have the Power of restoring me my Son. Your Endeavours must prevail; employ them,

I intreat you, to dissuade this Retirement, the Apprehension of which afflicts me: And force yourself a while to sooth his Melancholy, if possible to find out the Secret of his Sorrows. When you urge him close, he will perhaps find it difficult not to disclose the Trouble which oppresses him: But however oblige him to relinquish this Design of Retreating; tis a Petition, Madam, which I cannot grant him: And whilst your generous Goodness undertakes this Task, I will go and sollicite the Gods to be propitious to us: And, by submissive Adorations disarming their Resentments, ask that of their Powers in his behalf, the Effects of which I shall be impatient to learn from you.

The King, as soon as he had ended his Speech, bow'd to Stratonice; as desirous that she should immediately repair to the Prince, and use all her Endeavours to find out the cause of his Sorrow, or at least to prevail with him to continue at Court, and attend the Ceremony of her Nuptials and Coronation. The Queen departed, Seleucus instantly order'd Tigranes to come to him; Sacrifices were prepar'd for Jupiter and the Sun, and a solemn Lustration.

tion made throughout *Antioch*, to appease the Wrath of the angry Gods, and for the Restoration of the Prince to Health and Gaiety. The People, who had the Distemper of *Antiochus* much at Heart, were not a little pleas'd with the Execution of these pious Offices; and the *Lustration* was perform'd with as much Devotion and Humility, as if the City were distress'd with a Seige, and they were imploring the Gods for a Redemption from Slavery.

Whilst these Solemnities were going forward, the Princess *Arfinoe* was exulting in the Palace, that a lucky Accident had furnish'd her with a Discovery of the Prince's conceal'd Sorrows: And she did not scruple to tell *Barzina*, an Attendant whom she intrusted with all her Secrets, that *Antiochus's* Distemper was Love: And he has reason, continues she, to disguise his Passion: Love alone can have the Power to subdue him to this Melancholy, and spite of his Artifices, my Suspicions make me read it in his Heart.—Madam, replies *Barzina*, perhaps the Prince languishes for your Highness; and therefore, however he

con-

conceals it, he would be glad that you who cause his Pain should be sensible of his Sufferings. How! — says Arsinoe, with a disdainful Smile on her Woman, Do you imagine that he can love me? He, who has so zealously labour'd to authorize Tigranes's Vows; who has press'd me to receive him for a Lover, and by the King's Consent warranted his Passion, and assur'd him both of my Heart, and Faith? But few, I confess, says Barzina to the Princess, would favour the Pretensions of a Rival; but there is nothing which a great Soul dares not undertake: And Tigranes having once sav'd the Prince's Life, I can easily suspect, why he serves him in his Love. To triumph over his own Passion, and oblige himself to Silence, bespeak an extravagance of Gratitude and Gallantry: Yet while he constrains himself to sigh in Secret, does not the Excess of his Melancholy betray the smother'd Flame? Can it need a better Explanation, than that he surrenders what he so loves? It is indeed such a cruel Effort, which robs him of himself; replies the Princess, but whilst he submits to the dreadful Malady, the Queen is more concern'd in his Sufferings than I am. What! Stratonicæ? — says the Attendant in a Surprise;

Antiochus and Stratonice. 61

prize; *The same*; replies the Princess. *And can you believe it, Madam, says Barzina, in the little Concern which he shews for her Glory? When every one with Emulation contend in making their Court, could he think himself excus'd by weaker Shews of Duty? Does he ever pronounce the Name of Stratonice? Does he not constantly avoid her Presence? If he avoids her, replies Arsinoe, it is not the Anguish of his Soul which occasions it; he flies, he fears the beauteous Eyes which too irresistably Charm him; and to fear a beauteous Object, believe me, Barzina, confesses that he loves it. Is that then a certain Proof of his Passion?* says Barzina. *No; but this Picture of the Queen, replies Arsinoe, plucking out a little Case from her Bosom, richly set round with the largest Diamonds, which I found in the Grove, where Antiochus so often indulges his Solitude, leaves me no Room to doubt of a flame which his Respect binds him from discovering. Besides, ever since I have been Mistress of this Treasure, no Tongue has breath'd a Syllable of its Loss: And for the Recovery of such a Prize, every one, but a Lover who had some Reasons for his Silence, would make the strictest and most general Enquiry.*
Behold,

Behold, Barzina, to what advantage the very outside is labour'd! See here, what a blaze of Diamonds all around! Such profusion of Ornaments, as it is very uncommon, distinguishes the fortune of the Person who could bestow it: And the Case is of such a Price, that it is most evident a Prince has shewn his Power in enriching it. Add to this my finding it in those solitary Groves, where Antiochus is known every day to walk, beneath those gloomy Shades where most he indulges himself in a melancholy Retirement. Believe me, the Proof of my Suspicions is convincing. If they do not deceive you, replies Barzina, the misfortune of his Love is great and touching; To be at once the Rival of a Father, and a Monarch; and of a Monarch who adores Stratonice. If my Suspicions are true, says Arsinoe again, to Day must clear the Mystery of his Love: This little Case will make powerful Discoveries, and for my Confirmation, I need but throw myself in the Prince's way: Do you think upon seeing it, that he can be Master of his Concern? The flame which he so smothers, replies Barzina, may possibly shew itself on this Occasion: But, Madam, do you remember the Exchange you have made? That
the

the Case contains your Picture instead of the Queen's? — Dull Barzina! — replies the Princess, I on purpose put my Picture for the other: Unless this Exchange were to assist in my Discovery, I should in vain flatter my self of Success in the Project. The Prince perhaps might have so much command on himself as to let nothing be discern'd of what he fears to explain; and under some Colour might find a time to resume a Picture so dear to his Love: But now, by but opening the Case, being convinc'd that I retain in my Hands the Picture of his Stratonice, his earnest Desire to recover from me that precious Gage, will oblige him to discover what he most conceals: Or if he can still leave me in any uncertainty, at least I shall have the Pleasure of seeing his Disorder. By That he will stand reveal'd; and when his Disquietude — But see; he is approaching us; that we may put him under the less Restraint, retire Barzina.

As *Antiochus* drew near, the Princess secretly slippt the Picture-Case into her Bosom; but lest one half jetting out in such a manner, that if the Prince but lifted his Eyes on her, he must see the Diamonds he was so well acquainted with.

with. As he came up towards her, she mov'd to meet him; and having address'd him with accustom'd Ceremony, *My Lord*, says she, *is it possible and may I credit the Report, that yourself have resisted your own Glory; and that when the King is eager to Crown you, you will not consent to ascend the Throne? The Bounty of my Royal Father*, replies the Prince, *surpriz'd me when he thought me worthy of those Honours; but my Duty but ill had answer'd his Kindness, if I had accepted what so little is my Due. I am born his Subject, Madam, and count it my Glory to remain so. Rather say, my Lord*, cries she, *that your Melancholy lards it over your Senses; that your whole Heart surrenders to its Influence, and that what ought to relieve it, serves but to redouble it.*—'Tis true, it gains upon me, says the Prince sighing; and all my Address but vainly struggles either to banish or conceal my Weakness: Spite of my self, I yield to its Power, and its subtle Poison with malignant Vapours works on my Reason. But, I trouble you with my Infirmities; will you permit me, my fair Cozen.—— The Prince had now discover'd in her Bosom the precious Treasure, the
Loss

Loss of which he mourn'd in Secret;
 and without naming it, reach'd out his
 Hand to *Arsinoe*, as desirous that she
 should deliver it him to look on. The
 Princess who hop'd to sound his Breast
 on this Opportunity, and resolv'd to
 put him into what Confusion she could,
 would not understand his dumb Re-
 quest; but with an Air of dissembled
 Surprise *what is it your Highness*, said
 she, *would have me to do?* *Madam*,
 reply'd the Prince, *I have been exa-*
mining the Richness and Curiosity of that
Work in your Bosom: There is something in
that Case which speaks it so great a Master-
piece, that I am even struck with Admi-
ration of it. The fashion seems most New,
and the Contrivance of it is surprizing. As
rich as it is, my Lord, says *Arsinoe*,
I am indebted to an Accident for it. How!
Madam, replies the Prince, *did meer*
Accident put it into your Hands? *It did,*
my Lord, says *Arsinoe* again, *and it sur-*
prizes me much that the Person who has
spar'd no Cost in enriching of it, can bear
the Loss of it and be silent. I admire with
you, replies the Prince, *that it should*
be kept secret; but whilst the owner discloses
himself, will you permit me, Cozen, to
keep

keep it in my Possession, and endeavour to get the Pattern imitated? A Workmanship like this would be necessary for me to contain a charming Piece, which I am Proud of Preserving; nor could I hope to devise a neater Design.—The Princess was a little confounded at this proposal of *Antiochus*, because, tho' it assur'd her that he was fond of the Case, it gave her no convincing Satisfaction, however Circumstance and Suspicion perswaded her to believe it, that he was the proper Owner of it: She had form'd to herself from this Project a Certainty either of reducing him to a Confession of his Love, or to a Confusion in struggling to conceal it; she durst not refuse the Prince what he requested; but Thought, which seldom fails the Female Sex in Inventions of Malice, supplied her still with an Opportunity of giving him Pain; *my Lord*, says she, *I had entertain'd no small Esteem for this Curiosity, and grew Covetous of possessing it; but I surrender it to your Highness, I will only divide it with you by resuming a Picture....* She was here preparing to open the Case, when the Prince with Earnestness stept to her and prevented it:—*Nay, my fair Cozen,*
you

*you do me Violence in that, said he; In
 trusting it to me, entertain no Fears for the
 Picture; but rather suffer me by looking on
 it to amuse my Sorrows. Painting had al-
 ways a Charm in my Eyes: The Princess,
 who fix'd her Eyes on Antiochus, was
 again disappointed in Observing that he
 meant not then to survey the Picture;
 she had but one Effort more to make,
 and, my Lord, replies she, If I may believe
 what I have been told, there is something in
 that Picture which cannot but please you, and
 as you are acquainted with the Face, tell me
 at a blush what you think of it; the Lines
 are bold, and the Hand curious;---The
 Princess here would have fain prevail'd
 with Antiochus to open the Case; but he,
 fully imagining the Picture of Stratonice
 had still remain'd in it, and little sus-
 pected that Arsinoe had exchang'd it for
 that of her Own, had powerful Reasons
 in his own Breast to defer the View and
 suspend his Judgment. Pardon me, Ma-
 dam, says she, the Wildness of my Distem-
 per too much at present o'erpow'rs my Soul:
 I would consider the Excellence of the painting
 at a calmer Hour, when my Thoughts are
 less embarrassed with Care, my Mind at Rest,
 and my Judgment free; my Lord, replies
 Arsinoe,*

Arfinoe, I resign it to your Pleasure; tho' when a fairer Opportunity presents, I must consult your Highness on this Subject; I see the Queen is now approaching, and I'll take my Leave.

The Prince was not a little pleased at the seasonable Diversion of the Queen's Approach, he found *Arfinoe* was pushing hard to drive him into a Toyl; and he hop'd from *Stratonice* to hear that the King had consented to his Retirement. *Madam*, says he, bowing and smiling as he approach'd her, will the King vouchsafe me his Favour? Will he consent to the Unhappiness of my Destiny which chases me from hence, and agree, that in Retiring from the Court, I may endeavour to regain that sweet Repose, of which I find my self depriv'd? My Lord, replies the Queen, for the Recovery of your Repose, there is nothing but what you may hope for from your Father; nor is there any thing which his Tenderness prefers to his Son: But you flatter yourself too far to presume, that he can easily consent to your Departure. The Intention of it alarms him to that degree, that the very mentioning of it is a Crime. Then must I eternally be involv'd in these
Sor-

Sorrows, says the Prince sighing; and languish out my Days in Melancholy and Uneasiness! The whole Land partakes in your Distress; replies Stratonice, but when you study a Retreat to sooth your Sorrows, has the Court no Allurements to detain you? Can you find nothing throughout it but Objects which merit your Scorn and Contempt? Oh! Madam, replies Antiochus, it is not therefore that I am studious of withdrawing; if there be any thing whose Attractions can sooth, or draw me back, it is here which I find it, here that my Admiration is fix'd: And the World has nothing of so high a Price, as can equal the Beauties with which I feel my self surpriz'd. But in this gloom and disorder of my Soul, my Happiness makes my Misfortune, and what is my Pleasure proves my Destruction: My fatal Sorrows have the Art of poisoning all the Blessings which Heaven studies to throw in my way: My Lord, replies Stratonice, will you for ever complain of your Sorrows, and still conceal from me their Cause? I flatter'd myself, I might have pretended some little Power over you: But---Nay, Madam, says the Prince, if you have any Pleasure in that Power, believe me it extends but too far for my Quiet. Can I believe it, replies

plies Stratonice, when you so obstinately disguise your Grievs from me. Consider, Madam, says Antiochus with more than ordinary Concern, my Glory is concern'd; and I shall betray it in presuming to discover what my Reason in vain has struggled to Cure. However Reason may have Charms, replies Stratonice, to a great Soul, yet where Passion reigns, she is Weak and Unactive; but particularly her Counsels make the slightest Impression, when the Evil has Love or Ambition for its Source. Ab! Madam, says the Prince again, little do I fear being surpriz'd by Ambition; the nearer I am to a Throne, the more I disdain it: And when you are placed there, I shall be less pleas'd to give Laws, than to receive them at your fair Hand. This illustrious Disdain, replies the Queen, sits well on Heroick Minds; yet every Passion causes its peculiar Tumults; and the Breast, which is inflam'd by no Desires of Preheminence, is perhaps put to it to resist the Troubles of Love. My Lord, you sigh, when I talk of Love;—continued Stratonice, looking languishing on the Prince: I must confess, I did; replied Antiochus, and perhaps have said more to your Highness, than at first I meant to do. But if I too far explain what I labour

Antiochus and Stratonice. 71

labour to conceal, think, Madam, that it is you alone who must not understand me. Is it then possible that Love, my Lord, has caus'd your Sufferings, replied the Queen? Ah! Madam, says Antiochus with a profound sigh, you have torn the Secret from my Soul: And when nothing else could force me to a Confession, condemning my Silence, you compell'd me to speak. Yes I must own, I love, with all the Ardour that a Heart is capable of; and love the brightest Object which Eyes e'er beheld. I must indulge the Passion; and count it a more happy Fate to dye in Loving her, than live and not to Love! —

The Prince's Looks, and Accents sufficiently explain'd the Sentiments of his Heart; Passion, and Tenderneſs, Confuſion, and Deſpair with alternate Sway ſtruggled in his Soul, and commanded his Senſes. He at once deſired, yet fear'd to diſcloſe his ſecret Anguiſh: Nor was Stratonice leſs in Pain; Hope flatter'd her with the Love of Antiochus; and Reaſon check'd the Preſumption of that Hope, by whiſpering to her the unavailing Conſequence. Yet was it worſe than Death, to remain in a State of Uncertainty;

certainty ; tho' Sorrow, Languishing, Disappointment, and Horror were to succeed the Knowledge, she stood resolv'd to be convinc'd of his Passion ; and even fear'd least some other Beauty should be the Object of his Admiration. At length with a constrain'd Reserve of Carriage and Composure of Countenance, my Lord, says she, *tho' your Love seems to fear a Confident in me, I entertain too fair an Opinion of your Flame to conceive it should be extinguished : Yet cannot I comprehend what fatal Influence, compelling you to Silence, gives Arms to your Despair. Besides that 'tis in vain for ever to conceal the Object, your Rank and Quality secure you from the Fear of a Refusal : Or if nothing could assist you in your Passion, at least we should complain of a Distress which we do not know how to remedy. No, Madam, no, replies the Prince, the Heavens are pleas'd that I should yield to my Destiny ; it behoves me to die, where my Distemper is without a Remedy. It is not being pitied, that can give Comfort to the Pains I feel ; but to soothe and alleviate my Tortures, I must be pitied by her who causes them : Yet are there such Reasons to binder my Expecting it, that it is Criminal even to wish it.*

it. *The Reasons of Prevention, I must confess, replies the Queen, are out of my Knowledge; but if there needs but her Pity for your Comfort, whatever Austerity of Virtue controuls her Actions, it is a Favour which cannot cost her a Blush to bestow: For my part, if I have any Interest in her Heart, as she is so absolute a Mistress of yours, I may — Ab! Madam, replies the Prince, your Power is so great that I know you could prevail farther than any Other; could I indulge the Hope of so great a Blessing, my Love would expect it alone from you: But should I entertain that Hope, I know too well that my flame, — The Prince stopping here, Nay, my Lord, pray, proceed; says the Queen. Madam, I must say no more, replies Antiochus; I was forgetting that Duty, and Respect which I owe you; I was running Wild, but Reason in time has redeem'd me from my Error; and since there is a secret Fatality which attends my Misery, I see that I must languish, sigh, and be Silent. Therefore, Madam, in the Name of the Gods press me no further; whilst I Love in Secret, I Love with Innocence; but in disclosing it, I forfeit that; and it is perhaps sufficient in so cruel a Destiny to live Unhappy, without Dying a*

E

Criminal:

Criminal: Prince, replies the Queen, after the Power you confess I have over you, it is to injure me to retract your Words; and argues a Suspicion that you hold my Zeal of serving you as false, as Indiscreet: Will you not then permit me, says the Prince, to cherish this Secret? Consider, Madam, that you yourself who now press its Disclosure, if it escape my Bosom, will condemn me; and without reflecting by what Command I presum'd to speak, you perhaps may call me to account for the Boldness. Do not expose yourself to the Pain of knowing too much. Your Distress, replies the Queen, seems at a Height incapable of an Increase; and even if I were acting alone to betray you — Nay, then, says the Prince, your Resolution is to know, and I must obey you. But I call the sacred Powers to Witness, if I break my Silence, it is your Command which forces me to it, without which it should remain a Secret in my Bosom even to my Death. But since I must explain for whom this faithful Heart languishes, let this inform you what I cannot utter: This too lovely Picture, so powerful in its Charms, will present to you the Object which I dare not mention.

The

The Prince had no sooner express'd these Words, but, kneeling to *Stratonice*, he deliver'd into her Hands the rich Case which he had but now recover'd from the Possession of *Arfinoe*; and little dreamt that the malicious Fair One had made that Exchange of the inclos'd Picture, which involv'd the Queen in an Error, and serv'd to aggravate his own Distress: The Queen was perceiv'd to tremble at the Receipt of it; her lovely Bosom heav'd with Expectation; and her Eyes flash'd with Desire and Impatience of the wish'd Discovery. *Antiochus* had spoke to her in such doubtful Terms, and mingled such Awe and Respect in his Discourse, that her fond Heart had flatter'd her with the Opinion, it must be her Form had made such sensible Impressions on his Heart: She had no sooner open'd the Case, and beheld the Resemblance of *Arfinoe*, but her Cheeks were Pale, and her Blood ran Cold thro' her Body, as if, like *Niobe*, she were congealing into Marble. The Prince, rivetting his Eyes upon her, perceiv'd the Change; and thinking it had proceeded from the Surprize of beholding her own Face, was chill'd with

as visible a Horror : He suspected his fate was fully determin'd in her Indignation ; and rising from his Knees, *Well, Madam*, said he, *what have you decreed for this presumptuous and unhappy Lover ? Must he be abandon'd wholly to his Despair, or can you generously pity him for a Fate which he had not Power to divert ? — But your Colour alters, and your whole Visage confesses your Displeasure : — I see too plain, I should, I ought to have been Silent. And Love whose indispensable Law I follow, is become my Crime in betraying its Object !—* Your Choice, says the Queen interrupting *Antiochus* here, gives me some Surprise ; and whatever high Merit your Love paints to itself, in the Object which inspires your Passion — *Alas ! Madam*, says the Prince again, if that Merit could be my Excuse, who but must approve the Presumption it has push'd me on ? I cannot desire you to Pardon the Ambition of my Vows, but spare me the Object which has caus'd your Displeasure. Never was any thing under the Heavens so fair, never any thing so lively, or so strongly touch'd to charm the Sight. It is the visible Image of a Divinity ; and not to adore it, we must be Insensible. But since this frank Confession has rais'd your Anger ; consider, Madam,

Madam, that the Misfortune's mine, but the Crime your own. Tho' I was almost reduc'd to Death with the painful Concealment, I still design'd to smother the Violence of my Passion, and disguise from knowledge for whose Charms I languish'd. My Lord, replied the Queen, I cannot apprehend a Reason why you, who may command every thing, should enjoin yourself this painful Silence. I owe to this Picture the knowledge of your Flame; and by the Instruction it lends me, I may assist your Passion. The Prince was confus'd at these Words of the Queen, and throwing himself again at her Feet, Madam, says he, I implore you to give me back that Treasure; my Love demands it, as the sole Prize that can relieve my Despair. My Lord, says the Queen, entertain no Fears for the Safety of a Jewel you esteem so highly; but it is not from my Hand that you must receive it back. How Madam! Can you then deny it me? replies Antiochus, with a look which spoke the deepest Concern; O unsuspected Cruelty!--- Yet know, inhumane Fair One, that tho' you deprive my Eyes of an Object so dear to them, you cannot prevent its Image being ingrav'd in my Heart, or hinder the Flame which glows in this Bosom from encreasing its Ardor.

There, spite of your Disdain, I will eternally adore the Image of my Charming, and Divine Princess: There, with a secret Homage submit her my faith, and zealous Vows. The Queen who had reason, from the Mistake of the Picture, to presume that all these Transports of *Antiochus* were intended to *Arfinoe*, and who herself in Secret had such a tender Regard for the Prince; was sick at Heart to hear such lavish Raptures bestow'd on her happy Rival, and wish'd to be any thing rather than *Stratonice*. When, with an Air of Sorrow mix'd with Resentment, turning to him, Prince, says she, adieu: You 've said enough; and I'll attempt to serve you. He, who still was more and more confounded at the Queen's Design, and amaz'd that she should attempt to disclose his Passion for her to *Seleucus*; would have endeavour'd to divert her from the Discovery of his fatal Story. Madam, says he, yet vouchsafe to hear me: If I cannot oblige my Love to remain a Secret, I'll seal its Discovery with my Blood; if that will satisfy for the Wrong I offer you, let it stream as an Atonement for my Offence: And to Die, will be to finish my Afflictions.

The

The Queen was frighted, and trembled at the Apprehension of *Antiochus's* Death; she took no little Pains to convince him, that whatever horrid Ideas he had form'd to himself, she had no Occasion of Resentment for the Information he had given her; that he might trust her Discretion and Respect so far, as to believe she would act alone for his Service, but never to his Prejudice: The Prince was about to reply in humble Acknowledgement of her Favours; when he was prevented by the Arrival of *Tigranes*, who came from the King on a Summons to *Antiochus*: The Queen, who saw the Royal Favourite drawing towards them, prepar'd to take her Leave of the Prince; *My Lord*, says she, *Tigranes's Approach may possibly be a Diversion to your Melancholy; and as your Power over him is so absolute, why should you not trust him with the important Secret?* The Prince blush'd, and look'd languishingly on *Stratonice*, who gave him no further Time for an Answer, but withdrew and left him with the Favourite.

Tigranes, coming up to the Prince with the most solemn Respect, address'd him

thus; *My Lord, is there any thing that my Zeal for your Service, and the Honour your Highness allows me of your Friendship, can do to soften the Rigour of your Fate? Or ease you of Part of those Sorrows which so heavily oppress you? My Grief, replied the Prince, cannot bear to expose itself to Witnesses; allow some Ease, some Relaxation to my dejected Soul. Will then my Prince, replies Tigranes, disguise from me the Sorrow which undoes him? Can Friendship, my Lord, consent to such an obstinate Concealment? Have I not already told you, says the Prince, with a stern Countenance, that it is necessary for me to Retire: What can I say further? — I dare not promise your Highness, replied Tigranes, that the King will be prevail'd upon on that Occasion: He even condemns the Hope of a Retreat so fatal to his Repose, and, full of Impatience, demands your Presence. But, my Lord, if I mistake not the Words of the Queen, she seem'd to imply that I could bring some Relief to your Pains, and that you endeavouring to explain to me the Cause, — Hold, my Tigranes, said the Prince with some Warmth, Nor flatter Yourself or Me with that Hope: — Come lead me to the King; and let the Fates dispose of me as they please. The Favourite, who*

who saw *Antiochus* still obstinate in the Concealment of his Distress, fear'd to strain the Privilege of his Friendship too far; and, silently submitting to the Prince's Reproof, waited upon him to the Presence-Chamber.

Antiochus was not a little alarm'd at the pressing Summons of his Royal Father; he dreaded the Instances which the King would make to him to relinquish his Resolutions of Retiring; he fear'd *Stratonice* might have betray'd the Secret of the Picture, and stood Confounded with the Conscience of a Passion, which he accounted his Crime: However his Fate was now on the Anvil; and if the fatal Story was discover'd, he resolv'd his Death should blot out his Ignominy; and clear him from the Imputation of consenting to a Guilt, whose Effects were Involuntary, and out of his Power.

I must owe so much Deference to History, and some recorded Circumstances of this Story, that tho' this Passion deriv'd its Discovery from the Incident of the Picture which the Prince deliver'd to

Stratonice, yet I must not pass over in silence a Fable, perhaps of more Conceit than Verity: However the Story is as follows; and let the World determine of its Authority.

Whilst *Antiochus* struggled hard with the Force of his extravagant Passion, but finding on the one Hand an Impossibility of extinguishing those Flames which the charming Eyes of the Queen had kindled; and on the other, that it was equally difficult to obtain his Desires, he saw no other Remedy for his hopeless Misfortune, but what was to be expected from Despair and Death. Whilst he dwelt on this deplorable Prospect which seem'd the inevitable Consequence of his Love; his Health declin'd, and Colour faded, his Sleep and Appetite by Degrees forsook him, the Gaiety of his Disposition, and wonted Love of Active Pleasures were sunk in Melancholy, Languor, and Indolence; and he grew into a Distemper which he could not support, which bore down his Health and Ease together, and made him look'd upon as One whose Case was too desperate for a Cure to be expected.

pected. *Syria* was shock'd with the Apprehensions of losing the admir'd Heir to her Diadems; and the fond *Seleucus* did not spare to offer the profusest Rewards to such as could discover or redress his Son's Distemper.

There was at that time a Physician of mighty Fame, who attended the Court, and had an ample Pension allow'd from the Crown for his superior Excellence in his Art, call'd *Erasistratus*; This Man was appointed by *Seleucus* to watch, and attend the Prince's Indisposition, and to discover the secret Spring of that Malady, whose Fatality seem'd to consist in its Concealment, and which yet *Antiochus* obstinately labour'd to hide from all Knowledge. The laborious Artist, who resolv'd to shew his Faith and Gratitude to the Monarch, and convince the Court of the Largeness of his Skill, employ'd himself wholly on the great Discovery, and, Night and Day, watch'd the Encrease and Alterations of the Disease. He had not made very long Observations on his Patient, e'er he was strongly confirm'd in an Opinion, that the Distemper did not spring from any
corrup

corrupt or vicious Humours in the Body of the Prince, but that its Seat was certainly in the Mind, the Contagion of which had pass'd into the Body. Founding himself on this just Notion, he was next to examine the Nature, and intricate Operations of the Passions; to trace each in its distinct Emotions, and thence to explore the latent Cause. He knew well the effects of Grief, Ambition, Anger, and other violent Disturbances of Man's Spirit, could not lie well conceal'd from Observation; but, like strong Subterranean Fires, would labour for Vent, and blaze out into a Discovery; Love he knew might be conceal'd either thro' Fear, or Modesty :

Erasistratus no sooner suspected the Prince's Distemper to be Love, but he distantly touch'd this Subject to him; he hop'd to discover such Emotions in his Patient from the handling of that Argument, as would leave him nothing to doubt of the Cause, and then all the Difficulty that remain'd would be to find out the Object of his Flames. Neither this Artifice, nor the most pressing Instances by which he conjured *Antiochus* to

to declare the cause of his Distemper, could draw any thing from him of Certainty: However the Physician, who stood determin'd to pursue his Suspicions to a farther Head, had another Invention from which he expected some Discoveries: He took an Opportunity to disclose his Thoughts of the Prince's Languishment to the King, and intreated his Majesty, that the Queen and other Young Ladies of the Court might be permitted to Visit his Patient; and perhaps their Presence, and Discourse, might prove some Relief, and Diversion to his Melancholy.

The King was fond of complying with any thing, which *Erasistratus* could propose of benefit to the Prince; and beg'd the Ladies, they would put themselves under the Constraint of making an unpleasant Visit; there was not One of the Beauties who resorted to the Palace, that so little lov'd the Prince, or were so careless of obliging *Seleucus*, as not to comply with this Request; and the Chamber of *Antiochus* now look'd like the Drawing-Room of *Stratonice*, or
rather

rather like the Court of the *Cyprian* Goddess.

The careful Physitian, whenever any of the Fair ones paid their Complements, took care to place himself near the Prince, and diligently observ'd if any Change, or Emotions were to be discover'd in him on the Variety of Objects: He knew well, that Alterations in the Countenance, Spirit, and Behaviour, were wont, upon Surprizes, to betray the inward Passions and Inclinations of the Soul. Nor was he deceiv'd in the Nature of his Speculations: He took notice, from time to time, that the Presence of the Court-Ladies wrought no manner of Alteration in him; but when *Stratonice* came alone, or in Company with *Seleucus*, to make him a Visit, he observ'd in him all the Symptoms of a most violent Passion; he became instantly Silent and Melancholy; his Words were smother'd by the secret Impulse of his Love, and Sighs were all the Language he could spare her; a fiery Blush would mount into his Face; he would fix his languid Eyes upon her, and then again withdraw those stolen and guilty Looks:

Antiochus and Stratonice. 87

Looks: His Pulse would be disorder'd,
and flutter as in a Fever; a cold Sweat
would seize upon him; and, unable to
support the Violence of his Passion, he
would become Senseless and Pale as that
Death, which he so much desir'd.

These strong Agitations and Conflict
in *Antiochus*, on the Sight of the Queen;
and the Observation, that as soon as she
departed, his Face resum'd a more lively
Colour, his Spirits play'd with more
Freedom and Vigour, and his Body re-
turn'd to its wonted Heat and Dispo-
sition, were solid Arguments for the
Physitian to proceed on; *Erasistratus*,
from those infallible Symptoms, mani-
festly perceiv'd that *Stratonice* was the
dear Object of his Passion; and that he
had taken a Resolution rather to perish,
than discover his Love: He evidently
saw, that the Prince was in the extreamest
Danger of his Life, unless some Way
could be devis'd, to apply the only Re-
medy which was capable of contributing
to his Recovery: And yet he could not
but tremble to think of making a Dis-
covery of that Nature to *Seleucus*.

Yet

Yet what *Erasistratus* durst not presume officiously to discover, he was resolv'd to give the King a handle of enquiring into: New Measures were now to be try'd, and some Expedient found that might surprize and alarm the King, and make him wonder at the change and unsteady Conduct of the Physitian: He sent a hasty Message to *Seleucus*, with exprefs Charge, that his Majesty would forbid the Ladies from paying their future Compliments: For that their Visits created a Disorder, which might prove of dangerous Consequence to the Prince. An Injunction of this kind had its full Effects on the Tendernefs of the King; he was impatient of knowing the Reason of such a Charge; and order'd the Page, who brought the Message, privately to enjoin *Erasistratus* to attend him in his Closet.

This Summons was an Effect which the Physitian hop'd from his Message to the King; and he was glad to seize the earliest Opportunity of slipping from the Prince, and attending on *Seleucus*, who waited alone, in order to receive him.

Eras-

Antiochus and Stratonice. 89

Erasistratus wore an Air of Concern in his Face, when he entred to the King, which alarm'd all the Father in him, and made him Eager to enquire into his Son's Wellfare. *Erasistratus*, with a grave and compos'd Countenance, reply'd to the King; *That he fear'd, the Prince's Distemper was Incurable.* The King was so shock'd at this afflicting News, that had not the Physitian run to his Assistance, he had faln down on the Spot: When he was recover'd from his Surprize, o'erflowing with Tears, he cry'd, *Erasistratus, what fatal Disease is it, that must rob me of my lov'd Antiochus? What raging Illness has seiz'd the Prince, which to thy potent Skill is Incurable? My Royal Lord,* reply'd *Erasistratus* sighing, *The Prince's Disease is Love; and he is incurable, because it is impossible for him to enjoy the Object of his Passion, and as impossible for him to live without it.*

Seleucus was astonish'd, that there should be a Woman in the World, who would not suffer herself to be perswaded by a King of *Asia*, when he propos'd to give her his Son in Marriage: Nay, and when he added the Invitation of a Kingdom,

dom, to which the Prince was Heir, and which he would be ready to part with presently in Recompence of his Cure, if any one demanded it; *But say, my Friend,* continued the King, *could not you, who have devin'd the Cause of his Distemper, discover the Object on which his Cure depends? Or is he obstinately Silent to his Destruction? Will he languish out his Days in Concealment, and neither compassionate his Father's Tears, nor have Regard to Syria, who expects in him a Successor? Relieve me, Erasistratus, from these torturing Doubts; and relieve me, if possible, too from my Fears. Tell me, Erasistratus, is the Fair One known; and let your King be employ'd to court her to Compliance? The Physician, who did not think fit to break the important Secret at once, but chose rather to work on Seleucus's Soul by concerted Artifice, stood Silent for a while, and seem'd unwilling to return any Answer: At length, My Royal Lord, said he, *what must I reply to your Majesty? Or should I not wish to be dumb for ever, rather than be oblig'd to own that Antiochus languishes for the Wife of Erasistratus?**

The good Old King smil'd at this
Disco-

Antiochus and Stratonice. 91

Discovery, as presuming now there was some Relief in Hope for his much lov'd Son; and embracing *Erasistratus* in his Aged Arms, *And how!--* cries he, *good Man,* will *Erasistratus*, my dear *Erasistratus*, refuse me the kindness to bestow his Wife upon my Son and Successor, when there is no other way to save his Life? Will you that are our Friend, and tied to our House by so many reciprocal Testimonies of kindness; and besides all this, you that are a wise and honest Man; will not you save the Life of this Young Prince, the Son of a King, your Friend, fallen unhappily in Love, and who out of Modesty has conceal'd his Grief even unto Death? Can you make so little Account not only of *Antiochus*, but of *Seleucus* himself? The subtle Physitian seemed in much Disorder at the King's Importunities, now forc'd the Blood to flush into his Face, now wip'd his Brow with his Handkerchief as in a Sweat, and labouring with the agonies of Love and Jealousie. My Lord, said he, would I could with my Life restore your *Antiochus*! I would be proud, at the Expence of my Blood and Fortunes, to shew the Zeal I owe my Prince, and what I could do to serve my Country. But must I sacrifice my Honour to those Regards? And stain

stain the Virtue of my Wife with Prostitution? O sacred Sir, weigh it in your Bosom; and do me the Justice to place Seleucus in the room of Erasistratus. You, who are his Father, and upon that Consideration, ought to have all the Tenderness imaginable for a Son. (Pardon me, my Lord, I know the great Affection you bear the Prince :) Could you consent to take the Counsel which you give me? And if Antiochus were thus desperately in Love with Stratonice, would you so easily resign your Interest to him? The King scarce gave Erasistratus time to finish his Question, but, By all the Gods, said he, the Protectors of my Empire, by those indulgent Powers who bless'd me with such a Son, I swear I would freely surrender Her to his Arms. And I should esteem it the Glory of my Life, to leave Posterity that noble Example of Paternal Goodness, in redeeming a Prince of such Modesty from the Grave, who in his Affliction had not made the least Complaint, and who in his Character was absolutely unworthy of falling by such a rigid Fate. Nay, my Erasistratus, I wish the Gods had put the safety of the Prince upon that Issue: That he might owe his Recovery only to Seleucus: I would not only part with Stratonice, but my Empire, on Condition that I might preserve

preserve my dearest Antiochus ! And I am troubled, that I my self cannot be the Physician of this Unfortunate Son, without being beholden to Erasistratus ! —

The King express'd himself with such an Air and Vehemence of Sincerity, that the Tears forced themselves a Passage from his Eyes ; upon which *Erasistratus*, fully convinc'd that he was in Earnest, threw himself at the Monarch's Feet, and begging a Thousand Pardons for his Impositions, discover'd the whole Matter : *My Royal Lord*, said he, *you have then no need of the Assistance of Erasistratus ; for you, who are a Father and a King, are the most proper, and in this Case, only Physician for your own Family : 'Tis you alone that can recover the Life of Prince Antiochus, by resigning to him his ador'd Stratonice.*

The Consequence of this Intelligence, which I hold but as a Digression from my Story, and yet of such Authority as I could not dispense with Concealing, permit me to postpone to a more suitable Occasion : Let it suffice that *Plutarch*, and *Appian* have transmitted it to the World, that the Relation, I have made, was the means

Means of discovering the Passion of *Antiochus*. I now return to the Distresses of that Prince, and the unsuspected Confusion, in which the malignant Curiosity of *Arfinoe* did involve him.

For Connection sake, it may not be amiss to recapitulate in a few Words, that *Stratonice* and *Tigranes* had in vain, on the Prince's behalf, solicited *Seleucus* to consent to his Retirement: That they both met with a Repulse in their Importunities; and that the former was commission'd by the King to dissuade the Prince from thoughts of Retiring; and the latter order'd with speed to seek *Antiochus*, and conduct him to the Presence.

The Prince, who perhaps, in this Juncture of his Affairs, had as live have encountred a Lyon, or leap'd from a Precipice, as stand the Shock of his Father's Reproof; had too much filial Piety to disobey the Summons, or demur upon the dreaded Visit. When he entred the Royal Apartment with *Tigranes*, he found the Lodgings crouded with the Nobility; and the King incircled with Embassadors, all pressing him to speed the Solemnity of

of his Nuptials. A murmur of Satisfaction ran thro' the Croud at the Prince's Entrance; the obsequious Courtiers with Pleasure in their Eyes, all turn'd to address him with their Bows as he pass'd; and the Embassadors retir'd on each Side of the Throne, to make way for his Access to the King. *Seleucus*, who saw the Marks of Affliction too deeply impress'd on the Countenance of *Antiochus*, (whose Cheeks were Pale with Watching and Despair, and whose Eyes were turn'd to Earth as conscious of the Misfortune which he deem'd his Crime;) fear'd to heighten his Sorrows with the Displeasure of a Father; and smoothing his Brow, and courteously stretching out his Hand, would have encourag'd him to have taken a Seat by the Throne. *Antiochus*, making his Obeisance to his Father, and willing that he should maintain the State of his Royalty before the Embassadors, refus'd the proffer of that Favour: *My Lord*, says he, *it is my Duty to attend your Majesty: I am summon'd hither to hear your Commands; and let not your gracious Invitation force me to a Presumption which will misbecome my Duty.*—*I own I sent for you,* replies the King; *to give you my Sentiments,*

not

not impose my Commands. But first you must repose you: The Illness you sustain, pleads against the rigorous Ceremonies of State; I must remember myself your Father, as well as King; and consider you as my Successor, as well as Subject: The good Old Monarch pointed again to a Chair on his Right Hand, [nor would be content, or proceed in his Discourse till *Antiochus* was seated: Then turning himself a little round on the Throne, Prince, says he, can you nourish an Hope, that I will consent to this rigorous Departure your Sollicitations have so pursued? If I must of necessity share the Torments of your Disquiet, believe it is a Pain which I prefer to your Absence: At least permit me the pleasure of seeing you, and to make that Advantage the Consolation of my Years. But is it possible that nothing can relieve you? Cannot a Monarch, whose Power is so extensive as to make a Hundred Kings jealous of his Glory, do nothing for you to allay this Sorrow? My Lord, replies the Prince, I am condemn'd by my self, and have nothing to plead in Excuse to your Majesty. 'Tis my Distemper imposes the Exile I would aspire to; and I blush that, by this fatal Chagrine, I must interrupt the Triumphs of your happy Destiny. 'Tis to spare you the Concern to which
it

it subjects you — You would spare me that Concern, replies the King hastily, *in disclosing to me the Cause of your Distemper.* He had, no doubt, proceeded to sift *Antiochus* further upon this Subject, had not the instant Approach of *Stratonice* interrupted his Enquiries:

The King, who always at the Sight of that fair Princess seem'd to throw off his Age, sprang from his Throne to meet her; and grasping her Hand, in an Air of Tenderneſs, *Madam,* ſays he, *how far have you prevail'd? You have ſeen Antiochus; and I have promis'd myſelf much from your Importunities. Could he be ſo uncourtly in his Trouble, as to be able to conceal from you, what he ſeems fond to hide from me?* The Prince who overheard his Father's Words, and was not aſſur'd how far *Stratonice* might go in her Answer, reſolv'd by interpoſing to prevent his Fears. *My Lord,* ſays he to the King, *if any Mortal Care could ſooth my Sorrows, the goodneſs of the Queen muſt needs have ſucceeded; but my Senſes are ſo confus'd, and all my Powers in that Diſtraction, that the more I combat my Miſfortunes, the more I feel them grow upon me. — My Royal Lord,* ſays *Stratonice,*
F
breaking

breaking in upon a Pause which *Antiochus* made, the Prince thinks himself destin'd to eternal Anxieties: Yet perhaps it may be easie to find a Remedy against the Ill which so controuls his Powers: Nor are we to learn to what we must have Recourse, when the Heart is only to be cur'd of Love. How! says the King, surpriz'd and smiling, Is Love then the Oppression which hangs so heavy on the Prince? What have you said Madam, replies *Antiochus* to the Queen? Yes, my Lord, continued she to the King, his Melancholy is the Effect of his Passion; and his Heart too obstinately jealous of the Secret——
Alas! Madam, replies the Prince interrupting *Stratonice*, and confessing the most extreme Confusion and Disorder, Could I have believ'd you would have treated me thus!

The King very easily perceiv'd the Uneasiness of his Son, tho' he could not suspect the Cause which aggravated *Antiochus's* Fears: He could not form an Idea of his loving Unworthily, and he was surpriz'd to find the Prince so unwilling to have the Object of his Passion stand disclos'd. Let it not cost you a Blush, says he, my Son; if the Discovery of your
 Love

Love makes you asham'd, look round and see the whole World enslav'd to keep you in Countenance; nay, and to authorize what you esteem a Frailty, behold, your Father with these hoary Locks professes himself a Lover. However fierce the Transports of that Passion are, which has surpriz'd your Heart, can I condemn them, while I adore the Queen? And whilst in loving her I prefer the Glory of her Chains to that of seeing myself Lord of the Universe? Love then, Antiochus, since it is not a Crime; but Love with that Discretion which may give Relief to your Sufferings: Whatever Beauty it is who has charm'd your Eyes, you need but let us know her to finish your Sorrows.

Antiochus, with a low Bow, express'd the Sense and Acknowledgments he had of his Father's Tendernefs; but as his Passion could not comply with the Measures prescrib'd him by the King, My Lord, says he, you interest yourself in my Cause with too much Goodness; I own, I love; and I should vainly strive to conceal my Weakness; your Majesty has been too far inform'd for such an Attempt: but the Relief which I expect for my Sufferings will depend on Time; and all my Remedy must be to struggle to sub-

due my Passion. — Is it possible, reply'd the King, that your Passion should so blindly yield? And that, when it is authoriz'd with so absolute a License, you should fear to allow yourself the Priviledge of Hope? Is there a Queen, throughout the extended Empires of Asia, who would disdain the Honour of having caus'd your Pains? Or if it pleases you to Love in a lower Rank, chuse where you will, and raise her to your Bed. The Tenderneſs of your Father consents to your Choice, and you cannot pitch on one whom you need conceal. — My Lord, reply'd the Prince with a submissive Voice, all I have to do, must be to controul myself. Nay then, Madam, says the King turning to Stratonice, who had begun the Discovery, it is you who must forward the Cure of this too discreet Lover: You, I presume, know the Remainder of this Secret? I must confess, my Lord, reply'd the Queen, I think, I do; and may to serve the Prince disclose it all. — Now, by the Gods let me conjure you, Madam, says Antiochus kneeling at her Feet, and taking hold of her Robe, to say no more; Too much, alas! Too much have you already done in betraying my Flame; at least let that Injury bound my Misfortunes which cannot be retriev'd, and permit me to die without the certain Torment
of

Antiochus and Stratonice. 107

of Despair : — And can I suffer, replies the Queen, a Prince of so much Hopes, on whom the after Happiness of so many Realms depends, to languish even to Death for Love? Would not your Royal Father upbraid me with your Sufferings, and Syria brand me as an Accessary to your Ruin? Let me redeem myself from so foul a Crime, and strive to do your Merits Justice in the Discovery. This Picture, my Lord, continues she, addressing herself to the King, will explain to you what the Prince is so desirous of Concealing, and there you will find what Beauty has so strongly engag'd his Soul.

The Queen here deliver'd into the Hands of Seleucus the Picture which she had receiv'd from those of Antiochus; whilst the King was employ'd in opening the Case, and the perusal of the Painting, the Prince was in Agonies not to be express'd; his Face was pale, and his Limbs trembled; and Despair, Indignation, and Consciousness of his Passion, which, he now believ'd, was discover'd, work'd his Spirits almost to Distraction. Then is my Crime, says he, at length laid open! And my guilty Love no longer a Secret! But think, my Lord, that Fate, which has subjected me

to this cruel Necessity, has rob'd my Duty of the Glory of being Silent: And to encrease the Horror of my Misfortune, I am not permitted to die in Innocence. 'Twas in that Hope I sooth'd my Pains, and tho' I discover'd the Secret to the Queen, I thought I had reason to believe that in her turn she would assist in the Concealment of my Passion. But the Discovery which she has made demands my Punishment; pronounce my Sentence, Sir, and do yourself Justice. That Banishment which I press'd for, and concluded your Interest, is now warrant'd by my Presumption, and must become my Doom! —

Seleucus, who had fully discover'd that the Picture was a Resemblance of his Niece *Arfinoe*, and could alone be designed for her, could not understand the Mystery of his Son's Passion, or why the Modesty of a Virtuous Love should so obstinately covet a Concealment; he concluded, that *Antiochus* regarded her as the Daughter of his Uncle, a Person too near him in Blood to take to his Bed, without the Suspicion of committing Incest in her Embraces: Or that looking upon her as the Mistress of *Tigranes*, he was loth to rob his Friend of such a Treasure,

sure, and especially a Friend to whom he had been oblig'd for the Saving of his Life. The Old Monarch, who dwelt on this Idea, could not but admire at the Nicety of the Prince's Honour; when clasping him round with his aged Arms, he cried aloud, *O unexampled Virtue! O Soul, too rigidly Noble! Talk not, my Antiochus, of Crimes or Banishment; and tho' your scrupulous Regards have oppos'd your Flame, you have too long already debarr'd it of Hope: Let your Father warrant you of Success, and Love hereafter without a Fear.*

The Prince, who was yet in the Dark, as to the mistake of the Picture, and could not suspect but Seleucus's Words were in Relation to *Stratonice*, stood confounded at the surprizing Generosity of his Father, who could consent to resign the beauteous Charmer he so fervently ador'd: But as he had an Heart, which could not suffer to be outdone in Generosity, recovering himself from that Amaze, which for sometime had kept him Silent, *My Lord*, says he, *would you for me put yourself under that hard Restraint? But, rather than abuse such Extravagance of Goodness, I could wish the Pains, I have too much merited, were doubled.*

on me! I could prefer to Die, rather than give my Father that Disquiet! The good Old Monarch, who still interpreted all the Prince said to his Sentiments of exalted Honour, reply'd; I know, my Son, what your great Soul prescribes to you: Am I to learn your Obligations to Tigranes, for the Life he sav'd? But the length of your Sufferings, and the Struggles you have made against this Passion, whatever he has done for you, have discharg'd your Gratitude: You have too amply paid him for that faithful Service. The Prince was still more and more surpriz'd to hear his Father run on that Strain, My Lord, reply'd he, I am in little Fear, that any thing should weaken the Merits of his Service in my thoughts; but wherefore does your Highness now remind me of those Obligations to Tigranes? Because, says the King again, I think your Sense of Retribution goes too far; but leave it to your King to transact for you with him. Come hither, Tigranes; Is your Heart capable of some great and generous Effort, to redeem your Prince from the Torment which oppresses him? My Royal Lord, replies the Favourite, there is not a Drop of Blood in my Veins, which I would not shed for the Prince's Service; and I should be proud at such a Price to testify
my

Antiochus and Stratonice. 105

my Respect. We have at length, says the King, penetrated into his Sorrows; and tho' with the extremest Care he has conceal'd their Cause, yet all is discover'd: Shall I tell you, Tigranes? The Prince is in Love: And his Flame, which he has still smother'd in Silence, has caus'd all the Grief which hangs so heavy on him: Now since his only Remedy depends on Arsinoe, 'tis necessary that your Friendship resign her to his Passion: And that their auspicious Nuptials, from to Morrow's Dawn, restore him that Repose, which he can only receive from possessing her.

Whilst Tigranes stood thunderstruck with this dreadful Proposition, Antiochus was no less surpriz'd to conjecture what his Father drove at; What I, my Lord, says the Prince with a Vehemence which confess'd his Astonishment, desire the Princess! Gods! Did I mourn for her Possession! Tigranes, — His Misfortunes move him to Distraction, replies the King; I know you are loth to ravish from him a Treasure so dear to his Eyes and Soul; but consider, Antiochus, your Life and Welfare are precious to the State. Whatever deep Concern this Shock may give him, to preserve your Days, he'll know what Resolutions become his Loyalty. Let me answer

for his Zeal, who am so largely acquainted with his Faith. My Life and Fortunes are owing to my King, replies Tigranes, and he may dispose of both at his Pleasure. 'Tis an Abuse, an Error, my Friend, says the Prince to the Favourite; By all the Powers of Heaven, you'll wrong my Friendship, to entertain a Thought of Antiochus's being your Rival.

Whilst the Prince was thus labouring to convince Tigranes, how distant the Love of Arsinoe was from his Heart; the King, interposing, produc'd the Picture which he had receiv'd from the Hands of Stratonice. Prince, says he, you do too much Violence to your Passion, let this at once explain it: Behold, I restore you the Picture of Arsinoe, the possession of so charming a Pledge is ever to be priz'd. The Prince, receiving it at his Fathers Hands, was surpriz'd to see the Resemblance of Arsinoe, instead of the Queen's, which the Case inclos'd when he lost it first, and which he firmly thought he had deliver'd to Stratonice. I am amaz'd, and confounded, says the Prince, a Chance so unforeseen, strikes me dumb with Confusion! — The Excess of his Joy for the Discovery, replies the

the King, has even overcome his Senses; but, thanks to the Gods, I have no more to fear for the Safety of my Antiochus!—
Madam, continued he, turning about to *Stratonice* with Pleasure, 'tis to you, I owe the Rise of my Satisfaction, to your happy Importunities are we indebted for the Knowledge of his Passion; disdain not then to perfect the Work you've begun with such Success. And since we must inform the Princess of her Admirer, be kind, and prepare her, by an early Discovery, to receive his Love.

The Picture had made too strong Impressions on the Thoughts of the King; for *Antiochus*, however he labour'd to convince him, to persuade him to retract the Imagination he had form'd; the most vehement Denials and Protestations against it, were lost in his Ear: He was deaf to all which contradicted the Opinion he had entertain'd with Pleasure: He resolv'd to bless his *Antiochus* with *Arfinoe*, and could not believe ought else was wanting to crown his Happiness. Come let me lead thee, my Charmer, to the Princess, says the transported Monarch; let us prevent the future Languishments of a Lover: And let the Impatience of
my

my Desires teach me to be just to the Passion of my Son. As the King was eager to hurry her away, Madam, If I may be believ'd, says the Prince; ——— When she interrupting him with haste, said, My Lord, no more alarm yourself: Your Addresses for the Princess will have Charms enough to remove any Difficulties: And if I have any Influence to promote your Wishes, my Promise is past, and I will serve you to my Power.

Antiochus would fain have reply'd to the Queen, but *Seleucus*, who urg'd her Departure with him, would not permit them a longer Conference: When the King and *Stratonice* were retir'd, *Tigranes* seem'd no less desirous of drawing off the Prince, to assure him, that tho' he ador'd the fair *Arsinoe* even to Distraction, he would resign her without Reluctance, to his Highness's Arms; and count it an Advantage in his Fortune, that he could give so strong a Testimony of the Respect which he bore the Prince. *Antiochus*, who was too uneasie in his Thoughts to debate the Matter over with *Tigranes*, to balk the Opportunity which the Favourite was pressing to embrace, cross'd the Chamber, and clos'd in Discourse

course with the Youthful *Ariobarzanes*. It happen'd, that *Philip* the Governor whom *Seleucus* had empow'r'd to manage his Affairs in *Cappadocia*, and collect the Subsidies of that conquer'd Province, had abus'd his Authority by aggrieving the Land, and piling the Subject with unwarranted Exactions. The whole Country groaning under the Burthen of this severe Deputation, Prince *Ariobarzanes* was sent to *Antioch*, in part to attend the Solemnity of the *Syrian* Monarch's Nuptials, but more particularly to complain of his Country's Injuries and her Governor's Extortions. *Antiochus* took the Occasion of this Subject to address the Young *Cappadocian*, and acquainting him that he had seen the Memorial presented by him to his Father, Prince, says he, depend on my Friendship in your Service; and believe, that if *Seleucus* has been deceiv'd in the Character of his Deputy, he will have so much Regard to his own Glory, as to demand an Account of the Offender's Conduct; and such a Tenderneſs for a faithful Province, which does him Homage, and depends on his Protection, as to redeem her from the present Oppression, and do her a future Justice in Substituting a better Governor. *Ariobarzanes*,
who

who had a particular Esteem for the Prince, could not but be Proud of his Interest in redressing the Grievances of his Country. My Lord, replies he, my Heart is full of Acknowledgments to your Highness! And I could wish my Fate would put it in my Power, that I might discharge myself of the Debt your generous Favours have drawn upon me. Cappadocia owns herself a Dependant on your Empire, and struggles not to throw off the Yoke of her Subjection. Our Homage and Tribute are paid with Pleasure, and we glory in the Protection of your Imperial Father. But we may be suffer'd to groan beneath such Oppressions, as, we know, our Victor is too generous to impose. Permis me, my Lord, to say that Philip is an unworthy Substitute to the Great Seleucus, that he is a Traytor to the Fame of that glorious Monarch, and a Disgrace to the Authority which should adorn him. 'Tis from him alone that we appeal; from Vice, Oppression, and detested Avarice; from Invasions of Privilege, which make our Vassallage galling, and opprobrious: Give us but a Man, who will hold the Reins of Power steady, and we will hug our Chains, and smile at Bondage!—The Prince's Soul was mov'd with Pleasure, to see the Other so justly fir'd with the Wrongs.

Antiochus and Stratonice. III

Wrongs of his Country ; when embracing him with all the Eagerness of Affection, *My Gallant Friend*, says he, *I am charm'd with your Resentments, such Indignation suits the Quality of your Birth and Fortunes ; Princes should feel the Sorrows of their Subjects ; and, when the Sword is sheath'd against Redress, they should be bravely just in pleading against those Wrongs, which the Chance of War has fatally depriv'd them of the Right of removing. Our Souls should neither be tam'd by Force, nor Fortune ; or our Spirits bow'd, and aw'd by Conquest, to wink at Injustice. Think not I flatter thee, Noble Ariobarzanes, in admiring thy Worth ; rather let me be thought to flatter myself, when I confess with pleasure, that in thee, as in a Glass, I see those Virtues, which I have made my Triumph to put in Practise : And so much do I court the Honour of your Friendship, that, (let the Powers of Heaven be Witness to my Truth !)* were my Royal Father dead, (which the same Gods avert !) and I on his Throne, I would not owe thy Love to Rights of Conquest ; but break the base Dependence, set Cappadocia free from the uneasy Tributary Thraldom, and be a Suiter to you for your Friendship. Till then, let all the Offices within my Power, confirm thee in the thought, that Antiochus

speaks

speaks the very Purpose of his Soul; and when my Tongue belies my Heart, let Chains, and Infamy, and the severest Plagues of angry Heav'n be showr'd down upon my treacherous Head! —

The Young Cappadocian was so transported with the generous Professions of the Prince, that his Eyes swam in Tears of Joy, and his Heart was so big with Sentiments of Gratitude, that he was scarce able to give his thoughts Utterance: When embracing *Antiochus* with the most eager Passion, *Permit me*, says he, *My Lord*, to call you *Brother!* — The Prince returning his Embrace with equal Affection, *From this moment*, says he, *I esteem thee such; and would the indulgent Gods had thought fit to have ally'd us as strongly in Blood, as our Fortunes may in Love.* But you are yolk'd with a Wretch, my Brother, whose Sorrows and Society may be contagious. I have a load of Distress on my Spirits, whose Burthen I would not have thee feel; and which, in participating, thou could'st not ease. O *Ariobarzanes*, if thou would'st labour to secure thy Happiness, guard thy Eyes, and Soul against Beauty. There are venom'd Arrows shot from Woman's Eyes, which

which will poison the Ease and Tranquility of thy Mind. Love is attended with a Thousand Tortures; his Empire, like Death's, is supported by Pain, and Agonies: And where he makes his Conquest, he fails not to oppress his Slaves with Anxiety, debar them of Repose, wreck them with Jealousie, if not sink them at once into Despair. Whilst Antiochus was discoursing on this Subject, a sudden Gloom o'erspread the Cappadocian; his Eyes sparkled not with the usual Fire, his Countenance was chang'd, and his Bosom heav'd with Sighs of Sorrow. The Prince soon perceiv'd the Alteration, and fearing he had influenc'd Ariobarzanes with his Distress; Let not, says he, the Grievs of Antiochus work too potently on thy generous Heart. Why dost thou droop with this sudden Sadness? Wherefore have these Sighs, like Tempests, heav'd thy Breast; and those big Drops, that course each other down thy Cheeks, have burst a Passage thro' thy Eyes? I must accuse my Grievs of Injustice, if they have wrought on the Temper of my Brother.—O Antiochus! Our Souls are ally'd; replies the Other, and there is a Sympathy in all our Passions. Think me not a Stranger to the Force of Beauty: Or that this Breast has not felt the Influences
of

of Love. *Ha!* — says the Prince, with an Air of Surprize which testified his Pleasure, *And ha'st thou lov'd, my Ariobarzanes? O then come closer yet to this faithful Heart, and let me clasp thee till we incorporate; may I not be told the Story of thy Loves; may I not know her Name and History; and in thy Description learn to adore the absent Beauty, whose Charms could fire the Bosom of my Friend? Believe me, I burn with Impatience, till I am inform'd; Come, let us retire to some Scene of Solitude, to whispering Trees, and murmuring Brooks, to Shades that seem alone design'd for Lovers, and there interchange our Souls to each other. My Lord, says Ariobarzanes sighing, tho' the Relation must refresh my Sorrow, yet I will recite the melancholy Tale, to gratify your Desires; Since there is a Balm in the pity of a Friend, which can soften, if not heal Affliction. Lead me, my Lord, to that sylvan Scene you mention'd; which may, perhaps, resemble the Recess, where first I beheld the Charming Maid; whose dear Remembrance is treasur'd in my Soul, and Death alone can erase the Impressions of her.*

It was observ'd that, tho' none of the Court had overheard the Discourse of the

the Princes, this Conference with the *Cappadocian* had infus'd a Vigour into *Antiochus*, more than had been perceiv'd since his Return from *Macedon*. There was an apparent Sprightiness in his Face, and Motion; his Youthful Ardour seem'd restor'd to a Miracle, and his Eyes sparkled with unusual Lustre. Tho' all could not but wish to receive the Endearments which he paid to *Ariobarzanes*, yet none wish'd those Favours to the Youthful Foreigner less, or envied their Friendship, since it gave the Presage of so happy a Change in their ador'd *Antiochus*.

The Prince had now thrown his Arm cross the Waist of *Ariobarzanes*, and prepar'd to lead him thro' the Anti-chambers to his own Apartment: But the Page of the *Cappadocian* met them as they were retiring, and inform'd his Master, some Dispatches were arriv'd from his Royal Father, which requir'd his immediate Attendance. *Then I must be content to lose you for a while*, says the Prince; *Cruel Business has broke in upon our Intention; but Love, and Friendship, must resign to Duty: When you are released, let me see you in my*
Apart-

Apartment, where I will wait your coming with Impatience: The Prince retir'd, as soon as *Ariobarzanes* had promis'd him, that nothing but the utmost Necessity of Business should detain him from Returning.

Antiochus was no sooner retir'd to his Chamber, but the Gloom again return'd on his Spirits; he sat him down pensive at his Table, and fell to reflecting on the fatal Error, to which his own Rashness had that Day contributed. He began now to accuse himself of Indolence and Folly, for having surrendred the Case to *Stratonice*, and not first himself examin'd the Picture, the sight of which us'd to give him Pleasure. He now began too late to recollect, that when he receiv'd it back from the Hands of the Princess *Arfinoe*, she desir'd to resume the Painting it contain'd: He was at a loss to conjecture the Meaning of his Cozen's Exchange, or why she had not explain'd herself at yielding it to his Possession. *Unfortunate Antiochus! How hast thou incurr'd the Wrath of the Gods?* says he: *The cruel Destinies are leagu'd against thee; and all the Powers of Heaven combin'd*

combin'd to thy Destruction. Have I a Hope
 of Happiness or Relief?—Do not Despair
 and Misery attend me? And what but Death
 can be the Period of my Sorrows? Wherefore
 do I then protract Anxiety, and linger out
 my Days in renewing Torments? Is there a
 Joy in Life, which can recompence for the
 Pains I suffer? Am I not doom'd, like Pro-
 metheus, to a State of perpetual Anguish?
 Distracting Cares, like greedy Vultures, prey
 on my Vitals, and destroy my Ease. Then
 Die, Antiochus, and redeem thyself from
 Misery; take Arms against the Violence of
 thy Fortune; and shew the Gods that you de-
 spise their Gifts, when season'd with such
 Tortures.—What ha'st thou said, Rash Man?
 Recal thy wandring Thoughts, and know thy
 self: Ye righteous Powers, forgive my impious
 Frenzy! And thou, Eternal Jove, in whose
 disposing Hand are all the Fates of Mortals,
 bear not a Wretch whom Griefs have wrought
 to Madness. I bow me to your Sacred Will;
 and count my Sufferings Just, since all the
 Events of Pleasure or Distress are Heav'n's
 Award. And, Oh! Forgive me too, my
 Royal Father; forgive this guilty Son, who
 careless of thy Age and tender Love, harbour'd
 a Thought which would destroy thy Peace;
 perhaps, untimely bring thy hoary Locks with
 Sorrow

*Sorrow to the Shades of endless Night. Se-
leucus could not bear thy Absence, and would'st
thou wound him with thy Death: Rash and
Ungrateful! —*

The Prince here folded his Arms, and
paus'd; then with distemper'd Speed
walk'd cross his Chamber, as if with
the Rapidity of his Motions he would
extinguish Thought, or aim'd at expressing
the Hurry of his Soul. Then again he
stop'd short on the sudden, and cry'd to
himself, *It shall be so: — I'll let the Fair
One know the cruel Error of her Compassion;
and I, who but now declin'd the meeting her
lovely Eyes, will beg an Interview.* He
here again sat himself down at his Table,
and strove to compose himself for his
Epistle: He more than once essay'd to
begin, and condemn'd his Thoughts al-
most as soon as he gave them Birth; and
wrote, and disapprov'd, and then again
resum'd the Subject which he had rejected:
At last, o'ercoming his Irresolution, he
penn'd the following Letter to the
Queen.

Antio-

Antiochus to Stratonice.

Madam,

I Know not whether I am to thank, or accuse you for your fatal Kindness; since the Zeal you express in the Compassion of my Sufferings, being grounded on an Error turns to their Aggravation. I could in a Word convince you of the Mistake, but my Silence on that Head will give you least Uneasiness, and acquit me of a Crime which might attend the Confession. The King's Transports hurried him so far, that he would not lend an Ear to my Protestations; or suffer me to clear myself from the Imputation of admiring the Princess. Permit me only to conjure you, *Madam*, no farther to interest yourself in my Cause, till I have been blest'd with the Opportunity once more of seeing you. Perhaps my next Conference with your Highness may assure you better of the Cause of my Distress. I own, that I am indebted to *Arsinoe* for part of my Sufferings; but wherein, I beg to defer till I am favour'd with an Interview:
But,

But, as your Soul is endued with Pity, or as you believe me capable of Honour, entertain not a Suspicion that I Love the Princess. I wish the Secrets of my Heart stood reveal'd to you; or that you could divine, without my Discovery, the Passion of

Antiochus.

When the Prince had finish'd, and seal'd up his Letter, he call'd his Favourite Page *Philotas*; and order'd him, with Secrecy and Speed to deliver it to the Queen. *Antiochus* had no small Regard for this Youthful Servant, who was descended of a Noble Extraction, by Birth a *Persian*, and the Son of a Lady who stood high in the Favour of *Apamia*, his Imperial Mother. The Circumstance was no trivial Recommendation for him to his Master's Love, who so dearly reverenc'd his Mother's Memory: And the Youth ow'd so much to Nature and Education, that he was furnish'd with Accomplishments which endear'd him to the Prince. He had a Sprightliness in his Look, which gave no little Evidence of his Capacity: And such a winning way
in

in his Mien and Behaviour, as made him taken Notice of by all the Court, and as generally admir'd: He was now entering on his Fourteenth Year, had attain'd to an Eminent Perfection in Musick, and was happy in a Voice and Manner of Singing, which, like that of *Orpheus*, might have charm'd Savages to Attention, and sooth'd the Severity of the Infernal Powers. The Prince's Illness, and Affection to Solitude, had slacken'd much the Attendance of *Philotas*, and given him leisure of playing about the Palace: yet was he not oftner discharg'd from Waiting, than *Stratonice*, who was not unacquainted with his Talents, summon'd him to entertain her with his Harmony. When the Prince had deliver'd him his Letter and Orders, and the Page was retiring to execute them, he stop'd short; and, *My Lord*, says he, *If I cannot have Access to her Highness, may I intrust your Letter with Laodice? Fear not, my Boy*, replies the Prince stroaking him, *but you shall find Admittance to the Queen; yet wherefore is your Confidence repos'd on Laodice? My Lord*, says the Page, *I have Obligations to that Lady, and Gratitude perswades me*

to have an Opinion of her Fidelity. Obligations! Philotas, as how? says the Prince: Have a Care of the Treachery of that subtle Sex: Their Favours, my Boy, are the Preludes to their Designs; 'tis their Artifice to dawb over Destruction with Kindness; and be free of their Smiles when they mean to ruin. Take heed, or they will first impose on your Inexperience, and then mock your Simplicity. My Lord, said he, I will treasure up your Caution in my Remembrance; but hope I have no reason to suspect any Hurt intended me, in her Favours: She cannot have Designs on my Fortune, who have no Dependance but on my Duty being acceptable to your Highness; and her Conquest will be but slight in imposing on the Understanding of a simple Boy.

The Prince who could not but be pleas'd at the Readiness and acute Reply of Philotas, turn'd his Head aside, and smil'd to himself; then again assuming his wonted Gravity, But tell me, says he, wherein has Laodice oblig'd thee? My Lord, says the Page, she has often condescended to entertain me in Discourse; calls me her little Favourite, is lavish in the Praise of my Voice and Singing, and taught me a Song
to

Antiochus and Stratonice. 123

to divert the Queen with. Nay, then, I confess, she merits thy Opinion, replies the Prince; if she recommend thee to the Queen, count her Favours as Blessings. The Queen, Philotas, is a Mine of Virtue; she is a Mirror in which the World may gaze at Perfection, and learn thence to copy it into their Lives and Actions. View her, my Boy, as one design'd by Heaven for Adoration; and let the Awe of her Presence be a Check to thy Levity. But let me hear the Song which Laodice has taught thee; thou art indebted to her good Nature for such Improvements. The Prince had no sooner ended, but Philotas, who was all Obedience, with his usual Sweetness and Delicacy warbled over the following Song.

I.

LOVE thou greatest Joy or Anguish,
As the God has aim'd his Dart;
Now thou mak'st the Virgin languish,
Now thou chear'st her drooping Heart.

II.

Gentle Cupid! Aid the Fair,
Of such heavenly Charms possess;
Save her from, that Fiend, Despair;
Grant the Swain who fires her Breast.

III.

Youth is made for Love and Pleasure,
 Equal Years alone engage;
 Beauty is a buried Treasure,
 When 'tis link'd with frozen Age.

The Prince was a little startled at the Close of this Song, and frown'd, and walk'd about with an inward Discontent; at length, said he, *Learn to forget it, Philotas, the Words are vile, and savour of Malice: It will dislike the Queen. My Lord,* replies the Boy, *she did not seem to be displeas'd at hearing it. Ha! —* says the Prince, interrupting him something hastily; *hast thou already sung it to Stratonice?* The Boy, frightened at the Prince's Earnestness in asking, and fearing he had ignorantly incurr'd his Displeasure, fell on his Knees, and bursting into Tears, *My Lord,* says he, *I fear my Folly has deserv'd your Anger, and I dare not answer; there is a Terror in your Eyes, which oppresses me with Dread; and if I have offended, let me Die by your Resentment, rather than live, and droop under your Displeasure. The Prince with Tenderness raised him from the Ground, No,* says he, *my Philotas,*

I blame not thee, but must condemn Laodice of Presumption: Yet, tell me, hast thou sung it to the Queen? My Lord, replies the Boy, I have; and more than once been call'd upon to sing it to her. And how has she receiv'd it? says the Prince again, hast thou observ'd no Change in her Countenance, no signs of Indignation at its Meaning?— My Lord, says he, my Youth and Ignorance must not pretend to interpret Impressions, but if I durst conjecture— Proceed, my Boy, replies the Prince with an Impatience, which seem'd to expect some pleasing Discovery from Philotas's Constructions; The Words might give her Pain, says the Boy, but not Resentment; I have observ'd her to sit, as, I've read, languishing Lovers are us'd; with her Head reclined on her Arm, and her Eyes bent downwards to the Earth. I have seen her sigh, as in th' Extremity of Sadness; and shed such Tears, as swell'd my Breast with Pity, and almost drown'd the Utterance of my Song. I have been glad to get dismiss'd, and run somewhere unseen to vent my struggling Sorrow.

Whilst Philotas was giving this Description of her Emotions, the Prince seem'd to be struck with a sympathetick

Grief: The little Colour, his Illness had left him, now fled at once from his Cheeks: His Face grew Pale, and his Eyes were o'ercast with Heaviness: His Arms were folded, and his Bosom swell'd with smother'd Sighs: Till reflecting that his Page, who could make such Observations on the Carriage of Stratonice, might be as quick in discovering his Disorder; he labour'd to throw off the Gloom, and again address'd Philotas. *And does she ever vouchsafe to talk with thee, my Boy?* says the Prince. *Must freely, and often;* replies the Page: *I am indebted to her Goodness for Counsel, which I am sure must make me Happy: She tells me, My Lord, that my Duty is founded on Gratitude; and that in being disobedient, I must either forget, or not acknowledge the Kindness of my Benefactor: Then she does admonish me, in the most pressing Terms, to regard you with the utmost Diligence of Service; to consider a Look, or Nod, as a Command; to execute your Orders with such Speed and Fidelity, that the Execution may seem more my Delight than Business. And then, My Lord, will she inforce my Duty with the Praise of your Virtues.—Ha! Art thou grown a Flatterer, Philotas? Retain thy*

thy Honesty, replies the Prince, as thou wouldst my Favour: Inform me strictly, does the Queen so frequently remember me in her Discourse? My Lord, says Philotas, looking with some Concern that the Prince should suspect his Truth, I must fear indeed, I am waining in your Highness's Favour, when I must recommend my self by Lies and Flattery. So may my honest Services be pleasing to you, as all I've said, is true: My Lord, she speaks of you, as you of her; only her Praises are more particular, and more Extensive: She paints you out at length a finish'd Hero, the Favourite of Heaven, and wonder of Mankind: Were you her Brother, Sir, or something more——(Such pleasure glitters in her Eyes, when she speaks of you,) she could not do it with more pure Affection.

'Tis well, Philotas, replies the Prince, I am indebted to the Queen for her Opinion; but think, my Boy, her lavish Praises are design'd but to excite thy Duty. Yet I have trifled with thee; Go, deliver my Letter to her fair Hands, and wait till she dismiss thee. The observant Boy, with a low Bow, hasten'd from his Presence to execute his Orders; and left the Prince employ'd with pleasing Reflections on the Queen, and even lost in Thought

to what Cause to attribute the Extravagance of her Praises.

Antiochus had Time to make but short Reflections, e'er the Young *Cappadocian* enter'd his Apartment: The Prince flew to meet him with eager Pleasure; and *Wellcome*, said he, my *Ariobarzanes*, to these longing Arms; The quickness of your Return has given me an Assurance of your Love, and Friendship; and there is a Cheerfulness in your Looks, which leaves me room to hope your Intelligences from Home bring nothing to disturb the Bosom of my Friend. Nothing, my Brother, replies *Ariobarzanes* to the Prince, but what shews the Justice of the righteous Gods, and will not displease the generous *Antiochus*: Heaven has took Care of half of our Petitions, and Custom and Necessity will now oblige *Seleucus* to grant the Remainder of them. What means my Friend? says the Prince again: The Man who caus'd our Sufferings, replies the *Cappadocian*, has at length reveng'd them on himself. Philip, our Governor, is now no more; and I, in pity of his Misfortunes, must forgive him. How died he then, replies the Prince? But woefully, My Lord; says the *Cappadocian* again; and a Monument
of

of Heaven's Vengeance on a wretched Criminal. My Royal Father sends me Word, that a severe Distraction had seiz'd him; that, like Orestes, the Conscience of his Crimes made him conceive the Furies haunted him: That he would start from his Bed with Affright, and quit the Tribunal in all the Agonies of Fear and Confusion: At last tir'd out with the Horror of his Imaginations, he cry'd, He would obey the Summons of the Wrathful Gods, and, drawing his Sabre, sheath'd it in his Body.

It is an End indeed, says Antiochus sighing, which demands our Pity, as well as ministers to our Instruction. Nature and Instinct point us to our Duty, and recommend the practise of those Virtues, which Art and Letters have reduc'd into Laws: And when we deviate from these inbred Institutions, the Hand of Heaven either corrects our Frailties, or makes ourselves the Instruments of its dire Decrees. But no more of that, My Brother; I have a promis'd Story to demand of thee. Thy Loves, Ariobarzanes, have fill'd me with Expectation; and I burn with Desire to learn the Fate of thy Passion. Come, let us retire to the Scene, which suits a Tale of Love and Languishment. Behold! The Silver Moon

sits high in her Meridian, and darts her trembling Light down on the Groves: Each Breath of Wind is hush'd, and awful Silence reigns to listen to thy Voice: We'll lay us down on Nature's Verdant Carpet, on the high Banks of yon refreshing Stream, and wear out Night in Love, and mutual Sorrows!

The Prince, as he was pronouncing the last Words, open'd the Door of his Apartment which led down into the Groves he so much admir'd; then clasping round the Young Cappadocian, invited him to the delightful Solitude. The Evening was Serene, and Pleasant, as *Antiochus* had express'd it; there was scarce a Breeze of Air stirring, but all was so still that the very Aspin Leaves had hardly any Motion. No Noise was heard but of the Murmuring of the Brooks, and the distant Warblings of the tuneful Nightingale. As they advanc'd onwards towards the Poplar Shades, the gleams of Moonshine, darting thro' the tall Trees, made the Walks below look like a vast and spacious Arbour, supported by frequent Rows of Pilasters. Behind the Grove ran a quiet stream, which glitter'd with the full Reflexions of the uninterrupted

rupted Light; and look'd like another
fabled *Pactolus*, enrich'd with Sands of
floating Gold. *Ariobarzanes* stood still
with Admiration of the delicious Prospect;
This is indeed, says he, *a Scene of Grateful
Solitude! Why may not we presume that such a
Retreat is the Abode of Lovers in Elizium?*
*What can the Bounty of the Gods supply, that
is wanting here, to inspire new Passion, or as-
sist Delights?* I'm charm'd, transported with
this Gaiety of Wildness! So much are Art
and Regularity outdone by this *Deshabillé*
of Nature, if I may call it such. The Prince
was pleas'd, to find his Friend so ena-
mour'd with the Place, and leading him
thro' the Grove to the Brook, *Let this
Bank*, said he, *be our Bed of Repose; and
let my Ariobarzanes repeat the History of his
Passion.* They immediately sat themselves
down on the plenteous Herbage; and
the *Cappadocian*, in Compliance to the
Prince's Wishes, began as follows.

Know then, *my Friend*, that as soon
as I was arriv'd at my Twentieth Year,
it was the Pleasure of my Royal Father,
that I should make the Tour of our own
Dominions: (whether he had design'd
that I should grow acquainted early with
my

my future Kingdom, or that he intended I should ingratiate Myself to his most distant Subjects, I cannot determine: It was sufficient for me, to know it was his Will; and knowing to render it an implicit Obedience.) When I set out from Court, I took my Journey Eastward, as by Direction; and visited the several Places which lay along the extended Skirts of *Taurus*, which parts, you know, our Confines on that Side, from those of *Armenia*: When I had coasted by that long and continued Ridge of Mountains, I continued my Travels Northward on *Euphrates's* Banks, till they brought me almost to the Coast, which then runs Westward, and is wash'd by the *Euxine* Sea. I made no little Halt at *Trapezus*, a City of some Eminence in our *Cappadocia*, and of ample Trade from the Benefit of its Scituation, where I was receiv'd with a Respect suitable to the Heir of a Monarch, and Ceremonies perform'd with that Air of Pleasure, as left me not to doubt but they wish'd my Residence there of a longer Date. Parting from them, I kept on thro' the Villages which brought me in a Line to *Leucosyria*, a Place which lyes near the Sources of the
River

River *Thermoodon*, so famous of Old for the *Amazonian* Heroines. Having cross'd that Stream, I was to hold on my Way to *Amasæa*, the last Stage of my Travels, with which I shall trouble your Attention.

In the Neighbourhood of this Place was it, my *Antiochus*, where first I view'd the beauteous Cause of my Happiness, and Sorrow. The Approach to that Town, even from the Banks of *Thermoodon*, is thro' wild and desolate Woods, of wide Extent, which way soever you bend your Course. As I advanc'd deep into this desert Forest, Myself and the Train, which attended me in my Progress, were frequently alarm'd with the faint Ecchoes of a distant Shouting: We could hear enough of the Voice to conclude it Humane, tho' the Woods gave us no Marks of Humane Foot-steps, and we were too far remov'd from any Towns to conceive the Sound could reach us from thence: But our Guide soon gave our Surprize some Satisfaction, who inform'd us the Forests were stor'd with Tygers, and other Beasts of Prey; who, pinch'd with Cold and Hunger, would fall down in Numbers upon the Villages,

so

so that the means which the Inhabitantes us'd first for their Defence, grew into a Recreation; and it was usual for them to go out in Crouds, rouse the Tygers from their Coverts, and either kill them on the Spot with their Javelins, or run 'em down in the Chase and then destroy them.

We had not gone much further, but our Eyes were reliev'd by the distant View of a rising Hill, on the Top of which appear'd a House, which by its Largeness, and the Magnificence of the Building, seem'd to promise a fair Reception. Our Guide, who knew exactly the way thro' the Woods to *Amasæa*, could give us no manner of Information, to whom this spacious Dwelling belong'd. From the House all down the Skirts of the Hill, were planted Rows of stately Trees, which by their Regularity, and even Distances, made us believe them rather plac'd by Art than Nature. Below in the Vale, beneath the shelter of the spreading Boughs, we saw Two Persons, of different Sexes, laid as at their Ease: Their Formes to our Appearance were

as Comely, as their Habits were Rich,
and shew'd Distinction of Quality.

We had but just Time to gaze on these Objects, e'er we heard the Lady shriek aloud, and rise with her Partner in the utmost Confusion. As I was yet lost in Wonder to guess at the Cause, I stop'd short, and made my Followers do the same, lest our Approach had given them that Consternation: I observ'd the Person who was with her, was preparing to draw his Sword, and stand on his Defence, till she by her Behaviour and Motion seem'd to over-rule him, and perswade that they might make to the House for Safety. I was not long in suspence as to their Danger, e'er I beheld a Tygress, of a Mighty Size, with Swiftneſs running amidst the Trees, and driving at them. Probably the Savage had been rous'd by the Hunters, and now grown Desperate by hard Pursuit, and Weariness in the Chase, was provok'd to attack whatever seem'd to bar her Escape.

I could not see the Fierceness and Speed of the inrag'd Tygress, without being alarmed at the Danger of the Lady,
especi-

especially when he, who should have stood her Protector, had consented to put both their Safeties on their Flight, and seem'd to outstrip her in his Coward Haste of reaching the House for Shelter. She breathless with climbing the steep Ascent, and half Dead with the Apprehensions of the pursuing Savage, fell, with a scream, prostrate on the Ground. The Monster, as now secure of her Prey, flew with redoubled Speed to her Destruction. I then spurred my Courser hard, rode up to her Defence; and dismounting, in the Instant the Tygress was preparing to seize her, with my Sabre drawn bestrode her Body, and lifted my Arm against the fierce Assailant.

Whether the brightness of my Weapon flashing in the Savage's Eyes, or that she was aw'd with the Vigour of my Defence, retreating some Paces, she slacken'd in her Assault. Till swelling with the Rage so peculiar to that Beast, and calling forth all the spotted Tokens of her Resentment, with a hideous Roar she bounded at me. I had the Fortune to escape the shock of that Onset, when letting drive full at her Neck, my keen-edg'd Sabre
gave

gave her such a Wound, as made her stagger almost to the Earth. I was about to compleat my Conquest with a Second Blow, when the Beast provok'd, and grown more fierce with the Anguish of the Wound, rose upright with Design to grasp me in her Paws. I befriended myself what I could with my Agility, and declining her Weight, which would otherwise have oppress'd me, as she came down again, thrust my Blade up to the Hilt in her Breast. Tho' this Stroke was Mortal to the Savage, yet the Vehemence with which I had pursued it, had almost depriv'd me of the Glory of my Triumph. For the Beast falling, and in her Agonies grasping me about the Waist, bore me with her to the Ground: But my Attendants, who happily had by this Time come up to my Aid, piercing the Monster with all their Spears, so o'erpower'd her with Pain, and weaken'd her with the Number of Wounds, that, expiring on the Spot, she had but just Strength to fix in her Claws, and tear my Side.

My affrighted Servants, soon disengaging me, rais'd me from the Ground, some what faint with the Loss of Blood,
and

and Fury of the Conflict. I bad 'em not employ all their Care on me, but look to the Lady; to whom Apprehension might prove almost as fatal, as the Tygress's Rage could have been. When they took her up, they found her Pale; and Dead to Appearance. I had not till that Moment discern'd her Face; and, O *Antiochus*! Would thy Friend had never seen her Beauties.— (Here *Ariobarzanes*, wiping his Eyes which overflow'd with Tears, paws'd for a while.) Tho' then she was in a Swoon, tho' all the Lustre of her Eyes was clouded, tho' all the Roses in her Cheeks were faded, her Coral Lips pale as her snowy Breast; yet she had Charms, my Brother! My Blood ran Cold with the delightful Object; I felt my Heart beat thick, my Eyes were fix'd on her, and my whole Frame alarm'd!

Whilst I was surveying her Beauties, and in a Thousand Fears lest that Counterfeit of Death should have been real, *Nicanor* (for so was the Person call'd, as I afterwards learn'd, who had so infamously abandon'd her Protection :) Had with his Clamours alarm'd the House,
and

and was returning encompass'd with a Croud of Servants, arm'd with Staves, and Weapons caught up in the Heat of their Necessity, to destroy the Monster. The Virgin was just recovering from her Trance, and amaz'd to find herself supported in the Arms of Strangers; nor less astonish'd to see me bleeding, and the fierce Savage dead upon the Plain. E'er she could know to whom she ow'd her Safety, *Nicanor* advancing embrac'd her with more Joy to find her preserv'd, than Gratitude to me who had preserv'd her. But when the Eagerness of his Transports were over, turning to me, *Generous Stranger*, said he, *what Rewards can recompence such Virtue and such Service? But you bleed, and your Cure must first be thought on.*

He then gave Orders for our immediate Conveyance to the House, where Relief and Acknowledgment would equally attend us; as we approach'd the Entrance, I was still more convinc'd, it was the Residence of some Person of peculiar Note, since what at Distance seem'd but a Structure of Magnificence, now appear'd to be a Palace fit for a Monarch's Entertainment.

tainment. As we pass'd thro' the *Portico's* which led to the Hall, I heard the Voice of a Man in Age, crying, *Is she safe, or am I no longer a Father? Satisfie me that my Fears are false, or let me Die in Quiet, if they are true.* We were now entering the Hall, when *Nicanor* pressing impatiently before us, *My Lord*, says he, *your Daughter is return'd in Safety; and see, the Noble Stranger, who, at the Hazard of his Life, has restor'd her to your Arms.*

The Old Man here arose in Transports to embrace me, when, calling to mind his Features, I perceiv'd it was *Orontes*, who had been my Father's Lieutenant in *Pontus*. He knew me, as he advanc'd, and clasping my Knees, *My Prince*, cry'd he, *could all the Services of my Life have been worth this transcendant Act of Goodness? But you Bleed, my Lord; and better had I, and my whole Race perish'd, than your Safety should be endanger'd by our Protection.* I did what I could to make *Orontes* dismiss his Fears, and suffer'd the Physicians who attended me in the Progress, to use their Skill in stopping the Effusion of my Blood: I was convey'd, as you may suppose, into the most splendid Apartment
of

of the spacious Dome; where my Wound was dress'd, and I was put to Bed. I soon found myself so faint with the Loss of Blood, and so strongly possess'd with the Image of the fair Creature whom I had redeem'd, that the Two concurring Causes threw me into a burning Fever. My Physicians took all the Pains imaginable to keep me quiet, and procure me Rest, nor would suffer any Body to approach my Bed, or scarce the Door of my Chamber, to enquire after my Health, for fear of disturbing me. So that I pass'd the Remnant of the Day, and all the long succeeding Night in repeated Reflexions on that happy Adventure, in summing up the Beauties of my lovely Mistress, and earnest Wishes for the Recovery of my Health, that I might again enjoy the Happiness of her Presence.

Early in the Morning, the good Old Man, attended with his Daughter, entred my Room. I perceiv'd him approaching my Bed softly, when putting back the Curtain, and reaching out my Hand, Orontes, *I am afraid*, said I, *your Care for me has rais'd you before your usual Hour.* My Lord, said he, kneeling at my Bed-side,
Age

Age at best can hope for but short, and broken, Slumbers; yet could I not have pardon'd myself, had I given Way to Drowsiness, and not have paid my Duty to your Highness. Ismenia, come near; continued he, addressing to his Daughter; and on your Knees pay your Acknowledgement to your Royal Protector. The Obedient Virgin, with a graceful Blush of Modesty, approach'd my Bed. And, O Antiochus! My Brother! How did my Heart swell with Pleasure once more to behold the charming Maid? Daughter, said the good Old Man, as she drew nigh, Here are the Tyes of your Duty multiplied: Your Allegiance binds you to the strongest Service; but, Gratitude, and a Life preserv'd, at so great a Price, must enforce and double that Obligation. My Lord, added he, grasping me by the Hand, permit the Girl to supply those Offices, which the Age and Weakness of her Father cannot execute. Let it be her Honour, as well as Pleasure, to employ some Hours of that Life, you have given her, in attending on your Highness

If I was rejoyc'd before at the Sight of my Ismenia, how was my pleasure doubled at this acceptable proffer of
Orontes;

Antiochus and Stratonice. 143

Orontes; I could not be wanting in rendering him my thanks, or backward in sounding the Inclination of the Virgin. Fair Lady, said I, can you bear so ill to employ your Youth and Beauty, as to confine yourself to a sick and darkned Chamber: My Lord, said she, in a Tone sweet as the Melody of dying Swans, were I to set all my Obligations aside, your Highness would command the utmost of my Service: And were that Circumstance of your Quality remov'd, yet so strong a Regard I owe to the Will of my Dearest Father, that I with Joy prepare to execute his Commands, and account it my Happiness to be employ'd in any Service to which he directs.

I observ'd, the good Old Man was not a little delighted at the express'd Obedience of his darling Daughter; My Lord, said he, with Tears of Joy standing in his Eyes, this Maid is the only Comfort of my Life, and Blessing of my Age. Suffer her, whilst I take Care of the Entertainment of your Followers, to be honour'd in attending on your Highness: But let not the Impertinence of a Girl in her Discourse, prevent that Repose so necessary to your Welfare, or disturb you to your Prejudice. When he had

had repeated those Words, he again bent his aged Knee, and kissing my Hand retir'd.

But oh! My *Antiochus*! Have I not wearied thy Attention with my Story? Have I not been too Tedious and Circumstantial in the Prologue to my Woe? If I have tir'd thee, I will reform in what remains; but forgive the Infirmary of my Tongue, and consider, that Love and Age have a Priviledge of trifling. Shall I o'erpass the Process of our Courtship, and lead thee at once to its fatal Period? — Let not my Brother imagine, *replied the Prince*, that I can be weary of the Subject; No; let me have it in its full Extent: I would not lose one Tittle of thy Passion, which Mem'ry serves you to relate, or which Inclination, or private Reasons, do not prompt you to conceal.

Know then, *replies Ariobarzanes*, *resuming his Story*, that *Orontes* being gone, and the fair *Ismenia*, left to attend me; I found her Modesty, and awful Respect to my superior Birth, confin'd her to a Distance, which oppos'd my Happiness.

piness. *Thou brightest of thy Sex, said I, will you deny me the Pleasure of your Conversation? Let not my Quality debar me of that Blessing; and esteem me no longer a Prince, but your Slave. Nor let your Virgin Fears be too prevalent, but think I hold your Honour precious as your Life; I swear, by the Reverence of your Father's Age, the Innocence and Beauties of Ismenia are her Guard against licentious Passion. My Lord, said she, conceive not that I suspect your Princely Virtue, or think my Fame, or Person, in Hazard of Dishonour: But it is my Duty to wait at this Distance; and my Father's Displeasure would persue me, should I interrupt the Repose of your Highness. O fear not that, said I, my Command shall shield you from t^h Blame of Orontes: Besides, there is Musick in every Word you utter; your Talk is like Balm distill'd into my Wound, and I lye intranc'd with Pleasure to hear you. Come, sit thee down by my Bed, and let me gaze on those Charms, which Kings may sigh for. (Forgive me the Repetition of my Transports, Antiochus; thy Soul which has been touch'd with the Power of Beauty, can tell how Love inspires the Tongue with Language.) My Lord, said she, with a Smile which shot Arrows into*

H

my

my Breast, I may hope you do but rally my Simplicity; and I must condemn that little Stock of Beauty, with which Nature has furnish'd me, if it commit Treason against the Bosom of my Prince. Believe me, Ismenia, thou lovely Maid; said I, seizing her by the Hand; and suffer me to breath my Vows on this fair Pledge: By the great Gods, when first I view'd thy Beauties, ev'n when the Glories of thy Eyes were shrouded, I was the Slave of Love: May not I presume to hope I have deserv'd you? Shall I despair of the Consent of Ismenia, if I can obtain that of Orontes? Alas! My Lord, says she, trembling, and in a Surprize, I must not hear this from you. Are you not a Prince, and the Heir of this Empire? Is not your Choice dependant on the State? You must receive to your Bed some Lady, who boasts a Royal Lineage, and who will bring a Regal Dowry. Ismenia is destin'd to an humbler Match; my Father, who rules my Fate and Actions, has plighted my Faith, and my Hand must follow.

Good Heavens! My Friend, do you not presume it tortur'd my very Soul to hear those Words? Death at that Instant, would have been a Mercy to me.

me. O Recal, said I, thou charming Maid, those Sounds of Horror. Orontes, has not, cannot have promis'd thee; or if he had, thy Destiny has made the Contract void. Pardon me, that I must boast the Happiness of your Rescue; but that I claim you, for the Life I gave you. I'll plead the Merit of that Act to your Father, and demand you of him. Unless I am your Hatred; and that you must view me with Contempt and Negligence: Then I will die, rather than make you Uneasie. If the Favourite Lover has taken Possession of your Heart, I'll suffer all my Pains, and languish out my Days in silent Sorrow, rather than breath one Syllable to cross your Wishes, or your fixt Affection. But may I not know, said I, the happy Man to whom, you think, your Hand and Faith are destin'd? Alas! My Lord, reply'd she, sighing, and with a Blush which o'erspread her fair Cheeks, tho' he was the Choice of my Dear Father, tho' he was thought worthy of more than my humble Fortunes, yet I am asham'd to name him to your Highness. Then, said I, may I hope that Heart has not submitted to his Insolent Addresses: And tho' your Virtue and Obedience bind you, as yet, to receive him if Orontes press it; yet sure you can but scorn the Lover, whom you are

asham'd to own. However, let me know him. He's call'd Nicanor, reply'd she, more Eminent perhaps for Wealth and large Possessions, than Dignity of Birth, or innate Virtues. 'Twas he was with me in that Hour of Danger, when your generous Courage, pitying my Distress, push'd you to save me from the Tyger's Faws.

I own, I was transported at that Confession of hers; because I now thought I might advance my Claim, without the Suspicion of an Injury to my Rival. Well may Ismenia blush, said I to her, to think her Merits, and Beauty should be so unworthily bestow'd: But I bless the Gods, that it is Nicanor; and hold the Fates propitious to my Passion. Yes, I will boldly demand thee against his vile Pretensions: Can he, who could desert thee in his coward Fears, and leave thee expos'd to certain Death: Can he presume to claim thee? Dares he pretend to Love, and could be so Base as to abandon thee, to save his worthless Life? O say, Ismenia, I conjure you to tell me, could you receive that Man to your Embraces, and not reflect that he prefer'd his Safety to you? —

My Physicians enter'd the Room, just

as

as she was about to reply, when, with a prevailing Grace, she beg'd I would dismiss her, and told me that when next she was commission'd to attend me, she would hear me further on that Subject. O *Antiochus*! Would I could describe to thee the Beauties of that Virgin. What Sweetness and Affability were blended with severe and awful Virtue! How bright and piercing her Eyes, yet how innocent, and artless their Glances! What Harmony and Persuasion dwelt on her Tongue! And how many Graces and Perfections of her Soul, contributed to make those of her Form and Person more precious and inestimable! But wherefore do I wish it, when all the Charms, which a Lover finds, are lodg'd perhaps in his own private Fancy? Let it suffice, that she, was Mistress of all my Heart held Beautiful, or I could wish to assure my Happiness.

The Care of my Surgeons was now every Day abated by the healing of my Wound, my Fever left me, my Spirits were recruited, and Repose and Appetite returning made my speedy Recovery undoubted. I was now releas'd from the

Confinement of my Bed, and permitted to walk about in my Chamber. But what perplex'd my Soul almost to Madness, was, that *Ismenia* no more return'd to bless me with her Company. The Cause of her Absence did not long remain a Secret to me; It happen'd, when the Virgin withdrew from my Chamber, she retir'd to her own, where she sat down, and burst into a Flood of Tears. Whilst she continued in this Storm of Sorrow, it fell out that her Father entering her Apartment, surpriz'd her weeping. His Indulgence to his Daughter made him scrupulously inquisitive into the Meaning of her Grief, the Explanation of which she would willingly have wav'd. But *Orontes* conjuring her, on her Obedience, to declare the Cause, she was oblig'd to confess that I had sollicit'd her with Love. The good Old Man, fell into Suspicions too Natural to Age, that I was abusing the Rights of Hospitality, and practising the Ruin of his Child, and Dishonour of his Family. *Ismenia*, said he, with a severity of Look, suitable to his Virtue, remember that if the Prince have rescued you from Death, your Life is a Debt to him, but
not

not your Honour: And no Obligations must make you forget you are the Daughter of Orontes, or cause you to repay the Benefit with Infamy on your House. The poor weeping Maid heard him with Attention, and when he had ended, on her Knees invoking the Gods to Witness to her Truth, satisfied her Father, that I was so far from urging her to Dishonour, that I had told her, I would demand her of him, and claim her for my Bride in recompence of my Service.

Orontes, tho' he was satisfied that I had not attempted to betray his Daughter, yet told her that she must not listen to my Passion; since for him to consent to give her to my Arms, would be construed Treason against his Sovereign; and therefore charg'd her, as she hop'd for his Blessing, to decline all Opportunities of further Converse with me.

O my *Antiochus*! How unjustly are the Privileges of Royalty envied, when Princes are restrain'd from the Liberty which makes our Common Peasants happy! What are we but Slaves, deluded with a shew of Grandeur and Power,

H 4

when

When the dearest Concern of our Lives must hang on an Interest of State? Thus indeed is Marriage a Thralldom, when not Choice but Necessity, must determine us in our Consorts.

I had now endur'd Three painful Days, without once beholding the fair *Ismenia*; and could no longer conceal my Discontent for her Absence. The Father did not fail being assiduous in his Visits, and at last when he enquir'd into my Health and Amendment, I told him frankly I only wanted the Company of my fair Physitian. The good Old Man, who had the Honesty to believe I was sincere in my Passion for his Daughter, and who thought it was in vain to disguise his Knowledge of my Pretentions, bad me not to think of her, *Not think of her!* said I, *'tis impossible, Orontes, but I must, whilst, I have Life, and Memory, and Recollection. By Heav'n! I've counted every Moment tedious, since she has been away; and all my Joy is in gazing on her Beauties.*

Orontes, kneeling at my Feet, persisted to urge me, that I would strive to forget her: And told me, that tho' he should reckon it his Glory to be blest in such

a Son, yet as I was his Prince, the Alliance must be fatal to him. I rais'd him from his Knees, and press'd every Argument I was Master of, to obviate his Objections, and dispossess him of his Fears. I told him my Royal Father's Indulgence was such, that he would be fond of giving me my ador'd *Ismenia*; nor have your Services been so trivial, added I, or is your Merit of so little Weight with the King, that he will disdain to own *Orontes's* Daughter. My repeated Promises to excuse him from Blame, and procure my Royal Father's Consent to my Happiness, after some Struggle, wrought so on the good Old Man, that I was again permitted to enjoy the Company of *Ismenia*.

But, Oh! My Friend, that Joy was but of a short Continuance, and I tremble to relate to thee its fatal Consequences. It was not long e'er the Knowledge of my Passion for the beauteous Virgin had got Air in the Family, and she was look'd on as the future Bride of *Ariobarzanes*. My unworthy Rival, as Jealousie is never deaf to its own Discontents, was not the last who was saluted with the Tidings.

Orontes who had pass'd a former Promise of giving him *Ismenia*, spar'd no Pains to disengage himself with Honour from that Tie, and told him that as I had hazarded my Life in her Defence, so I claim'd her Person as the Reward of my Service. The barbarous *Nicanor* with artful Dissimulation, covering over his Resentment, reply'd to the Father, that, however he lov'd her, yet none could so well deserve her as her brave Protector: That he gave up his Claim in Deference to his Prince; and that next to the Pleasure of having her himself, he should joy to see her shine on the Throne of *Capadocia*. But, My Lord, says he, permit me a parting Interview; and then I shall learn to consider *Ismenia* as my Sovereign. The unsuspecting Father (as who could suspect such horrid Barbarity?) granted the Request; and *Nicanor* was conducted to the Virgin's Chamber to take his Leave of her. His stay was but short, e'er he retir'd with Precipitation, which made *Orontes* think he was incens'd at the Loss of her: But, O *Antiochus*! When her Father enter'd her Apartment for Confirmation, he found his Daughter stab'd, and on the Floor wel-

tring

tring in her Blood. The good Old Man, confounded with his Sorrows, falling down on the Body, cry'd out, my Child! and expir'd in her Embrace. The alarm'd Servants posted every way to pursue the Inhumane Murtherer, whom they found in the Woods thrown from his Horse, and his Brains dash'd out against the foot of a wither'd Oak.

Cruelty of Malice! says *Antiochus* interrupting him, *How dreadful is Revenge, when harbour'd in a Coward's Soul! Of what a Savage and Brutish Temper must Nicanor have been, who could imbrue his impious Hands in the Blood of that fair Creature whose Charms had Captivated his Heart? Monster of Barbarity, and unequall'd Baseness!* *Tho' the Justice of the Gods,* replies the *Cappadocian Prince*, *o'ertook him in his End, yet if I forgive him, whilst I can remember my Ismenia's Wrongs, may all the Punishments due to his Sacrilegious Villany be inflicted on this Head! O Antiochus, should I thus tamely have surviv'd her Loss? Should I not have pursued the murdering Traytor to the Realms of Night, and there have impeach'd him at the Infernal Throne? Seen him lash'd by the Furies: Scorpions, chain'd to some burning Mountain,*
and

and gnawn by Vultures, or stretch'd to Eternity on the racking Wheel of Vengeance? O Ismenia! justly may'st thou upbraid thy tardy Lover, and accuse me of Neglect and Coldness in out-living thee.

The Prince observing *Ariobarzanes* begin to be transported with his Sorrows, endeavour'd to calm the Tempest in his Soul. *Think, says he, my Friend, the Hand of Divinity restrain'd thee to some great Event. Our Fates are shap'd to the purposes of the Gods; and we must wait till they determine to release us.——But see! Those lowering Clouds, which rise behind the Mountains, obscure the beauteous Face of Night, and warn us to retire.*

As the Princes arose from their Seat on the Grass, *This Grove, says Ariobarzanes, which but now look'd bright and lovely as Elizium, now appears like the abode of Discontented, and murther'd Lovers. The Moon no longer darts her Beams thro' the Branches, or plays on the Brook; but has veil'd her Glories over with Clouds. A chill Breeze has curdled the smooth Surface of the Waters, and whistles thro' the Trees: The Nightingales have ceas'd; and shrieking Owls, and croaking Frogs*

Frogs supply their Harmony. 'Tis all one Scene of Horror !

The Clouds still thickning, and the Air growing damp and unwholsome, they, Arm in Arm, retir'd from the Grove ; and return'd back by *Antiochus's* Apartment. The Night now was far advanc'd, and seem'd rather to invite them to Repose, than Conference. *I'll burthen you no further now, my Friend,* says the *Cappadocian* to the Prince ; *I find my Soul is out of Tune with the Repetition of my Sorrows, and my future Company will be but Discord. Adieu, and the gracious Gods be your Protectors !*

As soon as *Ariobarxanes* was departed, *Philotas* entred to the Prince: *Well, my Boy,* says *Antiochus* to his Page, *hast thou had the Fortune to see Stratonice ?* *My Lord,* replied he, *I have: I waited till she return'd to her Apartment, and deliver'd your Letter into her own Hands. She bad me commend her to your Highness, and said she should be pleas'd to be taught the Means of contributing to your Satisfaction. That she would comply with the Interview you desir'd, whenever you would appoint ; but that if the Freshness of the Morning Air invited you to a Walk, she design'd*

sign'd to bestow some Hours on the Terrace in the Royal Garden.—'Tis enough, my Boy, replied the Prince; Now get thee to thy Rest, Philotas; Fear not to disturb me in the Morning, least I grow angry with my self and thee, if I should prove a Sluggard.

The Prince, again alone, walk'd about in his Chamber, pensive, and employ'd in a Thousand Reflections: He was pleas'd with the sweet Compliance of the Queen, yet tortur'd to think it did not proceed from some more tender Motive than Compassion: then again he was perplex'd, with the Remembrance of that Discovery which must be the Issue of their Meeting. *Gods! says he, have I not promis'd to unfold the Mystery of my Distress? Have I not confess'd that Love is my Torture; and have I not deny'd that Arsinoe is its Object? Be steadfast then, Antiochus; and dare to disclose the Secret of thy Soul. The heavy Concealment will be thy Death, what more can be the Issue of the Discovery: If it be a Crime to rival Seleucus, the Powers who made our Passions Involuntary, have made me Guilty: Heav'n knows, I have struggled, but in vain to subdue myself.*

Now

Antiochus and Stratonice. 159

Now wearied out with anxious Thoughts, he sought to relieve his Cares with Slumber; but, alas! How vain are the Invitations of Sleep, where Love contends to keep the Spirits busie and wakeful? Imperious Care! that canst controul the Priviledge of Nature, and fright Repose ev'n from the Weary, and O'erwatch'd: How welcome then is Sleep, when he can shut thee out. *Antiochus* had a Thousand Perturbations beating the Alarm in his Breast, which excluded his Slumbers; and he lay the whole Night restless, and uneasy, waiting the Approach of the wish'd for Morn.

His Impatience of meeting the charming *Stratonice* rous'd him almost with the breaking Day: And he could forgive the Sun his Beams, so she denied not the Lustre of her Eyes. When he left his Apartment to go to the Royal Garden, crossing the Ante-chambers, he was encountred by *Tigranes*: Perceiving the Favourite to look with Sorrow and Discontent on his Brow, *Tigranes*, says the Prince, are you yet satisfied? My Lord, replied he, I no longer am to wonder at the Reason of your Silence, which kept me from
the

the Knowledge of your secret Passion: But am convinc'd that I mourn the fatal Chance which has made you my Rival. How! says the Prince, and do you still believe that my Heart is possess'd with the Princess's Charms? Ah! My Lord, replies the Favourite, It is a Wound my Passion may lament, tho' not complain of: Arsinoe doubtless has all the Advantages of Charms to engage the most Elevated Souls: And who can escape, where Beauty is so All-commanding? Where, but beholding, we are necessitated to Love? I have nothing to complain of, Sir, but that the Knowledge of my Flame did not draw the Secret from your Soul: Then had my Duty and Respect combin'd to give Laws to my Passion, and have taught me to subdue myself. At first, whatever Passion oppresses us, Reason is Mistress of the submitting Senses; and if we strive to crush it in its Infancy, the rebelling Heart makes but a feeble Resistance. But e'er you discover'd your fatal Love, you suffer'd me to cherish all the Hopes which could attend the most prosperous Passion. You consented, that my enamour'd Heart should touch the lovely Moment which was to make me Happy. To Morrow was Hymen to have crown'd my Victory; To Morrow was I to have reach'd the Summit of my Glory: But, now by a wretched
Turn

Turn of Destiny, the Day of my Triumph is to be that of my Death.

The Prince heard *Tigranes* out, tho' with Concern, yet with Patience; at length, when he observ'd him to make a Pause, No, no! said he, my Friend, Love on, and with Assurance; the Mischiefs, you tremble at, are but in Apprehension. 'Tis of my Repose alone that *Destiny* is jealous; Believe me, *Tigranes*, the Princess shall be yours. The Princess mine, My Lord! replies the Favourite, can I pretend to her, when your very Resignation must be the means of depriving me of her? When your Virtue in this Illustrious Struggle, teaching me my Duty, decrees my Death? To strive to constrain yourself at the hazard of your Life, is to subdue my Flame, and teach me to extinguish it. My Lord, the more you yield, the less you give me; when you would Die, Honour prescribes my Doom; — O, 'tis too much, *Tigranes*; your Generosity, replies the Prince, is needless here: Had I but Power to speak without Reserve, to tell you what a Weight I bend beneath: — O speak it all, says the Favourite, my Prince; give not yourself the Pain of a Constraint. Say that the Princess in vain consents to my Flame: That she is Mi-
stress

stress of your Heart, and Empress of your Soul:
That, rather than resign her, you would chuse
to Perish; say it, and I will Die to bear
the fatal Sounds; for Death is my Desire.
Wherefore, says the Prince, will you eternally
oblige me to tell you that I pretend not to the
Princess's Heart: That I am so far from
rivalling your Flame, that I am ready—
 The impatient Favourite was so prepos-
 sess'd with the Passion of *Antiochus* for
Arfinoe, that not permitting the Prince
 to close his intended Profession, *Ab! My*
Prince, says he, wherefore should your High-
ness disown your Claim? Have you not already
declar'd to the King her Pow'r and Influence?
I said, I knew not what, replies the Prince;
or rather in the Distress which I was involv'd,
they believ'd even my Silence and misinterpreted
it. But the Picture, my Lord! says Tigranes
again;— In vain am I confronted, replies
the Prince, with that semblance of a Proof.
If you think I have said too much, enquire
into my Breast no further. My Heart, whose
Troubles are increas'd by that mysterious Acci-
dent, cannot clear up to you what it does not
Understand. But permit me, says the Fa-
vourite, to understand your Highness in this,
that my Despair gives you a Concern. My
Lord, you've shew'd me a great Example,
 and

Antiochus and Stratonice. 163

and I resign the Princess without a Pang at parting. I feel a Joy in giving what I hold most dear, and dissembling a Love I cannot tear from my Bosom. But, however strong the Tyrant Passion reigns in our Breasts, if you resign her, I resign her too. Tho' there was something in the Princess seemingly to please me, yet your Engaging her Heart takes nothing from me. If for some time I had those Hopes, which my Royal Master now assures to you, I entertain'd 'em without Loving, and can forego 'em without a Murmur. Her Hand was of no Importance to my Happiness; Does this suffice, my Lord, and can you live at Ease?

The Prince easily saw thro' this Affectation, and the cold Pretences of Tigranes; he knew Tigranes lov'd Arsinoe even to Death, and therefore was convinc'd that this dissembled Indifference arose from his Despair: He who still firmly believ'd Antiochus languish'd for the Princess, and yet conceal'd that Passion to spare his Uneasiness, in Generosity disavow'd his own, and made slight of Possessing her, to encourage the Prince to compleat his Happiness. Antiochus, who for a while stood Mute, and
Thought-

Thoughtful, fearful of the Consequences of Tigranes's Transports, at length told him, *You presume, Tigranes, that I may live at Ease: But know not that my Misfortunes are so Great that I can never hope it.*

As the Prince express'd these Words, *Arsinoe* happen'd to cross the Ante-chamber; he no sooner saw her, but to dispossess *Tigranes* of his Fears, or at least redeem him from Resolutions of Despair, he caught hold of her Robe, and stopping her, *Madam*, says he, *restrain a Lover, whose Transports may be fatal. His Death will be the Effect of an Order he has receiv'd, Despair oppresses him, and That alone he credits. Tho' Heaven, replies Arsinoe in a haughty Air, has made me a Dependant on Seleucus, yet Tigranes knows what he has a right of expecting from me: But since this Order has such Reason to shock him, pray, my Lord, inform me as to the Cause of its Imposition. What have you said, with which his Soul is so distress'd?* The Favourite without giving the Prince leave to interpose a Word, replied with Warmth; *That he is in Love with you even to Distraction, that his Love will prove his Death: And that, press'd as he is with Sorrow, the Languishment he suffers*
is

is the Effect of what your Beauty has reduc'd him to.

The Princess was but little mov'd at the Emotions of *Tigranes*, since her own malicious Artifice had given rise to the Error, which involv'd the Prince in so much Anxiety. My Lord, says she, I perceive well, that *Tigranes* labours with some severe Suspicions; but am I suspected, or did you name me to the King? No Madam, replies *Antiochus* coldly, his Passion alarms him in vain: The Name of *Arsinoe* escap'd not my Lips, and if the King deceives himself, 'tis that he will be deceiv'd. Alas! says the Favourite approaching the Princess, to have express'd the Passion which inspires him, was it not enough to produce your Picture? Could he, in shewing that charming Pledge, confess less than the Title of a Lover? My Lord, replies *Arsinoe* with artful Affectation, is it so, that in the Explication of your Pains, you let the Queen see my Picture, and suffer'd the King too——Madam, replied the Prince interrupting her, You know that when I was lamenting the Torments to which I am reserv'd, yourself——But 'tis no matter. Good my Lord, proceed, says *Arsinoe* perceiving the Prince to stop. What do you
search

search to know, Madam? replies Tigranes who could not shake off his Suspicions of Antiochus's Passion for the Princess; Is not his Disorder, his Concern, a sufficient Evidence of his Flame? Can you require a stronger Testimony, can you wish to be better assured, or is Tigranes to be blam'd if he dies with Despair?

The Prince had all the concern Imaginable for Tigranes's Pains, and would at any Price, but the Declaration of his Love for Stratonice, have been glad to redeem him from them: But as that was a Secret he durst not disclose, he labour'd to apprize Arsinoe of the fatal Consequences of her Lover's Despair, and by his Cautions arm'd her to prevent them. *Madam,* says he, *these Transports will go too far, if your Compassion do not interpose to stop them, and arrest this unjust Despair, which the accident of your Picture has thrown him into: 'Tis true, I did produce it: But 'twas a Chance which need give him no Alarm: Permit him to expect — My Lord,* replies the Princess, *I am satisfied, and so should Tigranes be; I see at length what we may presume, and guess what Beauty reigns so absolute in your Heart.*

Antio-

Antiochus and Stratonice. 167

Antiochus, who from the Exchange of the Picture was no Stranger to *Arfinoe's* malicious Curiosity, was startled and alarm'd at what she said; he fear'd she would venture to name a Secret, which he was almost jealous of trusting his own Heart with: *Ab! Madam*, says he, take heed, I conjure you, of going any further; or, rather take heed of presuming to guess at what I am so resolutely bent to Conceal. It will aggravate, rather than lessen my Misfortunes. They are too plain, replies *Tigranes* with some Warmth, too fully explain'd not to demand a Remedy. The dire Oppression of your Love constrain'd and smother'd, without the Aid of guesses, speaks your Trouble plainly.

The Prince, who saw it was not Easie to convince *Tigranes*, or dispossess him of a Jealousie, tho' grounded on Error, resolv'd to leave them. He began now to fear he had staid too long, and that the Queen, who had consented to meet him in the Garden, might construe his Slowness in attending her a Disrespect. *Adieu*, said he, *Tigranes*, and let the Princess confirm to you what you but doubt from my Assurances. Believe, it is the severe Injunction of Respect and Duty, which, when I would explain

explain myself, condemns me to Silence. Time, and the Effects will declare what I would wish for ever buried in Secrecy.

Soon as the Prince was retir'd, *Tigranes* in an Air of Sadness, and disconsolate Doubt, address'd himself to his ador'd Princess; *Madam*, says he, *it is then from you that I am to expect my Hope. Tigranes, you have not that Cause to complain,* replies the Princess, *which your Passion engages you to fear. Whatever this Order be, which is so terrible to your Hopes, let it suffice, that it is I who must receive it. But what can your Constancy do,* replies he, *against the positive Command of the King? From him, and his Consent, says the Princess again, my Flame deriv'd its Birth: And that warrant is sufficient to give me a right of laying hold on the Glory of his Choice. But to pursue it,* replies he, *when the Prince adores you!—Consider, Madam, that he languishes with Passion; that his Disorder every Day encreases, and the whole Court trembles at its Consequences: Wait its Success,* replies the Princess; *What, at the Hazard of the Prince's Life!* says he; *Would you have me seize my Happiness, when so much Danger attends on that Side? His Virtue,* replies she, *will banish his Weakness;*

or if he in vain struggles to suppress his Love, the King need only yield, and the Prince is happy. And can you imagine he will not yield, when his Order, says he, already plucks you from my Arms? My Lord, replies the Princess, harbour not a fear; whatever Clouds seem to obscure your Happiness, Fortune will clear up, and rescue you from Suspicions. But how, my lovely Princess, replies Tigranes to her, can I entertain a Hope, when the King need but yield to make him Happy? I tell you again, replies the Princess, notwithstanding all your Surprise, that the Cure of the Prince depends alone on Seleucus: But 'tis dangerous, in such Perplexities, to presume too far to explain what we cannot apprehend. Madam, says Tigranes bowing, and with some Reserve, there needs no Explanation for Me to apprehend you: And there is a Mystery in my Misfortune, which, I find, I must not search into. Do not I see plainly,—— Adieu, My Lord, said the Princess interrupting him, (least he might force her on the Declaration of what would have made her for ever Obnoxious to Antiochus's Displeasure,) Still depend on my Faith and Constancy; when I have seen the King, I'll tell you more: Till then, lose all your Suspicions, and let your

I

Heart

Heart sit Easie ; Seleucus will not deny the Hand which he has promis'd.

Arfinoe here took her Leave of the Favourite, who bowing retir'd, whilst she prepar'd to attend the Leveé of *Stratonice*: as she was entring the Queen's Apartment, *Seleucus*, who had forestall'd her in his early Compliment, met her at the Door: *Have you yet, said the King smiling, seen Antiochus, my Niece? My Royal Lord,* replied she, *I have. But have you seen him, Princess, says he again, with kind Consenting Eyes ; have your Looks assur'd him, that your Heart and Person shall not be wanting to crown his Happiness? Have you consented, that the glorious Morn, which gives Stratonice to my Embrace, shall bless him with the Surrendry of his admir'd Arfinoe ?*

The Princess, who knew well the King was abus'd in his Conceit of the Prince's Passion, and yet who durst not clear up his Error, or declare a Discovery which she more than suspected, put on a seeming Surprize at the King's Questions: *My Lord,* says she, *I do not understand your Highness ; some busie Prater has either abus'd the Prince, or your Credulity : To what should I consent ?*
Did

Did not your Royal Word assure me to Tigranes ; did not Antiochus authorize his Passion, did he not gain your Permission for his Addresses, and is the Right of my Hand, already promis'd, now disputed? — The Cause, Arsinoe, the Cause, replies the King, will justify the Change ; Antiochus languishes to Death for your Beauties ; yet has his generous Heart in Gratitude and Pity to Tigranes too long conceal'd the Ardour of his Passion ; his Life, and mine, the Interest of these Realms, the Happiness of Kingdoms depend on your Consent : Then give him Love, and be a Queen ; a Monarch's Daughter, and a Monarch's Bride ! Why all this Coldness, Niece ? Are you determin'd to be perverse, and cross my Will, or is the Prince an Object of Contempt ? Resolve me, Madam, whence proceed this stubbornness of Carriage, and ill-tim'd Indifference ? My Gracious Lord, says the Princess trembling to see the King so mov'd, let me not offend in Ignorance ; nor impute it to me as a Fault, that I presume to dispute the Prince's Passion : My dying Father left me to your Care, and charg'd me to obey you ; I own myself in your Disposal, and submit to y ur Direction : But oh ! My Lord, believe not that the Prince aspires at my Love, or languishes for me ; Time will disclose the Secret of his Passion ; then urge me

not on the Disgrace of being refus'd ; I tell you, replies the King, Time has already disclos'd it ; he has confess'd it ; if not in Words, yet by a Proof of Weight : He has produc'd your Picture to the Queen ; Nay, blush not, Arsinoe ; 'twas a welcome Discovery ; That Object he own'd had caught his Soul ; that all his Relief and future Happiness depended on the Possession of the Beauty it represented ; and without her, Despair and Death must be his Portion !

When the King had proceeded thus far on the Subject of the Prince's Passion, *Arsinoe* was not a little tempted to discover the Secret of the Picture, which had contributed to deceive the King and perplex *Antiochus*. But the unknown Consequences of the Important Discovery o'errul'd her Desire, and oblig'd her rather to strike in with the Discourse of *Seleucus*, than to alarm him with Suspicions which she durst not clear. *My Lord*, says she, *I must not dispute the Authority of what your Majesty has told me ; but could wish the Prince would interpret his Meaning in producing my Picture : When he shall vouchsafe to tell me he is a Sufferer for my Love, my Gratitude to him, and Submission to your Highness, will instruct me to do what shall become my Honour and Duty.*

Antiochus and Stratonice. 173

Duty.—Enough, my fair Cozen, replies the King; I am satisfied of your Kindness, and Antiochus shall soon confirm to you what I have been advancing on his Behalf. So will the Queen; but you were going to her:—She is retir'd into the Garden to take the Refreshment of the Morning Air, and at her Return will be glad to be entertain'd with the Company of Arsinoe.

The King here, bowing Courteously to the Princess, left her to enter the Apartment of Stratonice, who, she immediately found as the King inform'd her, was gone into the Garden attended only by Phenissa, whither she had order'd to be follow'd by none. The Princess, whose Curiosity made her Uneasie to know the meaning of that Injunction, durst not presume on her Birth, or Interest with the Queen, so far as to disobey it by following her. She therefore, with as much Content as she could be Mistress of, set herself down at the Toilet, and waited for Stratonice's Return from the Terrace.

The Queen, a considerable share of whose private Hours was employ'd in Reading, had her Table furnish'd with

Variety of Authors. *Arfinoe*, the better to divert the Time, and beguile her Impatience, took the Liberty of opening one of the Books: And, as People who read without Inclination, fell to turning over the Leaves, rather than fixing on any Page for Entertainment. Thus, while she was with a cursory and indifferent Eye travelling o'er a Volume, she glanc'd on a Paper which by what she had seen, she concluded to be the Hand Writing of *Stratonice*. Here was her whole Attention fix'd, and her inquisitive Inclination made her now a zealous Student. Tho' she soon found the Subject was design'd to be Secret. she could not be generous enough to lay it aside without diving into its Contents. It happen'd to be a *Resverie* of the Queen's, the Work of Thought and Conflicting Passions, and was penn'd to the Effect as follows.

O the flattering Illusion, which I have too far presum'd to credit! The sweet Abuse of my Heart, deceiv'd by what it wish'd! How vainly did I believe you on the fond Perswasions of Love! But if he triumph'd then o'er this weak and tender Heart, the just and noble Pride, which labours

labours to restore it me, shall triumph in its Turn. Yes; to discard this violent and inflam'd Esteem, the Affront of not being lov'd is sufficient, to One who was licens'd to love but on that Hope. Survey then with Disdain what was before so precious; this Prince, who usurp'd such Power o'er thy Soul.— But can we be capable at once of such an Effort? And to cease loving, what we have found so amiable, alas! is there no more than a feeble Resolution necessary? Tho' the Indignity of a Rival seems to stir up every Sentiment to Aversion, yet an Inclination to hate, lessens not our Love. The Resentments we feel are not so much Disdain, as revenging on ourselves the Disgrace of being Slighted. Pretend not then to have extinguish'd thy Flame, by this fit of Resentment which forbids thee to love; Indifference only is the certain Mark of an Heart which Reason either Comforts or Cures. But the Transports of Hate and Indignation are so far from being able to sooth the Pains of this insulted Heart, that they rather serve to cherish my Passion. Yet now that my approaching Nuptials stagger my Constancy, and my feeble Virtue starts at my Duty;

even in this fatal Instant which admonishes me, that to Morrow my Heart is a Debt to the Father, cannot I blot the Son from my Remembrance: — Fatal Impression of Charms too irresistible! — Cruel Extremity, where the Soul is so Divided! —

The Princess was not content to read this Transcript over once, but again and again perused it, and commented in her Mind on each particular Sentence. Her Cheeks glow'd with Pleasure at the new Discovery; she before more than suspected that *Antiochus* doated on *Stratonice*, she was now convinc'd that *Stratonice* had an equal Passion for *Antiochus*. She fear'd the Marriage of *Seleucus* would prove the Death of the Prince, nor did she question but the Death of the Prince would be as fatal a Blow to the Queen. She was now all on fire to attempt some Preventions of these threatned Ills; she long'd to unravel the Mystery to the King: And inform him of the Truth of *Antiochus's* Disorder: But since her Knowledge of the Secret arose from Chance and Presumption, she could not disclose it without laying open her own Curiosity; and was in Pain for the Result of a Story, which she
had

Antiochus and Stratonice. 177

had no better Proofs of than Suspicion and Circumstance. Then was she thinking to open the Matter to *Tigranes*, whose Influence with the King, she judg'd, might best declare, and moderate the Important Secret.

Whilst *Arsinoe* was revolving these things in her Mind, the Queen with some Impatience expected *Antiochus* on the Terrace: She began to accuse him to herself of Delay and Negligence, began to accuse herself of too rash a Condescension in submitting to this Neglected Opportunity: Then stood she confirm'd in her supposition of his Love for *Arsinoe*; then upbraided her own Heart for taking Side with him against her Reason or Resolution: At length, harra's'd out with this War of inward Debate, she thought of returning forthwith to her Apartment: When *Phenissa*, to break in on those Reflections which she observ'd too severely employ'd her Royal Mistress, *Madam*, says she, *do you know that you are in part reveng'd? Antiochus has in vain flatter'd himself of Happiness, the haughty Princess will not bear of his Addresses: And if the King pretends to interpose his Authority, she knows*

how, as she ought, to signalize her Constancy. It suffices her that she has given her Faith to Tigranes, and by That she stands. — But how resolves the King, replies Stratonice coldly? 'Tis thought, says the other, that he has laid his Commands on her to vanquish her Refusals, but in the Purity of that Love which she stands possess'd of, the compulsive Orders which she has received will only serve to strengthen and establish her Passion. But what imports this, replies the Queen, to the Peace of my alarm'd Soul? Is she not lov'd, tho' she refuses to make a Return? And tho' her generous haughty Spirit can brave the order of Seleucus, does She not possess what my fond Heart presum'd was due to me? I confess, Madam, says Phenissa again, you could not entertain too much Esteem for the Virtues of Antiochus, but then, as you could not pretend to the Happiness of his Bed, it is at least some Satisfaction to your jealous Soul, to see him as much deceived as yourself in his Addresses. How ill do you dive into the Sorrow that Wounds me! replies the Queen; if the Prince is deceiv'd, Phenissa, it is not his Disgrace; nor has he a Cause to blush for not being answer'd with that Success he thought due to his Flame. He knew that Arsinoe faithful to her Tigranes would, with Concern behold

behold him languish for her, and pursuing a Heart preengag'd by another, he lov'd ever with an Assurance of not being lov'd again. But who might not have believ'd, that a Secret Passion for me had given me the Empire of his Soul? His Confusion, Languishment, and stoln Glances seem'd to explain to me the Rigour of his Destiny: If in the Heat of his Desires, he began to speak, he was bewilder'd with his Subject, and fear'd to say too much: If at any time he attempted to admire my Form, he would on the sudden stop, and I have heard him Sigh. I thought his Looks, his Sighs, his Fear, his Silence, all to be Evidences of his Secret Flame. But I gave too much Credit to that deceitful Silence; Ah! Did you but know the Sufferings of a Heart, which has flatter'd itself with being lov'd up to the Pitch of its own Desires, and then is disappointed in its fond Conceit, you would compassionate your Mistress.

The Queen here paus'd, and wip'd away the Tears which trickled from her lovely Eyes; when Phenissa, who knew that Comfort was Useless where Passion had taken Possession of the Breast, was almost at a stand to know what to reply. But observing that Stratonice expected she should

should speak, Madam, says she, doubtless it is an Affliction not to be conceiv'd; but what has a Passion, which could entertain no Hope, to complain of? Or what Loss is there in missing what we have no Pretensions of Possessing? Then is it nothing, Phenissa, to lose the Glory, says the Queen again, of taking that which we believ'd we could? Is it nothing, that we cannot reproach ourselves with not deserving what we could not reach? Besides that in the Rank which Heaven and my Birth had plac'd me, I blush'd at a Flame which I perceiv'd to encrease, and strove for my Relief to excuse myself by Fate and Necessity. Fain would I have seen that the same Ascendant had equally influenc'd Antiochus as it did me, and that I might have imputed my ardent Passion to that invincible Disposition in which we were form'd: But now that his Destiny is so contrary to mine, I begin to think my Flame was Voluntary. Perhaps, alas! Perhaps, too free in explaining myself, I have discover'd the Disgrace of my Love and Indiscretion: Possibly I have given him Occasion of perceiv'ing it, of seeing into my Soul, and that is it which troubles me. Madam, replies Phenissa to the Queen, your high Spirit is in vain alarm'd on that Scruple; he loves Arsinoe, and that Passion alone charms him;
his

his Heart entirely given up to that Idea, whatever you have said, will not be able to construe it, but prevents him from seeing the Inclination you have for him. Would I could depend on that Thought, says the Queen; the Certainty of it would alleviate my Sorrow: I could not survive it, to have him know and triumph in my Weakness: But where the Conquest's cheap, the Prize is slighted; yet Antiochus has too much Generosity in his Soul to give me room for so vile a Suspicion: I know his Virtues, and they assure me against my Fears. Did he but perceive my Passion, he would pity rather than insult me. But is not that he, Phenissa, at the End of the Terrace, who comes towards us with folded Arms, and a deliberate Pace? His Air, and distant Mien seem to speak Antiochus.

The Queen with fix'd and longing Eyes had gaz'd but a short while, when the nearer Object convinc'd her of her Error, and presented her with Tigranes. The mantling Blood, which Expectation of the Prince's Approach had before drawn into her Cheeks, immediately retir'd at this Change of Person, and she grew uneasie and doubtful in her Thoughts, whether she should stay to entertain Tigranes.

Whilst

Whilst she was resolving with herself what to do, the Approach of *Tigranes* put it out of her Power to think of avoiding him; and now her next Consideration was how she should address him: But his disconsolate and dejected Air furnish'd her with a seasonable Occasion of accosting him. *My Lord*, says she, *so severe an Incident has cross'd the Fortune of your Passion, that I cannot be surpriz'd at the Trouble of your Soul: Yet at least it must be some Satisfaction to you in spite of its Rigour, that you taste the Sweetness of a Secret Triumph. I understand, that the Princess is so charm'd with your Addresses, that she glories in loving as much as she is lov'd: And that she cannot be won to sacrifice the Glory of her Constancy to that of receiving a Diadem.*

Madam, replies the Favourite, bowing to the Queen, *my Destiny is so much the more perverse, for in the very instant which it burthens me, it consents that I should hope: Antiochus refuses to take from me what I love, and the Constancy of Arsinoe is strong, and inimitable; my Passion, on both their Parts, seems befriended, and nothing can resist the Success of my Flame: But the Distemper*
of

of the generous Prince encreases; his Melancholy and Weakness are more prevalent; and should I presume to take the Advantage of his Virtue, his Death, a Consequence almost certain, would extinguish my Hope. Judge then, if Affliction does not fall with weight upon me.—Perhaps, says the Queen again, he may not love so violently as 'tis presum'd; and since he labours to withstand his Happiness, we may suppose——Ah! Madam, replies Tigranes, interrupting her, there is not a Doubt to be made of his Passion; the Princess has charm'd him, he adores her Beauties, and his Soul can scarce support the Excess of his Flame. Never did a more ardent Love take Possession of a Heart; but one feeble Service which I did has restrain'd its Fervour: He cannot forget that a Chance, which is my Glory, put it in my Power to save his Life at the Hazard of my own. And in grateful Acknowledgement he now is obstinate in his Turn to resign his in favour of my Passion.

I cannot but applaud, replies the Queen, the Motives of your Concern; the Generosity of your Friendship obliges you to refuse what the Prince's would give you Assurance of: Yet still your Love, in this fatal Encounter, has nothing to dread from the Happiness of a Rival; since
the

the Princess is resolv'd to prefer you in her Esteem, and will have Courage to refuse the Imposition of a Lover.—'Tis a Consideration, Madam, says the Favourite sighing, which heightens my Trouble; for I'm inform'd that my Royal Master, surpriz'd at the Zeal of her Affection, imputes to me the Disdain which she shews in refusing the Prince; and that if he finds her obstinate to the last not to consent to the Honour of that Illustrious Match, as he holds me the Cause, he will oblige me to Morrow to chuse the Lady whom I will take to my Bed. The Princess then, disengag'd of her Faith, will no longer remain divided in her Sentiments, but seeing that my Duty carries my Heart another way, will submit, without any Scruples, to a better Destiny. If it be true, that so cruel a Punishment is allotted for me, I implore your Goodness against a Sentence of such Injustice: In pity of my Sufferings, my Royal Mistress, divert its Accomplishment: Are not the Efforts of my Duty sufficient, why must I be press'd on the Brink of a fatal Despair? If that must be, my Griefs will decide my Fate, and will scarce want the Succours of my Arm to put an End to a miserable Life: The Queen was about to mention something to Tigranes of the Prince's joyning with her to intercede for him

him to *Seleucus*, when the Favourite, with some Warmth interposing, reply'd, *Madam*, I must conceal my Trouble from his Eyes. And, behold, his Highness is this Instant approaching us: I dare no longer stay with your Majesty; but implore you, that you will labour to prevent him from letting a fruitless Compassion sacrifice his Love to an unaiding Friendship.

Tigranes mentioning the Prince's Approach, a Crimson Blush cover'd o'er the Cheeks of the beauteous *Stratonice*; her Heart flutter'd with Expectation of his coming, and what she had to disclose which had occasion'd him to desire this Interview. As he drew nigh, she rear'd her lovely Eyes, and met his, which were fix'd on her: His Glances confess'd a strong Desire check'd by Languishment: and awful Respect and Tendernefs of Address appear'd in his Carriage and Behaviour to her. *Madam*, said he, can you pardon the Delay of my Approach? Am I not faulty in pressing on your Highness's Patience, when I rather ought to have attended your Coming? But did not *Tigranes* part from you, *Madam*; and did my Presence occasion his Departure?—*My Lord*, reply'd the Queen, no doubt his Attendance on your Royal Father forc'd his haste;

haste; but now, my Lord, it is time that you throw off your Melancholy; for Tigranes, without the least Murmur, consents to forgoe his Mistress, and renounces all Hopes of her to put an End to your Sorrows: To put an End to my Sorrows! — says Antiochus, repeating the Queen's Words, and looking wishfully at her, Was it in his Power? Alas! No: — The Afflictions, with which my Passion is attended, can never conclude but with my Life. But now, Madam, I shall be shortly allow'd the Benefit of that Dismission from Court, which your Goodness solicited for me: To Morrow the King seats you on the Throne of Syria; I shall stay to be a witness of your Glory: my Duty and Respect enjoin my Attendance: But my Departure must follow the Pomp of that Ceremony, and this, perhaps, is the last Time that I shall have the Honour of conversing with your Majesty.

The Prince here cast his Eyes down to the Earth in all the Agonies of a fix'd Despair; the starting Tears trickled down his Face, and Sighs unbidden swell'd his Breast: The Queen, who could not but perceive the secret Anguish of his Soul, was not a little touch'd with his Sorrows: but resolved, if possible, to have the Ac-
know-

knowledge of his Distress from himself, to draw from him a Confession of his Love for the Princess, and to know the bottom of all his Affliction. Prince, says she, your Departure from the Court will scarce be allow'd, till you go to fill the Throne of Phœnicia: besides that your approaching Nuptials with Arsinoe will oblige your Stay to receive the Congratulations of your Subjects.—— I see well, Madam, replies Antiochus sighing, that you can consent for Her to the Passion which has fir'd my Breast: But how shall I hope for Pardon, when I presume to avow to you, that you alone have kindled up this Flame in my Bosom?—— I, Prince! says the Queen blushing, and with the utmost Surprise: when Antiochus throwing himself at her Feet, and bursting into Tears, reply'd, It is no longer time, Madam, to hide it from you, that the Princess has no Charms which affect my Heart. Enquire not of me the fatal Accident, which made me give her a Share in the Troubles which I feel. But as one Misfortune always becomes the Source of another, giving you her Picture, I thought to have shewn You your Own. I need not urge the Consequence of that Error: But Arsinoe was inform'd I languish'd for her Love: My fond, but credulous Father hastens to give her to my Arms:

Arms: Whilst I am tortur'd with the Apprehensions of that Doom, labour with a lasting, and insupportable Despair, and sink beneath a Weight of Woe which the Beauties of Stratonice alone could give me. Never was Lady more distress'd than the Queen to know what Face to wear on this Declaration of Antiochus: It was a Cause of secret Satisfaction to her Soul, to hear he burn'd with a mutual Passion for her: But this was a Pleasure which was check'd by the Apprehension of her approaching Nuptials with Seleucus: Already she began to consider herself as a Mother to the Prince, and in that View started at his Address as an Invitation to Incest: thought herself insulted by a mention of his Love, and raising her Voice, with an Air of Resentment, My Lord, says she, can you make this Discovery, and not suppose I with Justice must be angry? Alas! Madam, reply'd the Prince, in a Tone which confess'd the utmost Sorrow and Anguish of Mind, I expect you should be incens'd at my Presumption: But let your Resentment, like Lightning, dart Destruction from your Eyes, and blast me in an Instant: Your Indignation is necessary; and, tho' my Sorrows ought to put an End to my Days, yet they want the Addition of your Displeasure to hasten

hasten their Effect : Cruel Necessity of my Misfortune ! I aspire at the Pain of angering what I love ; and compell'd to betray my self to accelerate my Death, I have need to strive to make myself hated. Thus does Despair redouble its Violence ; thus shall I at once be crush'd with the Weight of my Affliction ! ———

The Prince whilst he spoke, shew'd that Extremity of Concern and Disorder, that the compassionate *Stratonice* drop'd at once the Indignation she had affected ; Pity of his Pains succeeded her ebbing Rage, and Resentment settled down into gentle Wishes. *My Lord*, says she, *these Transports carry you too far, and make you say more than Reason can dictate. But I ought to excuse the fatal Excess of your Melancholy, which drives you, spite of yourself, to forget who I am.*—— *Labour not, Cruel Fair One, to excuse my Crime*, replies the Prince, *since I am not ignorant of what I am Guilty : It is you, who have charm'd me ; you, whom my Soul adores ; and this Heart which Love surpriz'd at the very Sight of you, whilst it dares protest it to you, is too conscious of its Passion. If Love, my Lord*, says *Stratonice* again, *without your Consent made himself Master of your Bosom, you ought at least prevent him from this Discovery ;*

covery; and not reduce me to the Necessity of thinking to punish you for a Fault, when Pity would prevail with me to do every thing in your Favour.—Your Pity would be vain, says the Prince to her, sighing, in the Calamity which I am: for tho' others, in my Case, might labour at your Love, I contend for your Hate. And for the Reward of the purest Love which ever burnt in Humane Breast, after all the Torments which I have suffer'd, is it too much to ask that Boon?

The Queen was so mov'd with his generous Virtue, that she struggled hard to command her Tears; after he had paus'd awhile in Expectation of her Answer, in the softest Tone which Compassion or Kindness could breath, Prince, says she, tho' your Melancholy seems to hope my Hatred, yet if you would desire to oblige me, persist not to deserve it; but concealing the Passion, which misleads your Senses, permit me to enjoy the Satisfaction of grieving at your Distress. Madam, to grieve at the Distress of the Wretched, says the Prince, in an Air of Softness and Languishment, is to shew an Inclination of comforting their Sorrows. But what is there in Fate (ye rigid Pow'rs!) for you to grant that can yield Consolation,

or

or ease my Distress? How must even your generous Pity wound me, when I am stung with the cruel Reflection, that barren Pity is all you can bestow? — If Heaven had put it to my own Choice, replies the Queen sighing, but what avails complaining of the Rigour of Destiny? — The Prince perceiving her to stop here, Madam, says he, end not your Declaration there: Let me have the Happiness of knowing what the interposing Hand of Destiny has prevented. — My Lord, reply'd she again, I must be Silent; my Fate demands it of me, and I must obey: — But yet if Heaven had left it to your Choice, says Antiochus, casting the tenderest Glances on Stratonice, whose Cheeks were cover'd over with Blushes, might I not presume — My Lord, says the Queen, interrupting him, 'tis Cruelty to urge these Explanations: If any Confession could contribute to serve you, or alleviate your Sorrows, I might not perhaps indulge the Secret with this Nicety. Madam, says the Prince, forgive the Impertinence of a Lover, who still is proud of avowing his Passion, tho' Nature and Duty reproach me with it as a Fault. Ha! — May I not enquire into the Reason of that Sigh? May I not have Leave to divine, that my Vows are seconded with your Approbation; that

that if Inclination might have dispos'd of your Hand, I might have stood in some Election of being made Happy? — O Prince! replies the Queen, let me not hear you abuse the Tenderneſs of my Pity, which has wrought on me to ſay more than you ought to underſtand: And which, without ſome Sighs, could not ſuffer me to reflect on the dire Neceſſity of following my Duty. And tho' it muſt abſolutely regulate my Conduct, yet even when I venture to make this Reſolution, I own that in ſecret I tremble at ſubmitting to its Dictates: And what if I too ſhould confeſs, that it would have been more grateful to my Heart, if Heav'n had ſuffer'd me to declare in your Behalf? But I am a Victim to the State, and muſt ſubmit my Perſon to its Welfare.

Ye cruel Powers! replies the Prince, and it is I muſt pay for this Rigour of Deſtiny: 'Tis I muſt ſigh, and languish without Redreſs; conſum'd with the bitter Reflection that it is poſſible I might, but muſt not be below'd. Can you then blame me for coveting a Retreat, which will conceal the Extremity of my Paſſion? — No, Prince, ſays the Queen again, I am ſo far from blaming your Deſire of leaving the Court, that, in the State to which I am reduc'd, I give my Conſent with
some

some Pleasure to your Retirement ; and the rather for that it will save my Virtue from some Anxieties which will sit heavy on my Heart. The compassionating of your Sorrows raises in my Breast an Inquietude which I scarce dare interpret to my self, much less acknowledge that, spight of my self, I submit to its Influences ; and whilst I esteem you, a confus'd Sentiment obliges me to sigh, for being forc'd to conceal its Meaning. Retire, Antiochus, and vouchsafe to spare me the Sight of an Object which makes me forget to whom my Hand is due. — This last Testimony of your Goodness to me, says the Prince again, is doubtless doing Outrage to your cruel Duty ; but if my Death can repair that Fault, let this comfort you, Divinest Fair One, that it will not be long ere that Reparation be made. — Tho' your Retirement, Prince, may be deem'd necessary, replies the Queen, yet think that your Life has Reason to be dear to me : and that Honour always permitting me to esteem you, --- Alas ! Madam, replies the Prince, I would live to love you ; but could you at that Price consent to my Life ? My Lord, says the Queen, live without a Thought of loving, but if it exceeds your Power to vanquish this fatal Passion ; yet live at least, Prince, without a Desire of obeying it : — But I dare trust my self no longer. — Adieu, Antiochus ;

K

for

for every Reply of yours staggers my Soul, and the more I hear you, the less I know my self; or my Duty.

The Prince, as Stratonice was about to retire, threw himself at her Feet, and with Tears in his Eyes, Madam, says he, I know I must survive this fatal Separation; I know, I must live to behold your Nuptials; but the Remnant of my Life is in my own Disposal. If Honour then after that dreadful Day must not permit you to compassionate my Love, till my Death has wash'd out my Crime; tell me at least, if I may then be assured of all your Esteem: My Lord, says the Queen raising him from the Ground, I wish I could assure you of my Esteem on better Terms; but, let me go; avoid an Object which adds to your Affliction; live without a Wish of ever beholding me again; and live, if possible, to forget the Cause of your Sorrow.

The Queen here, with a Heart as full of Grief as the Prince's Eyes were of Tears, retir'd from the Terrace towards her own Apartments: The Prince continued to traverse the Walks, thoughtful, and disconsolate: His whole Soul taken up with the Beauties of Stratonice, and the approaching Happiness of his Royal Father; He began
now

now to consider how he could support the Sight of their Nuptials, and bear to behold Her, in whom all the Joys of his Life were centred, surrendred up to the Arms of his successful Rival. Then would he comfort himself with the vain Reflection, that Duty and Obedience to a Father's Will, not Choice and Inclination made her a Victim to Seleucus's Bed. *And yet, says he, how does that alleviate my Distress? — Since Destiny has determin'd that she should not be mine, what matters it whether Force or Inclination binds her to another? Sooth not then thy Soul with those idle Comforts, ill-fated Antiochus! Suppose her fond and doating on thy Rival; suppose thy self scorn'd and insulted by her; furnish Imagination with a thousand Injuries to heighten thy Distress, till thou canst render the Burthen insupportable, and Death will give thee a Release from Sorrow.*

Whilst the Prince was thus exclaiming on his Fate, the youthful Cappadocian Ariobarzanes approach'd him on the Terrace. *My Lord, says he, will not the Impertunity of my Friendship offend you? Am I not troublesome in pressing on your Retirement? But Solitude, Antiochus, encreases your Sorrows. Wherefore do you chuse to give way to Melan-*

choly, and indulge Reflections which prey on your Ease? Seek the Diversions of the Court, and Society, my Friend; let gay Enjoyments drive out this Gloom and Anxiety of Temper: In Pity to the Royal Seleucus assume and force a Cheerfulness; let your Eye look pleas'd on the Solemnity of his Nuptials; or if none but the most intimate Regards can touch you, let the Charms of the youthful Arsinoe inspire you. Is not the rising Morn, my Lord, to surrender her to your Arms, and have you still a Cause for Sorrow? Is there on Earth a Remedy to relieve you, if the Possession of those Beauties, which you have languish'd for, cannot do it? Give me not Leave to upbraid your Passion, my Friend, when I tell you the Transports I should have felt in calling Ismenia mine would have eras'd the Impressions of the direst Calamity. — Alas! my Brother, replies the Prince, you too are deceiv'd in the Cause of my Sorrows: But do not, like the credulous Seleucus, indulge an Error, and persist to think I languish for Arsinoe. — My Lord, says the Cappadocian again to the Prince, I took my Opinion from that of the Court, and general Surmise; but shall as easily discard it, since you tell me 'tis erroneous. But may I enquire? — Or, if not, reprove the Impertinence of my Curiosity: I have heard, the generous Tigranes had the Fortune of being instrumental

strumental once to your Preservation: Will it not be burthensome to you to relate, what Accident had hazarded the Life of my Antiochus; and what Happiness brought the Favourite to your Relief?

It cannot be burthensome to me, replies the Prince, either to oblige my Brother to my Power, or to proclaim the Bravery of Tigranes. 'Tis a Baseness in Nature, too prevalent with Men, rather to conceal than acknowledge Obligations; and a pernicious Artifice prompts them on committing Wrongs, to avoid the Imputation of being in Debt for a Courtesy. But this is a Lesson, my noble Friend, I have never practis'd; Honour is nice in the Confession of a Kindness, and 'tis greater to overpay a Benefit, than to disown the receiving of it, or lessen it in the Acknowledgment. But pardon this Digression, and the Moralist now shall give way to the Historian: You are not to learn how ambitious my Royal Father has been of extending his Power, by bringing the most distant Realms of Asia under Subjection: To his War on the Caspians I owed my first Instruction in Arms: When that Expedition was set on Foot, and that the King had declar'd to go himself in Person, it was determin'd to leave me at the Head of his Regency during his Absence: It was the Ambition of my

Youth rather to commence a Soldier than be invested with the Honour of a Vice-roy: I solicited the King to be made a Partner of his Glory, and permitted to attend him in the Reduction of that People. Seleucus, willing to encourage in his Son a Passion which burn'd so fiercely in his own Bosom, easily condescended to my Request. I had the Command of the left Wing of our Army assigned me, and the most experienc'd Officers posted near me to take Care that my Want of Conduct might not be of Injury to the Body. The Caspians had early Intelligence of our Designs on their Frontiers; and were not backward in assembling themselves, and their Confederates in the Vindication of their Liberties. We encamp'd our Forces on the Nisæan Plains, and waited an Occasion of giving the Enemy Battle: They with much Alacrity came out with their Troops, and form'd their spreading Camp along the Banks of the River Straton: Their Army encreasing every day by Supplies pour'd in upon them from the Medes, as likewise from the States of Parthia and Hyrcania, it was determin'd expedient by our Councils, not to allow them more time of strengthening, but to advance with Resolution upon their Camp, and provoke them to a general and decisive Action.

My

My Father, who seldom let the Numbers or Encrease of his Foes dishearten his Proceedings, with some Heat combated the Opinion of his Generals; and chose rather to let his Army recover from the Fatigues of their continued Marches, and to inform himself fully in the Country and Advantages of his Encampment, than too rashly to hazard a Fight on the Success whereof would depend the Fortune of the whole Expedition. Nor were we yet reinforc'd with the 5000 Men which he had order'd to march from Armenia, and who were to cover the Rear of our Troops. Besides, it was objected, that the Enemy could with no Probability venture to begin the Attack, since we had the Advantage of so fair a Retreat to the Gordyean Hills which lay just behind us, and to which they could in no wise have pursued us without incredible Loss.

Nor were these prudential Considerations indeed the only Motives to deferring the Engagement, for Superstition had some Sway in our Resolves. In the Evening, whilst we were deliberating in the Royal Tent on the future Battle, prodigious Numbers of Birds, which seem'd to us to rise from the Banks of Straton, along which, as I said, the Enemy had stretch'd their Body,

or from the adjacent Shores of the Caspian Sea, took their flight over our Heads, and swooping down as they pass'd us, with loud and ominous Croakings interrupted our Councils. The consulted Augurs declar'd against fighting, and unanimously agreed the Omen fatal: Nor were the Entrails of our Sacrifices more favourable to the consulted Battle. For my own Part I must own, I always admir'd the Sentiments of the Trojan Hector, and the Bravery of Soul with which he despis'd these Dwellers on Omens: For we may sit and gaze upon a few foolish Birds till our Eyes be out; but where there is an absolute Necessity of fighting, or any thing else, there needs not the Authority of a Law to back it, nor the face of a Bird to give it Countenance: These little Superstitions, which were first impos'd under the Colour of Religion, have prevail'd on the Vulgar, and they esteem the Neglect of them equal to Sacrilege: Methinks, to be so servilely tied to Observations makes our Reasoning despicable; and I could never stoop to embracing of Occasional Omens, or, like Themistocles, be perswaded to encounter an Enemy, because a Stander-by had happen'd to sneeze on his right Hand.

Yet as if Nature bad concurr'd with the
Fopperies of Superstition to intimidate our Enter-
prize,

prize, the succeeding Morning had its Terrors: And tho' Seleucus had yielded to the Importance of his Generals, in spite of Omens to venture the Battle, yet was that Hour of Rage deferr'd: For when every thing now was disposing for the Fight, and the Trumpets had their Signal given them for the Charge, a sudden Gloom overspread the Heavens, and the whole Body of the Sun was almost darken'd: This Accident gave our Army no small Consternation, who judg'd the unusual Defection of Light to proceed from the Anger of the Gods. A Council was immediately call'd, and the Sooth-sayers again consulted. Amyntas an Old Commander in our Army, and who had been a Fellow-warrior with my Father in the Time of the Great Alexander, cited an Instance of the like Terror that fell on that Prince's Army when at Arbela: The Moon, says he, most Royal Seleucus, was then afflicted as we now behold the Sun: The Caldaeans, who were summon'd to explain the Omen, told us the Sun was the Planet which regarded the Grecians, the Afflictions of the Moon boded ill to the Persians; let us then remember we are the Sons of Greece, and fear to tempt our Fortune whilst the God, who presides o'er our Country, labours with Darkness.

This Instance, so seasonably Started to the Occasion, had all its Weight with my Father and the Council: And it carried such a force of Religion with it, that the thoughts of Battle were instantly suspended, and it almost became a Subject of their Debate, whether they should not break up the Expedition: But the Consultations ended in a Lustration of the Army, and frequent Sacrifices to the Sun.

Whilst our Resolutions were thus kept at a Stand thro' the Terrors of Omens and Accidents of Nature, Deserters, that came thick from the Enemy's Camp, confirm'd to us that their Apprehensions exceeded ours: And so strong a Fear had seiz'd their whole Body, that the Officers labour'd with the utmost Diligence to keep their Soldiers from entirely disbanding. Nothing could so powerfully re-animate our Forces, as this Assurance of the Fright their Adversaries were under. The God of Day had by this time shook off the Darkness which but now obscur'd his Glory; and our Men, as if rais'd to Life with his returning Lustre, reassum'd their Spirits and Courage; and burn'd with Eagerness of trying the Battle.

As it may be dangerous to lead an Army to the Fight, when their Souls are quell'd and prepossess'd

possess'd with Apprehensions, so it is imprudent to restrain them, and an Abatement to their Vigour, when their Zeal for Engaging seems to presage the Victory. The Soldiers swarm'd about their Leaders, and with Murmurs of Impatience beg'd Leave to attack the Enemy. My Father took hold of their Readiness as an Omen of Success, and gave immediate Order for marching down on the Enemies Camp: Himself with the Flower of our Syrian Cavalry rush'd on the Left Flank of their Army, and after a short but hot Dispute put their Horse into Disorder. I was not slow in following the Example of my Victorious Sire, and with no less fury pour'd in my Cavalry on their Right Wing: The Onset was too sharp and vigorous for them long to resist, and I found it no hard Labour to put them to the Rout: For it has seldom happen'd that any Asiatick Troops could withstand the Firmness of our Macedonian Phalanx. Whilst the Caspian Bands were thus gor'd on each Side, and Victory seem'd almost resolv'd to rest on our Standards, some Legions of Parthian Horse, who were plac'd in the Centre of the Enemies Battle, press'd in on our Infantry, and forc'd them to give Ground with no small Slaughter: My Father and Self observing the Misfortune, from each Side, as by Con-

sents,

sent, detach'd a Part of our Troops to their Relief, and again turn'd the Fortune of the Fight.

But now, my Ariobarzanes, followed the Disaster, which to remember renews my Blushes for that Levity of Youth, which made me sacrifice Conduct to Rage and Rashness, and overlook Danger thro' an Eagerness after Victory. When I had thus sent off Part of my Forces to another Service, I continued to pursue my Advantage on the Enemy, and push'd them with so much Fury, that not being able to retreat they fled with Precipitation even to the Banks of Straton. Here, as if Shame or Despair had dictated Resolution, or rather as if they had purposely fled to draw me to the Pursuit, they made a Stand at once, and form'd themselves with inexpressible Dexterity into a wide Half-Moon: whilst I with some Surprise beheld them rallying so unexpectedly, we were no less alarm'd with loud Shoutings from the Left; when turning our Eyes to a Wood, which was cover'd with a Morass, we found our selves falln into a dangerous Ambush: and that the Barbarians exulted to see us plung'd in the Toyl.

*No sooner had we learnt from whence the
Shouts*

Shouts arose, but we were hemm'd in by the Advance of the Ambuscaders, and fiercely attack'd on every Side. I was not so much concern'd for the Danger of my own Person, as troubled that my Rashness had sacrific'd the Lives of my brave and honest Followers. Countrymen, and Fellow-Soldiers, said I, let us not be dishearten'd at being thus foully beset, but let the Greatness of the Danger serve to incite our Courages; Behold your Prince, who has led you into this Misfortune, ready with his Blood to redeem the Error of his Conduct! Let us try again to rout these once vanquish'd Fugitives, or if Fate has decreed that they shall conquer, let us remember we are the Successors of Alexander, and teach the Foe in our Deaths to mourn their Victory. My Soldiers shouted, and with undaunted Resolution fell into the Ranks of the loose and disjointed Caspians. But we were not a little annoy'd with the Darts, and Manner of Fighting which we met with, from a new and unacquainted Enemy. It happen'd that the Force which they had plac'd in Ambush was compos'd of Parthians; a People, who Fight best when their Horses are on full Speed, and do the greatest Damage when they seem
to

to run from the Battle. They would be an insupportable Foe, could they stand the shock of War with the same Fierceness as they begin the Attack. Yet generally in the very Heat of the Engagement, they quit their Ground, and, counterfeiting Flight to draw their uncautious Pursuers to their Darts, in an Instant again turn, and renew the Fight; so that when you most think you have overcome, even then arises the greatest Danger.

In this wheeling Conflict many of the Foe were born down with our Lances, and many of mine transfix'd with their mortal and unerring Shafts: But so far did they exceed us in Number, and such Advantage had they from the Course of the Engagement, which was Native to them, but to which my Syrians were Strangers, that had not a timely Succour come in, we must have inevitably been destroy'd in the Fray, or oblig'd to submit to a barbarous Enemy, at whose Hands we could not have expected Quarter.

But the Great Gods, in whose Eternal Hands are the Issues of the Battle, preserv'd me from the Shame of so base an Overthrow! The Troops, (which, as I before told you, we had detach'd from our Wings to relieve the
Centre.)

Centre,) had now entirely discomfited the Caspian Infantry: That Body which was sent from my Royal Father was headed by Tigranes; who, when the Assurance of a Conquest gave him Time to breath, surveying the Field with a watchful Eye, beheld me at a Distance from the Army, and encompass'd with the Foe. Behold, said he, as I afterwards learnt, while Fortune seems to smile on our Arms on every Side, what fatal Danger has incircled your *Antiochus*! Let us crown our Victory with the Rescue of our Prince; or, failing, turn our Swords against our Breasts, and attend him to the Shades below. He needed no more prevailing Argument to incite his Followers than the Notice of my Danger; nor needed I the Advantage of my Birth to second his Generosity, or spur him on to an Action which Friendship and Honour dictated as much as Loyalty.

Just as he arriv'd, with that Speed as if, like Perseus, he had been mounted on a winged Courser, I had the Misfortune to have my Horse shot under me. A Parthian Dart, which flew with as much Force as if sent from an Engine, entering at his Eye, and piercing thro' his Jaw, transfix'd his Chest: When the
Beast

Beast with the Surprise and Agony of the Wound, plunging with Violence threw me over his Head. Tho' the Shock of the Fall, for I was prostrate on the Ground, had almost stunn'd me, yet the Sense of my Danger beat so strong an Alarm, that springing up, e'er a sturdy Caspian, who had dismounted with Intent to make me his Prisoner, could bid me yield, I with my Sword and Lance stood on my Defence; and at last, as my daring Adversary prest in upon me, with one successful Thrust I nail'd him to the Earth.

But scarce had I leisure to disengage my Sword from the Wound, e'er Numbers of the Foe rush'd upon me to revenge him. Then, my Ariobarzanes, destitute as I was of my Horse, and exposed to the Insults of a surrounding Enemy, what could I think of more than of falling like a Soldier, and digging my self a Monument of Carcasses strew'd around me? But even in that Instant when I had arm'd my self for Death, when the Impossibility of Surviving had urg'd me to grow Desperate, Tigranes darted like a Meteor thro' the Press, and redeem'd me from Ruin: The brandish'd Sword was falling on my Crest, when with a swift and well-aim'd Stroke he lopp'd off the Arm which
was.

was rear'd to my Destruction. Nor was a single Wound sufficient to distinguish his Heroick Gallantry: With such Force was the Arm dissever'd from the Body, that the falling Sword, grasp'd as it was with the bleeding Limb, transfix'd the Throat of another Caspian. Aw'd with this Accident, as if they fear'd some Divinity oppos'd them, the Dastard Crew benumb'd with Amazement suspended the Slaughter; when Tigranes's Troops, breaking in with Violence, made them an easy Prey to our Fury. Now again did Victory smile on our Battle, again was the Pursuit renew'd with Vigour; when whole Troops of Caspians to avoid the Sword plung'd headlong with their Horses into the opposing Flood. Say, my Friend, was not this a glorious Action? Ought I not to record Tigranes in my Memory? Is it not a Rescue might do Honour to Poetry, and grace the Annals of the noblest Historian? But I have been too tedious in the Process of my Story, and tir'd your Attention out with the Detail.

O pardon me, my Lord, this seeming Dullness, replies the Cappadocian earnestly; By Heaven! My Soul was busy with the Wonders, and all my Faculties employ'd on the

the Scene of your Deliverance. I had form'd the Image of your Danger in my Mind, and my Breast was swelling with Emulation of Tigranes's Bravery. Now by the Honours of his Sword, the glory of that Action adorns his Brow above the Splendour of an Eastern Diadem. O my Antiochus, what would I give to be that wondrous Man! What Transports would this one Idea yield me, that in saving my Brother's Life I had deserv'd his Love!

I am Poor in wanting Power to return such Kindness, says the Prince embracing him, but you need not wish to rob Tigranes of his Praise. Believe me, Ariobarzanes, there is a secret Attraction in your Virtue commands my Love: and that Esteem, which I must from Sympathy bear you, supplies all those Offices on which more vulgar Friendships are establish'd. But Professions like these belong to Women and Flatterers. Let our Affection, like the Lamps in our Monuments, burn silently in our Breasts without a Breath of Air to discompose its Flame.

My Lord, says the Cappadocian interrupting the Prince, methinks we are wander'd too loosely from our Subject: I would gladly

gladly keep the History of your Rescue in View ;
I have form'd to my self something Noble
that follow'd the Action: Tigranes must
have been Transported with the Consequence
of his Valour ; and the good Old King re-
joyc'd more in your Safety, than in the Tri-
umph of his Arms.

Since you court the Relation , says the
Prince again, I will pursue it with its Cir-
cumstances. I told you how the Heat of our
Pursuit drove the frighted Foe to take Shelter
in the Current ; but few could make their way
to the farther Bank ; the Fierceness with which
their Horses plung'd, and the Agitation of the
Waves from a tempestuous Wind, made their
Attempts of Swimming almost impracticable ;
and those who escap'd were rather toss'd on
Shore by the Billows, than carried by any
Efforts of their own. We were now almost
arriv'd to the Banks of the River, and could
take a Prospect of the promiscuous Havock,
(Men, Arms, and Horses floating on the Tide,)
when a Retreat was sounded from the Right
of our Army. Now had I leisure to make
my Acknowledgements to Tigranes , when
as if Ambitious to outstrip me in Courtesie,
he leap'd from his Horse and embracing my
Knees , (for I too had dismounted ,) My
Prince !

Prince! *says he*, permit me to congratulate my Fortune, and bless the Gods who made me the Minister of your Safety. We now may boast of Victory without a Blush, and compliment my Royal Master on his *Caspian* Subjects. But how had we mourn'd the Fortune of our Arms, if while his *Syria* conquer'd, *Antiochus* had perish'd! *Raising him from the Ground, and clasping him to my Bosom*, I hope *Syria*, (*said I*), if she joys in my Preservation, will study to esteem the Generous Warrior to whose Valour I owe it: And *Seleucus* must be proud of so great a Subject, who can at Will turn the Scale of Battle, and compleat his Victories. *Perhaps I might say more on the Merit of his Action, and my own Gratitude: But I have not charg'd my Memory with those Particulars. I had then on a Purple Belt which hung from my Shoulder, and was richly studded o'er with Rows of Diamonds; (It was a Present indeed I should not have parted with but on so signal an Occasion, since I receiv'd it from the Hands of the Reverend Intaphernes, who was my Mother's Father:)* Let this Belt, *said I*, my *Tigranes*, pulling it off, and delivering it into his Hands, be a Witness for me that I prize your Service;
and

Antiochus and Stratonice. 213

and grace it with your Wearing to keep my Memory of your Virtues fresh, and reproach me with Ingratitude when I forget to esteem you. He bow'd, I remember, and told me he would wear it with Pride as my Gift; but beg'd it might not upbraid me with the Memory of an Act, which he knew his Duty, and counted his Happiness.

We now rode back to meet my Royal Father, whose Countenance wore all the Marks of Pleasure and Triumph which his Success and our Arrival could inspire; we found him standing near an Altar of Turf and Stone, at which the Sacred Priests attended with frequent Victims: when, as we came near, advancing to a stately Bull (the Beast, you know, which we appropriate in Sacrifice to the God of War;) This Bull, says he, I sacrifice not to Mars, but Tigranes the Victor. And no sooner had he utter'd the Words, but with his drawn Sabre at one Blow he cleft the Skull; and the Beast without a Groan fell dead to the Earth.

I had not perhaps instanc'd this Proof of his Strength, but that I observ'd you the other Day admiring a Picture in our Palace-Hall, which is the Workmanship of the Great Apelles: It contains the Image of my Father in his Prime of Years forcibly holding a Bull by the Horns:
And

And the Occasion of this Draught, as likewise of his Statues wrought by Lysippus, which always represent him in the same Posture, arose from this Accident. On a certain Time when Alexander was sacrificing amidst his Captains, a Bull in Rage breaking loose from his Cords, and attempting his Escape, my Father alone laid hold of his Horns, and, stopping him in his Career, drag'd him back to the Altar.

To return from the Digression, and pass over the several Expressions of Kindness and Duty betwixt my Father and Tigranes, we proceeded to return the Gods Thanks by Sacrifice; at which Solemnity, if the Complaisance of our Priests did not by some Secret contribute to the Miracle, there fell out something most Singular and Auspicious: For the Wood which was laid for consuming of the Offerings, without any visible Application of Fire, blaz'd out suddenly into a bright and mounting Flame. Tigranes, who before stood in good Grace with my Father, was for his particular Service in that Expedition put at the Head of our Syrian Cavalry, a Post he still continues to hold; and at the Return of the Court hither, was created Treasurer of the Military Loans, and Governor of the Castle here in Antioch.

My

My Lord, says Ariobarzanes observing the Prince to make a Pause, if Recompense could be equivalent to the Generosity of Tigranes's Valour (as Loyalty and Honour do not weakly prescribe such Actions) the Profusions of Kindness and Profit which have been render'd him, leave neither Seleucus nor your self in Debt to his Merits. And tho' Gratitude, in the Nations of exalted Souls, is unlimited in its Payments, yet when Liberality has been strain'd to Recompence, when Acknowledgements have been large, successive, and uninterrupted, we may reckon we have equitably discharg'd the Obligation, and obviate Scruples of too much Nicety. — The Prince here laying his Hand on the Cappadocian's, and smiling at his Sophistry, Hold, my Friend, says he, for I perceive to what Point you are driving your Argument: I dare pronounce Antigone was at the bottom of your Thoughts, and you still will take Part against your Friend with an Error. Were you not going to infer, my Brother, that if my Soul were captivated with that Fair One, tho' she be the darling Mistress of Tigranes, yet I should not do a wrong to Gratitude or Honour, in robbing him of her Beauties? But I have already protested by the Rights of Friendship, by all the sacred Regards of Honour, by that Dearness of Love, which
may

may the Gods preserve *betwixt us!* never did I view her Beauties with the Eye of Desire: The Royal Seleucus mocks himself with his Tenderness, and Tigranes torments himself with unreasonable Jealousie.—— O Ariobarzanes! Shall I unfold the Labour of my Bosom? Shall I give Breath to that mysterious Passion, which I have so religiously scrupled to disclose?----- But swear to me, by all the Reverence of your Father's Head, or ought that is more binding and sacred to your Thoughts, that you will not divulge the Secret I shall declare to you.

My Lord, says the Cappadocian, looking earnestly on the Prince, if you mistrust my Faith, let the important Tale remain still a Secret; or if you require the Ceremony of an Oath to assure you of my Silence, and think that Conjurations add Weight to Promises, by all those Ties that you have urged, and by the Sincerity of my Love----- Enough, my Friend; replies the Prince interrupting him, and forgive an Adjuration, which meant rather to express my Concern for what I should utter, than any Suspicion or Distrust of your Fidelity. You are not a Stranger to my being sent to Macedon, nor to learn that the chief Business of my going to that Court was for
the

the conducting of Stratonice hither : Shall I sum up to you the History of my Residence with Demetrius, and relate to you what Accident first infected me with that Passion, which still preys on my Health, and loads me with Despair ? I shall be proud, says the Cappadocian again, to grow acquainted with the Mystery of your Fortunes ; but not to interrupt the Series of your Story, how came it that Demetrius(whose Father and yours were still at War with each other, even from the Death of Alexander ;) now contracts such an Alliance with Seleucus, as to consent to the Uniting of your Families by his Daughter's Marriage.

Policy, replies the Prince, which makes States and Princes forget Animosities as easily as Friendships, I believe, had no small Hand in this Union ; but that you may weigh it in your own Judgment, take the best Account of our Affairs that I can give you. When Lysimachus (of whose Prowess in vanquishing Lyons, no doubt, but you have heard :) pass'd the Hellespont with his Forces from Thrace into Phrygia, and began to make hot War upon the Subjects of Antigonus, the Father of this Demetrius ; he had great Reinforcements brought him by my Sire from Babylon, as well as potent Aid from the Egyptian Ptolemy :

I was carried up to this War, the Second Campaign that ever I made: Antigonus was ready with his Army, and gave us Battle on the Plains near Ipsus, a City of Phrygia. But fatal to him was the Issue of that Fight, for the Revolt of his Forces lost him the Field, and Want of an expected Rescue by his Son cost him his Life. The Old Monarch being slain, and the Victory Ours, Demetrius, glad to save what of his Forces he could, made a speedy Retreat to Ephesus, lately so famous for Diana's Temple; but which a Wretch, fond of being recorded tho' to his Infamy, set on Fire that very Night in which Alexander was born.

Demetrius's broken Fortunes, that would not admit him to rest there, oblig'd him to make the best of his Way for Athens; a Place which he judg'd would suffer any Extremity, to shew how much they were indebted. For Antigonus, if perchance you may not have heard it, to redeem his Name from the Infamy of Cleopatra's Murther, (who was the Sister of the great Alexander,) purposing to undertake the Liberty of Greece, had formerly sent Demetrius with a strong Army and Fleet to perform this Exploit, who began at Athens to set the Country free: When this
trans-

transported City, (a shameful Instance, my Friend, to what servile Flatteries the noblest States may sometimes descend!) in Gratitude for their Freedom restor'd, decreed the Name of King to be given to Antigonus and Demetrius; nor stopping there, consecrated the Place where Demetrius leap'd from his Chariot, when he entred their City, and built an Altar to him as their Tutelar Deity: nay, so forward were they of conferring new Honours on him, that they made one Decree, that whatsoever thing Demetrius should command, ought to be held sacred with the Gods, and just with Men.

But now the Scene of Flattery was shifted, and, (to shew you how soon Respect can cool upon our Adversity,) whilst Demetrius was full in his Course for that City, the Athenian Embassadors met him on the Road, with this unexpected Decree of the People, that none of the Kings should be admitted within their Walls. Thus whilst Ingratitude frown'd on his Calamity, fresh Misfortunes from every Quarter weaken'd his Affairs. His Garrisons were broken up, and his Soldiers revolted; his Dominions parcelling out amongst the Conquerors, and himself scarce in a Condition to defend

defend those few Places which yet held out for him.

This swift Depression of Demetrius in Power, and the signal Advantages which accrued to my Father from the Victory, made the Confederate Princes now Jealous of his Grandeur: They consulted to oppose his Growth in Time, not a little fearful least he should become as dangerous as Antigonus had formerly been. Seleucus, who was not ignorant of the Counsels they determin'd, and who knew well that State-Policy never would permit the overgrowing Greatness of a Neighbour, to secure his own Power, and counter-mine their Artifice, then consented to hearken to an Accommodation with Demetrius. And then was this Union of our Families concerted, as a Sanction to their Friendship, and to make the League firmer than the Ties of common Interest could bind it.

Thus far I have gone back, my Friend, in Compliance to your Question, to inform you in what State my Father stood, and on what Motives his Reconciliation with Demetrius was accomplish'd. I am now to pursue the Story of my Residence at that Prince's Court; whither, as you know, I was employ'd in Order

to

to my Father's Nuptials. The Time of my Absence was limited to 2 Months; an Allowance more than sufficient for the Business of my Embassy, tho' not too large for the Opportunity of seeing the Countries thro' which I pass'd: For that I might not lose an Occasion of growing acquainted with some Part of our Dominions, I was enjoin'd to travel by Land to Smyrna. And that nothing might be wanting, either to my Pleasure or Improvement, I was accompanied in this Journey by the grave and learned Megasthenes, whom you have seen in our Court; and whose Genius and Conversation my Father oft has recommended to me from his own Experience. Nor was I disappointed in the Man, whose very Talk was the Compendium of a History: He had attended my Father in his Expeditions to India, and by being employ'd in his Transactions with Sandracottus, and other Kings of those distant Climes, has contracted so intimate an Acquaintance with their Countries and Customs, that the written Legacy he will leave the World of his Travels thither will render him dear to the most remote Posterity, if, happily, it shall survive the Injuries of Time.

The Vessels which were to Convey me over
L 3 the

the Ægean waited my Embarquement in the Bay of Smyrna: a Town which was rebuilt by Antigonus and Lysimachus, on the Ground which the Old Æolian City of that Name once stood, and which had been demolish'd above four hundred Years. Here whilst I was surveying the Pomp and Beauty of the Edifices, I was address'd by the venerable Heraclides, who was come from Pontus, and was going for Alexandria to present Ptolemy with the Manuscripts of the antient Thespis's Tragedies.

But not to swell my Discourse with too many Particulars, I will pass forward to my Arrival at the Macedonian Court: Demetrius then resided at the City of Pella, not a little enobled by the Birth of Philip, and the greater Alexander. I need not recount to you my Reception with the King, or what Addition of Respect I met from his Subjects, who all crouded to pay their Devours to the Son of Seleucus. No Sports were omitted, or Solemnities spar'd to express my Wellcome, or make me wish for my Return to Antioch. The Magnificence of the Palace, and the rare and immense Treasures which had been collected by the preceding Monarchs, re no ungrateful Amusements to Me, whose

whose Eye till then had been a Stranger in Macedon.

One Day as I was surveying the Riches and Furniture of the Regal Dome, attended by Megasthenes and some few of my Followers, we were led thro' along and spacious Gallery to view the Apartments of the Princess and her Attendants; for the fair Stratonice was then from Pella, and with her Brother Antigonus gone to Larissa: (a Town of no common Note or Beauty, lying on the Northern Confines of Thessaly, and which Philip, when he came down from his Illyrian Conquests, surpriz'd and made Subject to the Macedonian Empire.) So that our Access was free to the Virgin-Chambers, which, had she been present, were Retirements sacred only to herself and Train, and to which none of our Sex might presume to press.

My Lord, says Ariobarzanes to the Prince, not to interrupt you with Enquiries of Ignorance, is Greece so jealous of her Women's Honour, or so averse to their Pleasure, as to confine the Sex to so strict a Separation, and debar them from the Society and Conversation of Mankind? Methinks, it is a Severity which savours of Envy and

Moroseness, to keep them restrain'd from a Commerce of Innocence; and their Fears or Niceties pursue a Method therein, which neither Reason nor Discretion seem to prescribe.

My Friend, replies the Prince, 'tis in vain to dispute the Arbitrariness of Custom, that in all Ages and Places of the World has establish'd Points of Conduct, which would make Reason or Discretion blush to be the Founders of. Is there an Extravagance in Nature, which somewhere is not warranted by Practise? What shall we say to their Scythian Nora, where Fathers are allowed the incestuous Embrace of their own Daughters? What to those Indians, who count it a Disgrace in Age or Sicknes to expect their Death, and order themselves to be burnt alive? Greece, like Persia, is strict in the Discipline and Restraint of her Virgins; nor suffers them to appear in Publick, unless cover'd with Veils: when Lacedæmon, differing in Fashion from her Neighbors, veils her Wives in Publick, and suffers her Virgins to display their Charms. My Lord, I am satisfied, says the Cappadocian again, and beg you to resume your Story where you left off. — At the End of the Gallery, replied the Prince, the Doors open'd to a spacious Antechamber,

chamber, adorned with the richest Asian Tapestries, and most exquisite Paintings. Amongst the latter, I was charm'd with one Piece at the upper End of the Room, and which as I thought was design'd for Diana. It may seem strange to you to hear what violent Impressions this lovely Tablet made on my Senses: So curiously had Art perform'd this Master-piece of Imitation, that it appear'd like Nature outdone by Excellence, as the Form of a Divinity might be suppos'd to surpass that of a Mortal Beauty.

Were I to explain the Passion it inspired in my Breast, I must call it Desire check'd with Awe and Veneration of the Goddess. I confess I could have gaz'd, till I had strain'd the Nerves of Sight to Blindness; and then only lamented the Want of Eyes, for being no longer able to view its Beauties. It is so impossible for me to describe the Loveliness of the Form and Air, that neither Thoughts nor Words can reach a just Idea of its Excellence. Such Symmetry of Features, and Proportion of Body! Such a Mixture of Sweetness, and Majesty in the Mien! Such Delicacy of Complexion as pain'd the Eyes to dwell on its Whiteness; and yet so temper'd with a Suffusion of Red, that the blended Colours were lost in each other, yet seem'd to strive for Mystery! Such Hair that loosely flow'd in

Ringlets, as if the Wind could wanton thro its Curls ! Such lovely Breasts as you might have sworn had Warmth and Motion, and heav'd and fell on the animated Canvas ! Such Hands as might have made Monarchs contemn their Diadems to kiss them ! And Eyes that, like the Sun, seem'd designed to cheer the World, and claim its Adoration ! O Ariobarzanes, I could turn Poet in its Description, yet want Raptures to express its Dignity. —

Megasthenes, who saw my Eyes were rivetted to this delightful Object, The Painter, said he, My Lord, may triumph in the Merit of his Labor, whose Art has not only a Power of commanding your Eyes, but seems to have captivated your Soul : The Zeal and Admiration with which you dwell on this Picture, makes me think, my Prince, you would count it your Happiness to meet with that Imperial Beauty who should resemble this fancied Excellence. ---- By Heaven, said I, I must think it Prophanation to suppose that any humane Charms can rival those ; and I equally wonder how the Painter could frame to himself an Idea of such inimitable Beauty, and with what Happiness of Art he could teach his Pencil to express his
 Con-

Conception. *Diana* her self, to be the more ador'd, must have appear'd to him for the Likeness; and some God has directed his Pencil to hit it. See! *continued* I, How in every Part it speaks that Divinity which we could but distantly conceive! See, how inviting, yet awful are her Glances! And how Austerity is chastis'd with Sweetness! Is there not something so irresistibly winning, that it insinuates Desire even whilst it strikes us with Veneration? Is there not an inimitable Elegance in the Mien? And is not the Whole so full of Life and Fire, as to make us covet it for a Mistress, when we must survey it as a Deity?

The grave old Man smil'd to hear me so extatick in my Comendation, and told me that for the future he should not think the Tyrian Fable so strange, or wonder at Pygmalion for doating on a Statue, when he found I was become enamour'd of a Picture. And I almost am sorry, *continued he*, since you have taken such Impressions of Love, that the noble Draught should express a Goddess, and not be copied from the Charms of some mortal Beauty.

Scarcely

Scarce had Megasthenes finish'd his Complement, e'er Bagoas, an Eunuch and a Favourite in the Court, inform'd us that tho' in the Arms and Habit it resembled Diana, yet the Form and Features were of the Princess Stratonice. You may imagine, my Brother, the Surprise and Confusion I was in on this Notice; an instant trembling seiz'd my Limbs, my Blood ran cold, and a Sickness, as if I had been struck with Death, took Possession of my Heart. My Lord, said Megasthenes, perhaps perceiving my Disorder, I fear I must retract my Sentiments, and rather wish it were a real Diana, than the Princess it represents, or that ---- Megasthenes, said I, interrupting him hastily, and struggling to recover from my Disorder, When I prais'd that curious Piece of Art, which as I thought was the Resemblance of a Goddess, I saw its Beauties with a View of Adoration; I shall henceforward consider it as a Miracle of Painting, and as the Likeness of a Lady whose Virtues I shall more admire than her Charms, and One whom I shall rather study to reverence than praise.

But tho' I had Resolution hereby to disguise and conceal my Sentiments, I could not so deceive my wounded Heart, or shake off the Impres-

Antiochus and Stratonice. 229

pressions which this beauteous Tablet had fix'd on my Imagination. The Idea of its Charms still occur'd to my Thoughts : I long'd perpetually to repeat my View of it ; and wish'd, yet fear'd, to behold the lovely Princess whose Form and Semblance it bore.

Do you not already, my Ariobarzanes, begin to presage the Misfortunes of your Friend ; do you not foresee in what Perplexity capricious Fate has begun to involve him ? But, oh ! If the faint Resemblance of her Charms could thus affect me, how must the more bright Original subdue my Soul ! She appear'd, my Friend, with all the Lustre of Beauty in its Bloom, with all the Glare of her native Charms, and the Advantages of Prepossession to heighten their Influence. But wherefore do I talk to you of her Beauties, who have seen and know them ? Yet, yet let me tell thee, if ought can exceed the Graces of her Person, it must be the Delicacy of her Mind and Sweetness of her Temper. The Import of my Embassy made my Access to her free and frequent ; the Royal Demetrius introduc'd me to her Conversation, and bade her regard me as the Son of the Monarch to whose Arms she was destin'd.

If

If the *Loveliness* of her Mien and Face, if the *Vivacity* and Turn of her Wit, if the *Charms* of her Delivery and Carriage all contributed to give me Pleasure, the sole Reflection to whose Bed she was determin'd overbalanc'd them with Pain. I could have gaz'd till my Eyestrings had crack'd, yet been unsatisfied with looking; I could have listen'd to the Musick of her Tongue, till Attention had been lost in Deafness, yet been unwearied of her Talk: I could have sat by her, insensible of the gliding Hours, till Age or Death had surpriz'd me in her Company, and yet complain'd of the niggard Fates for contracting the Blessing. But engaging, lovely, and adorable as She was, still she was the destin'd Wife of Seleucus! Could I raise my Eyes to admire her Beauties, and not condemn the Impiety of my Desires? Could I indulge the Pleasure of hearing her talk, and not in my Wishes wrong a Father? Painful was the Struggle betwixt Love and Duty, Honour and Desire.---- I found it impossible to subdue my Passion, I was resolutely determin'd to preserve my Fidelity; and as I could not vanquish my Love, to fall a silent Victim to its Power.

My Lord, says Ariobarzanes, perceiving the Prince to pause, could your Heart and Eyes be thus full of Passion, and the lovely
Strat-

Antiochus and Stratonice. 231

Stratonice be a Stranger to your Pain? Or was she sensible, and, like the cruel Sex, dissembled the Knowledge, and gloried in her Triumphs? O! Wrong her not with Imputations, replies the Prince interrupting him, of Art or Cruelty. By Heaven! She is sincere as Truth, and gentle as Mercy. ---- No, Ariobarzanes, she was Ignorant and Guiltless of my impious Love: I taught my treacherous Heart the Trick of Hypocrisy; and languish'd in Private without confessing my Passion. Yet when an involuntary Sigh has swell'd my Bosom, when I have turn'd Pale with Despair of her Beauties, she has gently enquired the Cause of my Sadness, and ask'd with Concern if I felt not some Disorder. Then has her Compassion added Fuel to my Flame, and aggravated Distraction! How oft have I strove to repress the bursting Tears; how oft been on the very Brink of disclosing my Crime? ---- But Love, like Age, is Talkative and Impertinent; I could talk down the Sun on this Theme, my Brother, and still leave her Praises and my Sorrows untold: The Prince here again suspended his Story; and, like a drooping Flower oppress'd with Dew, lean'd his Head on the Cappadocian's Breast. When, My Friend, says he to Antiochus, throwing his Arm over him, will you still permit the

Imper-

Impertinence of my Enquiries? When you consented to unravel the Mystery of your Passion, it was to convince me that you sigh'd not for Arsinoe: May I then learn what Motive induc'd you to alarm the King with the Picture of that Princess?

O pardon me the forgetfulness of my Passion, replies the Prince; that Error was the Point I intended to explain to you: You must know, my Ariobarzanes, that being so transported with that lovely Picture which I took for Diana, but which was a Resemblance of the adorable Stratonice, I beg'd of Demetrius, e'er the Princess return'd to the Court, that he would permit Me a Copy of that Noble Piece of Art. As my Request met with no Repulse on his Side, so there was no Delay on mine to seek out a Hand capable of doing it Justice: There was happily then at Pella the famous Theban, whose masterly Pencil had finish'd the Original. Aristides was his Name, of whose Performance we boast that celebrated Tablet in our Palace, which contains the Persians Overthrow by Alexander. And it is the distinguishing Character of this admirable Painter, that he can teach his Colours to express the Passions as justly as the Features; I employ'd him to make me the Copy in Miniature, into which he transferr'd

aB.

all the Beauties of the larger, which so powerfully had charm'd me. When it was finish'd, I had it curiously set in Gold, and chas'd with Jewels of that Richness and Lustre, as sufficiently testified my Esteem for the Picture.

Demetrius, possibly, conceiv'd that I meant this as a Present for my Royal Father, and which was to forestal my Arrival at Antioch with his Bride; but as I had intended it peculiarly for my self, I reserv'd it with the utmost Caution from the Knowledge of the Princess, lest the Price I set on it might give her an Occasion of suspecting my Passion. How often have I made it the Object of my Retirement in yon conscious Grove, where so lately you repeated the Story of your Ismenia! How often have I gaz'd with Transport on its Beauties! How often sigh'd o'er it the Mystery of my Love! Idoliz'd the dear Resemblance of the Adorable Stratonice, and tax'd the cruel Powers for wounding me with those Charms, from whose Possession it was impossible I should expect a Cure. --- One Evening, by what fatal Chance I know not, I drop'd it from my Bosom: Nor, by the strictest and most industrious Search, could have the Fortune to recover it: For I durst not by any publick Enquiries certify the Misfortune, lest the Picture, concurring with
my

my Indisposition, should be thought too pregnant a Proof of its Cause. It was the Malice of my Stars for Arsinoe to find this valuable Treasure ; from whom on Pretence of admiring the Curiosity of the Case, and a Desire which I express'd of getting it imitated, I got it into Possession.

The subtle Fair One, whose Curiosity wanted the Satisfaction of being convinc'd that it was mine, labour'd hard to make me view the Picture in her Presence, which I purposely declin'd, fearing I might by some Emotions betray those Sentiments, which I had determin'd should be buried in Silence. But I have since condemn'd the Rashness of those Fears, which have contributed to propagate these Errors, and involve me in a new Perplexity : Scarce had she left Me, e'er I was encountred by the adorable Stratonice : The lovely Virgin, either to gratify my Father's Tenderness by her Discovery, or from the Motives of a more generous Compassion, press'd me to explain the secret Cause of my Melancholy : So powerful were the Rhetorick of her Eyes and Tongue, that, spight of my Resolutions, I was wrought to confess that Love alone was the Source of my Afflictions. This Confession serv'd but to light up a Flame to her Enquiries ; and from the Knowledge of the Cause

Cause she with more Zeal pursued the Discovery of the Object. I was soon drove to the fatal Extremity of revealing that Secret, or of disobliging her for ever by an obstinate Concealment : When throwing my self at her Feet, and imploring her to pardon the Insolence of a Confession which she would extort from me, I gave her the Picture-Case, and told her it contain'd the Image of that Beauty, who reign'd the Sovereign Mistress of my Heart. But, oh my Friend, the subtle Arsinoe had exchang'd the Picture, and plac'd her Own in the room of Stratonice's.

When I had deliver'd the Tablet to the Queen, which, as I thought, would disclose the Secret of my Passion, Madam, said I, how have you determin'd to punish my Presumption ? If you have resolv'd my Death, I will embrace the Sentence from your Mouth, and count it Justice : — But see, my Brother, the freshness of the Morning invites the Court to tast its Odours ; let us steal from the officious Ceremony of their Address : This Walk will lead us privately to my Apartments, and this Key admit us secret, and unseen : Thither let us retire, and with mutual Kindness condole the Rigour of each other's Fortunes.

No

No sooner could the Princes disappear, than the whole Gardens were busy on the Subject of their Retirement; and as Subjects will ever be discanting on the Conduct of their Governors, much Argument was spent to determine for what Reasons *Antiochus* should so zealously conceal his Passion. Mean while the King attended by *Tigranes*, and a numerous Train of his Officers, was rode in Pomp to *Daphne*, with Intention to perform some Rites in that Temple, which he there had built and jointly consecrated to the Deities of *Apollo* and *Diana*. This *Daphne* was a Village or rather Suburbs to the greater *Antioch*, from which it lay about Four Miles distant: And the Temple which *Seleucus* had built, and the spacious Grove which he had planted round it, for it was allow'd to be above Three Leagues in Compass, as they were the Glory of his Reign, so they were the Wonder and Delight of Posterity. Nothing could be wish'd either from the Benefit of Air or Scituation to improve the Pleasures of it; frequent Rows of Cypresses and Lawrels, which cover'd the regular Walks like Arbors, defended all beneath from the Inclemency of the Sun: Flowers of the nicest Hue

Hue and Odour, in their respective Seasons, sprang upon Banks that lay level on each Side at the Roots of the Trees; and Springs of the purest Water were diffus'd thro' every Part of the Grove. Nature and Art had indeed conspired so fully to furnish it for Pleasure, that succeeding Times made it a Seat for Luxury, which was at first consecrated to Religious Uses: And so far did the Practise of Voluptuousness prevail, that the Place was only known to its Infamy; and was avoided by such as had a Regard to their Reputation, or meant to preserve a Character of Modesty and Virtue. Hither went *Seleucus* with a double Purpose, to do Sacrifice to those Powers to whom he had founded the Temple, and to enquire at *Apollo's* Shrine the Fate of *Antiochus*, and the Success of his own Marriage. The Omens from the Sacrifices, and Answers from the Oracle, sent him back but half satisfy'd with his Journey; for tho' they gave him some Assurances of the Prince's Recovery, they did not promise that Success to his Nuptials. New Victims were slain to deprecate the Anger of the Gods, and the Oracle once again consulted for a more propitious Answer: But
still

still the Signs were threatenng, and inauspicious ; still the Responses disappointing, and unwelcome. The good old King, oppress'd with Sorrow, return'd Disconsolate and Anxious to his Palace : His Soul was wrapt up in the Thoughts of *Stratonice*, and startled at the mysterious Meaning of the Fates, which seem'd by Omens to discountenance his Marriage. Retiring from the importunate Addresses of the Court, he shut himself in his Chamber, and din'd in Private : Nor would allow the Admittance of any but *Tigranes* to his Presence.

Whilst *Seleucus* had thus withdrawn himself from the Publick, the Princess *Arfinoe*, who resolv'd to pursue the Prince to a Confession of his Flame, encountred him in the Court : When putting on an Air of Constraint, and forcing a Blush for being drove to the Necessity of speaking to him on such a Theme, *My Lord*, says she, as your Royal Father has summon'd me to his Presence, and your Highness is not Ignorant on what Occasion, I thought it my Duty to take your Instructions as to what you should deem proper for me to say, e'er I attended his Majesty. The Prince, looking on her with

with some Surprize and a Mixture of Disdain, reply'd, *What Instructions, Madam, have I to give you, or what is it you would aim at knowing from me? Make Tigranes happy, who loves you to Distraction, and for whom you have confess'd no mean Regard.* The Princess blush'd at *Antiochus's* Answer; but resolving still, tho' she perceiv'd his Displeasure, to carry on an Air of Ignorance as to the Cause, and pursue the Stratagem in which she had so deeply embark'd, *I know, my Lord, says she, what I owe to his generous and ardent Passion; but when the King pretends to the Disposal of my Hand, is it for me to brave his Majesty by my Resistance? Can my denying to comply vanquish his Resolution; or can I, should I presume, entertain a Hope of succeeding, whilst your Highness's Pretensions oppose that Hope? — How! My Pretensions?* says the Prince frowningly, *do I oppose your mutual Flames? Reflect, Arsinoe, who first authoriz'd them; and take heed how you accuse me either of Levity or Baseness.* O pardon me, Sir, says the Princess again, *if I offend in Ignorance; did you not confess a Passion for me to the King, and that your Heart in Secret languish'd for me?* — *Ab! Madam,* replied the Prince with a Sigh, *are you not conscious that*

that your self obliged me to that mistaken Confession? The Delivery of your Picture, alas! involv'd me in that Error; My Lord, I am satisfied, says *Arsinoe*, with Pleasure sparkling in her Eyes; I am now confirmed in what I before had told my self without your Highness's Discovery: Your Flames are for the Queen: Nor can I wonder that your Love, which labors with such Oppositions, should give you such Disquietudes.

The Prince, whilst *Arsinoe* was speaking, walk'd backwards and forwards with Haste and Confusion: At last, stopping short and fixing his Eyes on the Princess, Yes, Madam, says he, I must own that spight of my self you have searched into my Soul, and torn from my enamour'd Heart that Secret which I had resolv'd so obstinately to conceal. I confess I adore the charming *Stratonice*, and with that strong and unalterable Passion, as if it seem'd decreed by the Gods for me ever, ever, to adore her: Yet by the fatal Exchange of her Picture for yours, it has been suspected my Soul is surpriz'd with your Beauties: *Tigranes* condemns me doubtless of Ingratitude, and such is the Rigour of my Fate, that I am forc'd to give a Sanction to his Jealousy, by the Necessity of my Silence. You, *Arsinoe*,
who

who have caused these Doubts and Errors, must prevent that Injustice to which the King's mistaken Zeal transports him; and shew you have a Heart that is faithful to your Tigranes.— My Lord, says the Princess with an obliging Sweetness, now that I know your Interest, be assured I will study to convince you of my Zeal in your Service; and whatever Excess the King may shew in his Passion, his Tears, perhaps, will with Ease perswade him to resign his Claim to the beauteous Stratonice. Ha! my fair Cousin, replies the Prince starting, No more of that; take heed what Discoveries you make to Seleucus. Destiny, to lay my Crime in Evidence before you, has by a Surprize betray'd my Silence: But be assured, Madam, were you to accuse me to the King, there is nothing which my Faith and Duty would not, to justify themselves, attempt against my Love: To dissemble and conceal the Flames of my enamour'd Soul, I will protest that your Beauties gave them Rise; and that Honour obliges me to die in Despair, that I may not rob Tigranes of your Heart.

The Princess, who could not but be alarm'd at Antiochus's Concern, heard him with the most profound Attention; her fair Bosom was now divided betwixt Pleasure

sure and Compassion, and she at once applauded, yet condemn'd her Curiosity: She rejoyc'd in having discover'd the Object of his Passion, but began to grieve for the Pains she observ'd the Discovery gave him. *My Lord*, says she in a soft and moving Tone, *whatever Ambition I may have of serving your Highness, I should be loth to be thought perniciously Officious: The Secret of your Passion, if you so command, shall sleep in my silence; but what shall I say to your Royal Father, if he persist in enjoying my Obedience to his Order?*

Antiochus, who saw a relenting Sweetness in the Princess's Demeanor, and an unusual Tenderness in the Air of her Expression, began insensibly to be reconcil'd to her; and whatever Lengths he might remember her Curiosity had gone, he thought it Reason to pardon them from her Condescension, and make a Friend of that Subtlety which had found means to dive into the Recesses of his Soul. *Madam*, says he, *let us urge that his Majesties Nuptials may to Morrow be accomplish'd; and dissemble so far with the King as to promise him, that, notwithstanding your first Vows, a small Respite will dispose your Heart to crown*
my

my Wishes: Perswade him you shall look on this Delay as the greatest Happiness, and promise him all he can wish on your Part, whilst I will study to ratify it by a Consent on mine. But see, Phradates is approaching you from the King; the indulgent Monarch, I know, is impatient for the Confirmation of your Compliance. Go, my fair Cousin, and exert all the Art and Eloquence of your Sex; let me be assured of your Zeal from the Success of your Endeavours: Bring about the Consummation of that Marriage, which he so wishes, and then I boldly dare surrender you to your Tigranes.----

The Prince here paus'd, and bowing to Arsinoe, seem'd to give her a Dismission from his Presence; till recollecting himself, that he had something yet to request at her Hands: Arsinoe, said he, you must not refuse the Justice of restoring Stratonice's Picture. The View of that ador'd Resemblance is all that remains to comfort me in my Sorrows.— My gracious Lord, replies the Princess mildly, though much I doubt that Consequence from your possessing it, yet I am bound in Honour to restore it to your Highness. Permit me now to obey the Summons of your Father: Let your troubled Heart rest in an Assurance of my Loyalty; and that my Duty to

*your Highness shall regulate my Conduct, and
Answers to his Majesty.*

Antiochus here again bowing to *Arsinoe*, retir'd to his Apartments; when *Phradates*, who had waited at a Distance for fear of interrupting their Conference, now came up to the Princess, and inform'd her of his Orders to bring her immediately to attend the King.

So irresolute and unquiet were the Princess's thoughts, that she now began to dread a Conference with *Seleucus*; she had promis'd the Prince to conceal the Secret of his Passion, and by that Promise render'd herself incapable of serving him: She knew the King would again press her Consent to make *Antiochus* happy; and perhaps *Tigranes* might be present to witness to her Falshood.

Trembling at the Issue of this dreadful Interview, she now had pass'd the spacious Anti-chambers, and came to the Presence: The Rooms were not as usual, crouded with the Attendance of officious Courtiers, but silent and desolate: She found the King alone, stretch'd on his Couch,

Couch, and busied in Thought; who, raising himself on his Arm as she approach'd, and ordering her to sit, Princess, said he, you must no more defend yourself against my Demand; Time calls on you to comply, and surrender your Hand to my Disposal. The Passion, with which Antiochus languishes for your Beauties, renders him, perhaps, not unworthy of your Esteem and mutual Love. No longer plead the Promise of your Hand to a former Lover, the Interest of the State will excuse your Inconstancy; and Tigranes, sacrificing his Hopes to the Welfare of his Prince, by that noble Precedent of Virtue, points you out your Duty.

The Princess blush'd, and holding down her Head, My Royal Lord, says she, no doubt Tigranes mourns the Injustice of your Order; but when your Majesty commands him to resign his Claim, what Reply can a Subject make, but his Obedience? But our weak Sex are generally so unfortunate as to entertain a Revolt in Passion with more Warmth and Resentment. Nor was it an easy Labour for One in my Rank to consent to confess a Liking; but when confess'd, 'tis impossible to retract, or deny it: Heaven, without consulting us in the Affair, by secret and invisible Ties unites our

M 3

Souls;

Souls; You yourself, Sir, authoriz'd the working of the Fates; you made Tigranes your Choice, and I regulated my Desires to accept with Pleasure the Man you had prescrib'd me.

Arfinoe, says the King interrupting her with an Air of Severity, I confess *Tigranes* was my Choice; and I had Reason to think, that your Marriage was not too glorious for Desert like his: The thousand Exploits of Honour which adorn'd his Crest, great as my Reward might seem, authoriz'd my Choice. But rather than comply, when he himself resigns you, would you have a Prince unavoidably be lost; or is my Throne so contemptible a Price for your Heart, that it cannot tempt you to redeem my Son? — My Lord, if there be a Remedy, replies the Princess, where the Distemper is Extream, should your Highness expect it from my Hands, when the Prince retains it in his own Power? He sees and knows the Cure of his Affliction, if he dares consent to believe his Reason. Princess, says the King again, 'tis in vain that he listens to, or attempts to follow it; rather than cease to love, he'd cease to live. What Essays has he not made to stifle the Flame; and the murthering Distemper that preys on his Health is the most convincing Proof of it; Did not the whole

whole Court see him sink in my Arms, o'erpower'd by Weakness and the prevailing Malady? Are we not continually in Fears for his Life, and still can you refuse to lend a Hand to his Redress? But how can I bestow a Heart, replies the Princess, which is not in my Power to dispose of? Tho' your Passion, says the King, may complain of some Violence in this Effort, at least resign your Hand, and let the Heavens take care of the rest: Trust to Time to furnish you with that Inclination, which as yet is wanting to inforce the Union. Prevent the Death of an unfortunate Prince, and in saving him, preserve my Age. Tell me, Princess, do you expect the Suppliant Father should throw himself at your Feet to obtain this Grace? — My Royal Lord, replies Arsinoe again, It is too much, and I am guilty even in hearing it from your Highness. If it be too much for a King, says Seleucus with the Tears standing in his Eyes, 'tis too little for a Father, who, mourning the Destiny of a Darling Son, would abandon every thing in his Power to prevent his Death. I see the Certainty of his Destruction in your ungenerous Refusal; and if he perishes, am convinc'd he falls a Victim to your Unkindness.

The good Old Monarch here made a Pause, and gave a Loose to his Passion; the subtle Princess, who was touch'd with his Sorrow, wanted to turn it to the Advantage of *Antiochus*; and by sounding the Bottom of the Father's Soul, to make way for a Discovery on the Success of which depended the Happiness of the Son. *My Lord* says she, *That Love which his Highness labours to conceal from your Eyes, deserves all the Pity your Indulgence can inspire: But, Oh! The Injustice of exposing me to the Horror of that Fate, which your Tenderness makes you dread should light on him! That which pierces his Heart, must rend my Soul: And if he languishes without Repose, who can answer to what Disquietudes I may be sacrificed? I Love; and when my Flame took Birth from your Commands, I did not blush to let the Court be Witnesses of my Passion: Tigraenes has Virtues whose secret Power prevented even my Obedience to your Orders, and won a Place before-hand in my Heart: The firm and warrantable Addition of your Allowance, made me surrender, without Scruples, to his Esteem. That Influence, those Graces, which since have charm'd me, were Bonds in which you yourself combin'd to fetter me. And can I by a new Resignation of my Person disengage myself from the*
Chain.

Chain.—The Struggle is great, I must confess, replies the King, and I have a feeling of your Pains; but now that the Life of Antiochus is at Stake, the Consequence of losing him must be a Consideration to supercede all others.

The Princess waited but for a Conclusion of that Nature to undermine the Sentiments of the King; *My Lord*, says she, with something of Warmth and Eagerness, *Love that has flatter'd it self in all its Expectations, can with great Difficulty surrender to Maxims of State: And tho' every Proposal is embrac'd with Joy to save a Son, I desire no other Judge than your Majesty of my Conduct. The bright Stratonice has charm'd your Soul, and you entertain for her all the Passion which so rare an Object is capable of inspiring: In this Extremity of your Love, when the glorious moment of your Happiness was just at hand, suppose the Prince were to rival you in that Choice, could you in paternal Tenderness resign her? Give me an Assurance of that Example of Fortitude, and I'll submit to vanquish all Regard.* — *The Grief of parting with Her, I own, says Seleucus again, would fall with Weight upon me; yet I protest, and be the Gods my Witnesses, I would go yet further to preserve my Son; I with my Love would resign my Diadem, if That could help his Cure. My Lord,*

says She, *I must confess you promise with great Resolution, but could you force your self to perform with the same Courage? Let the Gods,* replies the King, *whom I have invoc'd to witness to my Resolution, punish me if I did not, should the Circumstance require. You have then the Certainty of a Precedent, which you consented should regulate your Determinations. Reflect that a Son, so dear to me that I live but in him, now claims your Hand to restore him to Health and Happiness.*

Scarce were the Words out of *Seleucus's* Mouth, e'er a Blush arose on the Cheek of *Arfinoe*: Her Impatience of discovering the Prince's Passion had now got the Ascendant of her Promise to the contrary; and she could not hope for a fairer Opportunity of divulging it, than the concluding Sentence of the King afforded her. *My Royal Lord,* says she, *if there be such Certainty of a Precedent, it only remains for you to put your Constancy to the Trial: In vain would your Tenderneß offer me to Antiochus; know, that the Prince adores the Queen, and his Recovery depends on your Conduct: — The Prince adore the Queen!* replies the King, ecchoing her, *What Artifices are these, Arfinoe? And why do you startle me with these Fictions, to evade*
the

Antiochus and Stratonice. 251

the Performance of what your Stubbornness and Disobedience are so averse to? — How! says the Princess, and did your Majesty but trifle with Protestations? Do your boasted Resolutions already fail you? You promis'd boldly, and without Difficulties; and now that Necessity inforces the Confirmation of that Promise, the Greatness of the Grant has stagger'd your Resolves, and makes you willing to foregoe an Engagement of such Consequence.

Niece, replies the King, rising from his Seat, and traversing the Room with some Uneasiness, this Essay of your Female Cunning is too presumptuous: Your Love, that fears an Exchange of its Object, has put you on this Imposition only to give me Disquiet. I have no Room to question the Confession of the Prince; nor need I a better Evidence, than his producing of your Picture, to make me distinguish to which of the Two he owes his Vows. --- That Picture, my Lord, says the Princess again, was as strong a Conviction to me of his Passion; believe, that I have certain Proofs for what I assert, and that, when your Majesty pleases to be convinc'd, I can redeem you from your Error. — But, how? replies the King, with a Mixture of Disorder in his Doubts, has he in his Passion ever named the Queen? No, my Lord,

Lord, says the Princess, never to my Knowledge; his Respect and Deference to your Majesty's Claim have been too great a Restraint on his Love, ever to let the Escape of her Name betray his Passion. Permit me then so far to be faithful to his Highness, as not to extort the Reasons of my Belief from me, when no Arts could draw the Confession of this Flame from him. It is now in your Power to make what Advantages you please of my Suspicions: Let them have no further Title with your Majesty, till your own Penetration shall have ripen'd them into Proof. But that the Sincerity of my Zeal may stand unsuspected, and to confirm you that Antiochus has not those tender Sentiments for me, as have been suggested; as my small Beauties have been surmis'd the Cause of his Distress, I resign my Hand and Person when-ever he shall demand them. To this Effort, my Lord, my Duty to your Majesty condemns me; and I betray not my Faith to Tigranes, in submitting to a Doom which only the Recovery of Antiochus can necessitate: But if the Prince in the Distraction of his Soul rejects this Offer, be cautious of doubting from what mysterious Cause proceeds his Refusal.

The Princess here made a Pause, and with Silence and Attention waited the
King's

King's Reply : He, in the mean time employ'd in Thought, walk'd gloomily by her; as if what She had disclos'd sat heavy on his Heart, and he were studying the Means to assure himself that his Tears were groundless. At length, taking his Hand from his Brow, and addressing the Princess, *Cousin*, says He, *permit me to weigh the Nature of your Intelligence; if the Substance of what you have inform'd me be real, it is what the Quiet of a Father, and Safety of a Son are nearly concern'd in. But since you are so far advanc'd in this Affair, since Fortune and your Curiosity have embark'd you in a Discovery, on the Proof of which depends the Fate of Two Princes, proceed, Arsinoe, with a Regard to us both. You have blown up a Suspicion which cannot be allay'd but by a Certainty; and tortur'd me with Fears, whose Pains are aggravated, as the Subject of them is still a Doubt. Permit neither me, nor Antiochus, to languish in Suspence, but let me be assur'd of the Object of his Passion, and let the Gods then be Masters of our Destiny. Go, Niece, and employ all the Subility of your Sex to clear this important Secret; find out Laodice, and sound her Breast; in that Favourite Attendant the Queen reposes her utmost Confidence: Enquire of her with what Eyes the Prince has view'd Stratonice; She may have*
mark'd

mark'd their Conduct whilst in Macedon, and observ'd the very Birth of his Love and Tenderness. Enquire of her, with what Air and Language the Queen speaks of Antiochus; and learn whether She has ever been sensible of his Flame, or made him any Returns of reciprocal Affection.

The Princess, who had her Leave to depart in this Commission, assur'd the King of all her Faith and Diligence in the Execution of his Commands; and wishing him to expect the Issue of her Discoveries with that Serenity of Soul which befitted his Character, made her Obeisances, and hasted from the Presence.

No sooner was She retir'd, and *Seleucus* alone, but the Alarm of her unexpected Tidings recoil'd on his Thoughts with double Anxiety. Fear, Hope, Indignation, Tenderness, Jealousy, and Resolution rais'd alternate Tumults in his Bosom; Now he resolv'd to rely on himself; now wanted the Counsel and Assistance of *Tigranes*: Now dreaded the Loss of his ador'd *Stratonice*, now wish'd She might be the Means of recovering his *Antiochus*; Now resent'd the Insolence of the Prince's Love; now pitied the generous Conflict of that Passion, which made Him
prefer

Antiochus *and* Stratonice. 255

prefer Despair and Languishment to any base Violation of his Duty. Whilst thus his Mind was toss'd between Vicissitudes of Passion; whilst Apprehensions of Consequences tortur'd his Imagination, and Irresolution prevented him from determining his Conduct, in vain He labour'd to collect his Strength and Reason, in vain contended to reassume a Temper. At last tir'd out with a Revolution of Thoughts, and wanting to chase the Images which crouded in his Brain, he threw himself on his Couch, and enter'd into the following Debate with Himself.

Could a Doubt remain of the Prince's Passion, what Reason for this Extremity of Disorder in my Breast? Why should I tremble with so many Fears, if I could dispute the Certainty of *Arfinoe's* Discoveries? Unhappy Monarch! Thy Excess of Tenderness for a drooping Son, and the unknown Cause of his Distemper gave Thee one Disquiet; that Cause explain'd, instead of relieving, has plung'd thy Soul in deeper Perplexities. A Passion, equal to Thine, has fix'd *Antiochus* to *Stratonice*; the Consummation of thy Happiness then must prove his Dearth, the Consummation of his prove thy greatest Punishment: And tho' his Virtue triumphs o'er his Desire, he must

must perish should'st thou determine to his Disadvantage. — But, what! Could the flattering Engagement of so rash a Flame give him a Right of becoming his Father's Rival; and when he knew to what Excess he was charm'd with her Beauties, ought not the ungrateful Youth to have defended his Heart from the Approaches of Love; and, in Respect to a King and Father, check'd the bold Injustice of his Passion? — But could he see that lovely Face, and not admire? Oh! no; her very Sight implies a Necessity of adoring: If you look on it as a Crime that your Son has not limited his Passion to a cold Esteem, think on that Stock of Charms which had at once such Power o'er your Heart and Senses: Reflect on those Virtues, those transcendant Graces that could influence your frozen Age, and fill your Breast with youthful Transports. If your Son adores those Beauties that have surpriz'd your Soul, had he not a Heart and Eyes like you? — But wherefore do I call back to my bewilder'd Thoughts the Memory of those Charms, that wound me even with Reflexion? Is it that I fear I am not enough in Love? Think, think rather that Love, depressed with such a Load of Years, can offer at best an aukward Homage; Think that

Antiochus *and* Stratonice. 257

that a Son, whose Silence has reduc'd him to the Point of Death, teaches you what a Deference you should pay to Reason. O torturing Combat ! Where the Object of my Tenderness is in Opposition to that of my Passion. The One, the Other claims my divided Soul, and I alternately am engag'd to both their Interests. When I presume to determine that Love shall sway me, it is a Triumph that staggers my Nature ; when I determine Nature shall vanquish my Flame, it is a Triumph that staggers my Love : But whence is it that my Passion has shook Hands with Hope ? *Arsinoe* may herself be abused, or may have contriv'd to impose on my Credulity. Unhappy Monarch ! extricate thyself from this Labyrinth of Doubt. But when thou art resolv'd, how will the Knowledge aid Thee ? Hard Necessity of a conflicting Soul ! — I would believe my Glory, and my Glory stabs me to the Heart : My Tenderness and Affection would act as they ought, but dare not put their Duty in Execution. Must I then, to preserve a Son, resign my *Stratonice* ? — I must ; but can my Heart support it ?

This Debate with his Thoughts ended, he sat mute, and commented on his State with
silent

silent Sorrow: then did the Solutions of *Apollo's* Oracle croud to his Reflection: He no longer was at a Loss to interpret the God, no longer wonder'd at those Omens which presag'd ill Success to his Marriage.

Whilst he was weighing these important Concerns, he perceiv'd the Door of his Chamber to open, and rearing himself on his Couch, perceiv'd *Tigranes*. The Favourite, who had bin inform'd the King had entertain'd *Arfince* in private, trembled with the Apprehension of what was to be his Fate! Tho' the Prince had labour'd to redeem him from his jealousy; and tho' she had given him Assurance of her Faith, and Resolution to be his, he still fear'd the Determination of his King would controul his Nuptials. *Seleucus*, who saw the Marks of Sorrow and Dissatisfaction on his Brow, began to sicken with the Grief of his Friend, and add a fresh Load to his own Affliction. *Tigranes*, said He, *I am not pleas'd to see Discontent dwell on that Forehead; and yet I cannot chide you for your Concern. Perhaps, my Regards to my Son have gone too far; and made your Master a Tyrant in his Demands. If the Fondness of a Father has trespassed on your Passion, can you not forgive the Frailty of my Love, and frame an*
Excuse

Excuse to your Thoughts for the Dotage of your King. I perceive, the Fear of resigning your Princess has quench'd the Fire and Gaiety of your Eye; and Care and Sadness sit heavy on your Soul. But let Distrust no longer hold a Seat in your Bosom: I have Reasons to believe I have mistook the Prince's Flame; and suspect not now that his Passion is for Arsinoe. — Alas! My gracious Lord, reply'd the Favourite, Reason has taught me to be more humble in my Expectations, and, however my Prince's Heart may be engag'd, mine shall no more aspire to a Claim so insolent. My Faith and Duty oblig'd me to renounce the Thoughts of that Love, which, tho' warranted by your Royal Leave, I should not have presum'd to entertain in my Bosom: The Beauteous Arsinoe has Charms that claim a Diadem in Dower, and only Monarchs should breathe their Vows at her Feet. — How! says the King, these Sentiments of yours, Tigranes, bespeak an Alteration I did not think to meet with: When I propos'd the Nuptials of my Niece, I look'd on my self as a Judge of her Deserts, and meant not to disgrace her in an unworthy Lord. The Reasons of my desiring to cancel that Grant, my Son's Indisposition, and my Suspicion of his Passion for Arsinoe have fully explain'd: But since I have found my self mistaken in that Thought, I was

as willing to confirm her to your Hopes: Yet, perhaps, she is not now so grateful a Present, and the uncertainty of possessing her has prepar'd you to despise the Proffer.

O! my Lord, says Tigranes throwing himself at Seleucus's feet, wound me not with the Imputation of such a Sacrilege: My Love-sick Heart bleeds at the Loss of Her: I had made her the Darling Object of my Happiness, the Object of my Glory. O could you conceive the Pangs it has cost me, to think that I must part with such a Treasure! What Agonies, what Convulsions have I not bin rack'd with, on the Necessity that urg'd this Deprivation? You have a Soul, my Royal Master, that is susceptible of all a Lover's Tenderneß: You can form to your self a Thousand Ideas of Fondneß, which the Elegance of Imagination can alone express. The Beauties of your admir'd Stratonice have recall'd the wandering Cupids to your Heart, and taught your Thoughts to take Counsel from their Deities. As the Favourite pronounc'd the Name of Stratonice, he perceiv'd the King to turn pale, and hang his Head: A sudden Gloom arose on his Brow, and the Tears stood in his aged Eyes: Alas! my Master, continued Tigranes still kneeling, may I enquire the Cause of this Disorder? Is it possible that that Name, which used to shoot the Bloom of Youth into
your

your Countenance, should now have banish'd the Blood from your Cheeks? Why does this pensive Heaviness dwell on your Thoughts, when approaching Joys should beat the Alarm to your Breast, and your Soul sit hovering on the Wings of gay Expectation? Alas! my Lord, dispel this Cloud of Sorrow, and awake to Beauty, to Love and Transport.

Arise, my Friend, says the King, raising Tigranes from the Ground, and partake the Disquiets that have rack'd my Thoughts: Think'st thou that Demetrius will resent it of me, if, upon the maturest Reasons given, I should decline to wed his Daughter? My Lord, says Tigranes, seeing the King pause, the Surprize of a Question so unexpected robs me of the Power of resolving your Majesty. --- No matter, says Seleucus resuming his Discourse, I know the Macedonian is fierce and haughty; that War is his Ambition, and a Contempt is what neither his Soul, nor Dignity can digest: But if I should prescribe where his Daughter might be better plac'd; if I should still throw a Scepter at her Feet, and point out a Lord more suitable to her Years, could this draw down the Resentments of her Father? Suspend your Admiration for these my Enquiries; and be, what I have ever found you, my faith-
ful

ful Counsellor. Forgive me the Concealment of a Part of my Reasons, and content you with those which I am free to utter. A little Time will let you into my whole Bosom. I have bin on a strict Examination of my Conduct; I have put my self in the Place of the babbling World, and bin reflecting what Constructions they will make on my Marriage at these Years: Whether even my Subjects will not call it Dotage, and despise their King for a Softness so disagreeable to his Age? Could you with Patience hear it said, Tigranes, that Seleucus, who had taught all Asia to dread his Arms, who had fix'd his Standard beyond where Alexander attempted to penetrate, and made the remotest Nations his Tributaries, was now so lost to the Memory of his Glory, so shrunk from Renown, that he was become effeminate and meanly uxorious, and had sold the Character of all his Honours to a Look, a Smile from a Beautiful Woman? Would it not make you blush to bear this Reproach of your Monarch blazed, to hear him tax'd by the Licentious Tongue of the leud Populace, and insulted for his Weakness? --- By Heaven, tho' I have never held Acquaintance with Fear, or Irresolution, tho' I have still weigh'd my Actions with Severity, and made my Judgment the Director of my Conduct; I here begin to view myself with Dis-
fidence,

Antiochus and Stratonice. 263

fidence, to condemn the extravagant Proposition of my Marriage, and foretell the Ridicule of the censuring World by my own Prepossessions. Tell me with all the Freedom of Love and Friendship, Tigranes, whether I am not justly jealous of my fair Name, and have reason to suspect the saucy Descants of the malicious Vulgar.

My Royal Lord, replies the Favourite, finding the King had finish'd his Discourse, you give me Authority to declare my Sentiment, and I will do it with as much Fidelity as Boldness. Those alone that envy your Majesty's Happiness can presume to censure your Conduct; and the Charms of Stratonice are sufficient to excuse the Force of your Passion: Did I say, excuse? a Beauty like Hers, that commands Adoration, justifies your Flame, and makes it your Glory. Can it be your Reproach to possess yourself of a Treasure for which contending Monarchs would put their Diadems in Hazard? Or can your Majesty's Character, or Conduct, suffer from the vile Remarks of the descanting Populace? Whilst the Lords of Nations repine at your Fortune, let the Slaves of your Power divert themselves with their Wisdom. The Breath of the Vulgar is idle as that of the Winds that
blow

bl.w about the Chaff. You question'd me in particular, My Lord, as to Demetrius: and have decipher'd him so justly, that I doubt not but he must resent your Refusal of his Daughter: Your Majesty proceeded to obviate this Danger, by a Proposition of disposing her where her Father should as well approve. I confess, with Submission, I am at a loss to guess what Monarch can rival that of Syria in Power, or whom the Macedonian could be so Ambitious of calling his Son.

I could easily convince you, replied the King, that the Proposition, which at present staggers you, is justly founded: This I leave to Time to explain; know, that you alone are intrusted with my Counsels, and however after I may think fit to act, Secrecy will be what I must expect from your Friendship: Nor fear, that tho' I should determine to defer my Nuptials, that Resolution shall be a Bar to your Happiness: Tho' I should deny myself the Joys of Beauty, I'll give up your lov'd Arsinoe to your Embraces. --- The Favourite bow'd and blush'd with Pleasure at the renewing of the King's Promise, tho' he was but half satisfied that the Prince had relinquisht his Pretensions. The King who perceiv'd he had not conquer'd
all

all his Doubts, *Tigranes*, says He, *I would give you the fullest Confirmation of this Grant: I have something of Importance to communicate to Antiochus: Go bring him to my Presence; and when I have discours'd him, expect to receive your Mistress from his Hand.* The King by his Motions shew'd that he look'd for no Reply, but an Obedience to his Orders; and the Favourite, with an Air of Satisfaction at his Master's Assurances, bow'd and retir'd.

Whilst *Seleucus* was thus anxious for his Son in his Retirement, *Stratonice* was under no lighter Apprehensions on account of the Father. Her Soul was distracted between her Passion for the blooming *Antiochus*, and the Approach of the dreaded Hour which must surrender her Beauties to the wither'd King: And still as She reflected on the Cruelty of her Fate, the silent Tears stole down from her bright Eyes, accusing the Gods, her Father, Fortune, for compelling her Misery: then did She wish her Birth had been humbler, and her Beauties meaner; and then again check'd a Thought, which, taking place, would render her unworthy of the Prince's Bed, and incapable of engaging

his Affections. While the King was anxious and irresolute on his Nuptials, and the Queen disconsolate, and in a thousand Terrors on the Nearness of their Solemnity, all *Antioch* was busied in Preparations that might testify their Joy, or help the Pomp and Grandeur of the Ceremony. Every Door was hung with Chaplets of Myrtle and Roses; and Hecatombs of milk-white Oxen were led to the Altars to make the Sun propitious to the Marriage. The Beauties of the Court were studying Ornaments to improve their Charms; and the Noble Youths preparing for the Exercises that were to grace the imperial Nuptials. For these Sports a Spacious *Circus* was made larger by much than the largest Amphitheatres: Here were the Gladiators to try the Combates, Others to grapple with Lyons and Tigers; Some to entertain with *Pyrrhic* Dances, and Others to race in Chariots as at the *Olympicks*: Some were to represent the *Parthians* flying Fights, others to chase and hunt down wild Bulls, a Sport with which *Syria* till then was unacquainted. Of this last mentioned Sport, which was peculiar and Native to the old *Thessalians*, because it is mention'd but rarely in Authors, and because

cause from it the *Spaniards* may possibly have deriv'd their *Bull-Feasts*, it may not be amiss to subjoin a short Description.

The Natives of *Theffaly*, on solemn Occasions, were used to loose a number of wild and raging Bulls on their Plains of Sand; which no sooner were free, but an equal number of Men mounted their unbridled Steeds, and grasping the Manes, which supplied a Rein, dug their Horses sides with their Heels instead of Spurs; and using a cleft Stick for a Whip, set up a Course, and every Man pursued his Bull: when they came up with the Savage, their first Endeavour was to take him by the Tail, and tire him out by provoking him still to run faster; and as he turned, they managed their Steeds so as to turn with him, and still declin'd the Danger of his Horns: When they had pretty well wearied him, they used to drive on close to his Side, and keep such an equal pace with him, that to the distant Spectators the Heads of the Horse and Bull seem'd to grow on the same Trunk: Sometime after, they would put their Steed out a little more on the stretch, so as to have his Chest even with

the Bull's Forehead, and then the 'Rider would take his time to throw himself on the Savage's Neck: when winding his Arms about the Horns, and grasping with both hands the Tuft of Hair on his Forehead, he would let down his whole Body, and hanging with all his Weight on the Beast's Head render him in a short time so faint as to make him fall over on his Forehead, and with the Force of the Fall fix his Horns in the Ground: When the Savage was thus overturn'd, and lay kicking with his Legs upwards, unable to disengage himself, the *Theffalian* to compleat his Victory drew out a sharp Knife, and cut his Throat. The Learned have suspected, and not without Reason, that that Monster of Antiquity, which was call'd a *Centaur*, first gave Rise to this Game: For as those old *Theffalians* who inhabited *Pelethronium*, near the Flood of *Peneus*, first gave themselves to riding, and boasted to excel all others therein, they labour'd to improve themselves in it by such Exercises. That it was a Sport which gave no little Diversion, (as it requir'd uncommon Strength, and could not be perform'd without some Danger;) we may well imagine by it's growing in Request with other Nations,

Antiochus and Stratonice. 269

Nations, and being celebrated in times of Publick Joy. *Julius Caesar*, the Dictator, after *Pompey's* Sons o'erthrown, when he triumphed for many Days for his Victories over the *Gauls*, *Alexandrians*, *Ponticks*, and the *Mauritanians*, first had this Game exhibited in the *Roman Circus*; and probably so much valued himself on it's Importation, that he had some Money struck with his own Head on one Side, and on the Reverse a wild and raging Bull, round which was inscrib'd the Name of L. LAVINEIUS REGULUS, who, 'tis thought, presided over this Exercise.

But to return from this Digression, the Expectations of the People were high as the Preparations were various; and every Man's Thoughts were fired with the particular Object of his Pleasure. That the Prince alone shar'd not in the Tumult of this general Joy, occasion'd more Concern than Wonder: His filial Piety was too well known to give Suspicion that he envied his Father's Happiness; and that he rival'd him in his Love, was a Secret which none but *Arsinoe* had presum'd to guess at. The little Zeal therefore that he express'd on this

Occasion was entirely attributed to the Influence of his Distemper; and every one pitied the Misfortune of an Infirmary which controul'd the Bent of his Disposition. *Tigranes*, who had a Commission to bring him to the King, found him pensive and solitary in his Apartments, holding Discourse with Thought, and seated at his Window, with his Eyes bent on the Gloom of the distant Grove, that was checker'd with Streams of Light darted a-thwart by the Evening-Moon. The Prince no sooner heard but he obey'd the Summons of the King, and immediately went with *Tigranes* to the Presence. The Favourite, waiting on *Antiochus* to the Door, attended in the Anti-chamber during the Conference.

As the Prince approach'd, *Seleucus* raised himself on the Couch, and making Room for the Prince to sit by him, *My Son*, said He, *release me of a Doubt, in which I ought no longer to be involv'd, since a Concealment now would betray me to Dishonour: I have received an Intelligence of the utmost Consequence, and you alone can rescue me from the Pain it gives me; therefore disguise not from me your real Sentiments. How do the Court talk of my intended Marriage, and what do they say*
of

of that Pomp and Preparation, which my Love makes to honour the Solemnity? My Lord, replies the Prince, how can they talk but with Satisfaction of it, when they love and respect you so highly? Nay, but, says the King, the blind Deference which they pay to my Rank is to be suspected: It forms, and gives a Birth to Scruples; and makes me presume that with these grizzled Locks it is shameful for me to think of Love. My Years seem tacitly to reproach me, that I presume to languish for a young Princess; I would then decline the Murmurs and Censure of the Croud, and I would willingly have your Advice upon the Means. — Sir, says Antiochus interrupting the King, I fear you forget — — — Hold, Prince, replied Seleucus not suffering him to proceed, I have not yet done; Remember therefore that I require you not to flatter my Flame; but open to me your Heart as freely as I to you unburthen my Soul. I may too far have given way to those fond Inclinations that tempted me to put on the Character of a Lover; but if the Circumstance of my Age is repugnant to Hymen, whatever preparations I have made, my Hand is yet not surrendered; and therefore do you determine for me whether I shall in time retreat, or proceed to consummate the expected Nuptials.

The King spoke with that Calmness and Sedateness of Temper; that tho' the Prince had fix'd his Eyes upon him, he could discover no secret Design in his Words, nor perceive that his Father was going about artfully to sound the Mystery of his Passion: (For if *Antiochus* dissuaded the Match, the King in that Counsel might have an Eye on his Rival; but if he counsell'd him to pursue it, that Advice would strike at the very Foundation of his Love, and express more the Piety of a Son than Ardour of a Lover.) Soon as *Seleucus* had made a reasonable Pause, *My Lord*, said the Prince, *as my Reason by my Distemper is so much disorder'd, you will take Counsel best from your own Wisdom; or rather your Love should decide these Scruples of your Glory to which you seem so inclinable to bend. 'Tis him alone then whom you are to believe; 'tis he alone that is perfectly acquainted with your Soul. But, Royal Sir, if I may be allow'd to question you, after you have labour'd to have your Flame blaze out to the World, can I think that a moment's surprizing Change would now stifle and suppress that Fire which before you cherish'd with such Zeal? Can I think that the Queen is grown less lovely in your Eyes, that you should now dispute to espouse her? — O my Antiochus,*

chus, *can you doubt, replies the King, but Stratonice must be adorable? She, whom Heaven has bin prodigal in adorning with it's brightest Stores of Beauty? She to whom all Hearts submit, and unresisting own her Conquests? — But examine not too narrowly the Reasons of my Irresolution; only know that your Father is ready to retract his Vows, if he owes this Sacrifice to his Glory as a King. — No, my Lord, no, says the Prince again, let it be your Glory as a King to love: Too well I see what Power this Love has on your Soul, which yet you rigourously would throw off. In every Age it is honourable to indulge his Flames; live then for Stratonice, and be happy in her Beauties: Besides, should you cancel the Obligations of your Passion, Demetrius, her Father, might have room to be aggriev'd, and by a War on our Syria revenge the Insult done to his Daughter. We may easily, replies the King, looking steadfastly on Antiochus, find a Method to prevent that Fear; your hand may supply the Want of mine, and still preserve the Alliance unbroken. What said you, My Lord? replies the Prince, surpriz'd and blushing; That your hand might supply the Want of mine, says the King repeating his Words, and interpose betwixt the Resentments of Demetrius. I know my Son, this is to do your Heart a Violence, when it*

would divorce you from your admired Princess: But ---- My Lord, says the Prince interrupting his Father, I have already promis'd to vanquish my Weakness. — No, replies the King, if this new Proposal will make you too great a Sufferer, I do not urge your Passion to change its Object; but to spare you the Punishment of a dreaded Separation, I am ready, if it must be so, to marry Stratonice. And I have News for you, that will sound most pleasing in your Ear; as Tigranes has resign'd his Pretensions, so Arsinoe surrenders to your Claim; and is ready, when you demand it, to crown your Vows.

The King here again fix'd his Eyes on Antiochus, who had turn'd his with Confusion to the Ground: The Disorder of his Mind had almost robb'd his Tongue of its Power, and so perplex'd his Thoughts as to render him for a while incapable of a Reply: At length, recovering himself, Royal Sir, says He, Tigranes has merited the Conquest of the Princess's Heart, and to rob him of her Hand, when his Soul and Vows are still devoted to her, is to drive him into a certain Despair without giving any Cure to my Distemper. — How! -- replied the King, seemingly in a surprize, not when you have confess'd

feffed that Love has fuch an Ascendant on your Spirit? — My Lord, your Pardon; faid the Prince bowing, what I confefs'd on that Subject, I had Reafons then to do; but whatever Declarations I might have made, let us permit Tigranes to be happy: Time will be my beft Remedy, and is all that I request for my Cure.

The Prince ended with a figh which feem'd to begin his Relapfe into Melancholy; and the King, finding that he could not by Artifice draw from him a Discovery of the fecret he wanted, resolv'd now to be more open in his Difcourfe. Time, fays he, *I know has oft perform'd more than the moft ftudied Applications could accomplifh; but fetting afide Reftraint and Artifice, deal with me as with a Father and a Friend. I am inform'd, Antiochus, that you have a Paffion for Stratonice: Wherefore do you ftart? Can fo reasonable a Flame be criminal? Or are our Affections fo much in our Power that we can make them fubject to our Will? Think not fo meanly of me, my Son, as to fear I can be fway'd by the Prejudices of Jealoufy, or harbour a Refentment at Antiochus being my Rival. 'Tis glorious to avow a Love for the Object we adore, and I am proud of your Concurrence in the Merit of a choice I had design'd to make.* The King ftopping here, the Prince whole Heart

Heart beat thick at the Alarm of his Father's Information, prepar'd to drive him from a belief so groundless, and to insinuate that it must be the Malice of his Enemies had blown up such a Surmise. But, my Lord, says He, you seem to give this Intelligence such Credit by your Arguments, that I am confounded with Shame at the Necessity of replying to it. I beg your Majesty would let it pass as an idle Suspicion, that has found place in some busie Heads who are ambitious of thinking themselves acquainted with our Sentiments: Gods! Can that Homage, which is so absolutely a Debt from me, be misconstrued Love? Ought I not to reverence Stratonice as my Queen; or could I forget that She is to claim my Duty by a dearer Title? What Guard can Princes have of their Actions, if Subjects may interpret them to their own crooked Views! Should I have encourag'd so rash a Flame, must it not have been at the Expence of Duty and Nature? Must I not have forgot that you are my Father? Rather let me die a thousand Deaths, than suffer in the Imputation of Disobedience or Ingratitude! If your Majesty has condemn'd me in your Thoughts of such a Fault, let me be banish'd from your Presence for my Punishment: Hold, says the King, as Antiochus was proceeding, I want not Testimonies either of
your

your Gratitude or Obedience ; but fear your Sentiments of Honour are too strict and nice : The Degrees of your Respect are visible in the Progressions of your Distemper ; and when, by your Struggles and obstinate Concealment, you would sacrifice your Life to these Regards, it is my Duty and my Pleasure to restore it to you. Believe me, my Son, however her Charms found the way to my Heart, your Passion can easily disengage me from their Influence ; and without giving me a pain in the Separation, Stratonice is yours. Love her, Antiochus, as the Nobleness of your Heart will inspire, and her Beauty and Virtues merit. I from this Moment renounce her ; and scarce remember that my Nuptials were fix'd. I have, without any Struggle, banish'd the Impression of her Charms from my Memory ; and shall, with a Heart well satisfied, celebrate the happy Day that shall confirm her your Queen.

The King here concluded, and the Prince falling down at his Feet, with a Gush of Tears that spoke the Fullness of his Heart, *How shall I express, said He, my Sense of your Tenderness ? But take Heed, my Lord, take Heed, how you presume too far to credit yourself. Tho' your wondrous Goodness offers me such a Sacrifice, to throw away at once a Treasure so inestimable,*

estimable, (forgive me, Royal Sir, the Expression;) seems to declare an Extravagance of Despair. I cannot think of the Terms which your Indulgence offers, without a distant Fear of their Consequence, and how they may affect the Health of my Father. ---- But wherefore do I rave, and spend a Thought on idle Prospects? My Lord, you know I respect the Queen but as my Sovereign; my Admiration is confin'd to her Virtues, and presum'd not to examine the Graces of her Person. Wherefore, on my Knees, I beg you to espouse her: Let not your Subjects tax you of a Levity, for which the unhallow'd Vulgar may find a courser Name; but give them their promis'd Queen, and bless your Age with the Possession of the Divine Stratonice.

Scarce was the Name of *Stratonice* utter'd, but She (for so the King had purposely contriv'd, without an Intimation to her for what Cause;) entred the Apartment. The Prince surpriz'd at her unexpected Appearance, had scarce the Power to raise himself from the Ground, nor was the Lady less alarm'd at finding him with the King. *Seleucus*, without any Reply to *Antiochus*, or Discovery in his Countenance of what had pass'd between them, with his usual Tenderness approach'd the Queen. As he prepar'd to address her, with a conscious Blush on her Face,
and

Antiochus and Stratonice. 279

and repressing her Voice, as fearful of offending or troubling the Prince, the Sentiments of whose Soul She had so lately learn'd from his own Lips, *My Lord*, said She to the King, *your faithful Tigranes, has requested me to renew to you the Assurances of his Duty: And whatever Pangs it may cost his suffering Heart, he submits without a Murmur, to resign the Princess to the Wellfare of Antiochus.* *Madam*, replies the King, *I am satisfied of his Zeal, and must applaud his Generosity; but yet it is in your Power to bid him resume his Hopes. Tho' the Prince has confess'd the Influence of Arsinoe's Charms, yet he will be able to conquer that Impression, if he can be assur'd of Love in another Place. But it must be an Object indeed adorable on whom he can transferr his Passion, an Object of that exquisite and unparallel'd Merit, so rare, and preferable to all the World besides, that to speak more openly, can only be met with in the Person of Stratonice!*

It is impossible to express or describe the Emotions which the Words of the King caus'd in the Breasts of *Antiochus*, and the Princess. Lovers only can form a just Idea of their surprize and Confusion, and paint to Imagination the various Scene of their tumultuous Passion. The Prince started, and reddened with Fear, Distrust, and Satisfaction.

tion: The Queen, who scarce could divine the Meaning of *Seleucus*, yet could well interpret for her own Inclinations, was cover'd with Blushes of Transport mingled with Doubt and Apprehension. Her Prudence however was concern'd in the Conflict; and it behov'd her either not to understand the King, or to resent his Proposition. Dissembling therefore her secret Pleasure, and forcing herself to a Shew of Indignation: *My Lord*, says She, *In this surprize my silence might well be dispens'd with; but yet I am Mistress enough of my self to furnish a Reply. I so far submitted to the Laws of Nature, which prescribe Obedience to a Father's Will, as voluntarily to resign my Person to his Disposal. By this Concession I owe you both my Hand and Faith; the one has been already conferr'd, the other is yet my own and undispos'd; but if your Majesty have Reasons to wave the Match propos'd, I shall consult my Honour in the Regulation of my future Conduct.* — *Madam*, says the King, *suspect not that I would release your Faith on any Terms to affront your Dignity, or shew a Contempt which my Heart is incapable of entertaining. You still may be a Queen in my Dominions; nor can I be construed to injure the League struck with your Imperial Father, if my Son throwing a Diadem at your Feet, confirms to you the Rank*

Antiochus, and Stratonice. 281

to which your Birth is destin'd. I view you with the same Regards, but I am conscious that at my Age the Nuptials to which I aspir'd are to outrage your Youth: And, besides the Wellfare of my States, and the Succession of my Family are here concern'd. Have you not a Heart of Tenderness and Compassion to raise a drooping Prince from Ruine? If Antiochus languishes to Death for your Beauties, can you not condescend to pity his Distress, and from that Pity be perswaded to relieve it?

The King here paus'd, and the two conscious Lovers were again suffus'd with Blushes, again o'erwhelm'd with pleasing Agonies; but the Princess, whose Discretion o'ermaster'd her Flame, still exerted a Pride becoming her Birth and Sex, and would not let her Tongue betray the Dictates of her Bosom. My Lord, said She to the King, *as my Duty has ever sway'd my Actions, my Will is dependant on the Commands of my Father: Your Majesty will therefore pardon me if my Answer waits on the issue of his Resolutions.*

The Prince who had all along till now, from the Appearance of the Queen, stood silent, and who o'erheard to what Head the Conference between the King and her was come,

come, thought it high Time to interpose in the Affair. *Madam*, says *Hè*, take heed how you subscribe to what the King has urg'd: They are Sentiments that spring from a too partial Fondness of a Father, and a too strong Regard to my Health and Recovery: But believe, the Royal Seleucus, tho' he with such Vehemence has combated his Passion, still adores the Beauties of Stratonice. — And does not Antiochus too, replies the King, adore her Beauties? — *Alas!* My Lord! says the Prince, starting and stealing a Glance of Languishment on the Queen, I adore her! — — Are you resolv'd to condemn me of that Crime, and will no Assurances of my Duty clear me? — Why would you labour to be clear'd of that, which only your own Opinion has made a Crime, replies the King? I think my self warranted to believe your Passion; but if you are determin'd to reject the Glory of her Nuptials, let her at least from your own Mouth be satisfied, that her Charms are not powerful enough to win your Heart. That you can disdain — — O hold, My Lord, says the Prince stopping Seleucus short in his Sentence, think it not in Possibility that I could disdain the Queen; has She not Charms greater than our Eastern Empires could ever boast, has She not Virtues great as the inimitable Beauties of her Person? But is She not the destin'd Wife of Seleucus?

Antiochus and Stratonice. 283

leucus? Was not the rising Morn to have bin a Witness to the Pomp of your Nuptials? And shall the bold presuming Passion of a Subject dare to cross your auspicious Love, and He not be sentenc'd to immediate Death? Sir, if I am esteem'd this sacrilegious Rival, let my Punishment be sudden as my Insolence is unequal'd. — 'Tis too much, my Son, replies the King; these Flights are the effects of a gallant despair that must not have it's Course; Contend no further to stem the Tide of my Purpose: And either avow your Flame for Stratonice, or presume not to refuse the Hand of Arsinoe. I leave you to your choice, and shall expect you to be sudden in your Resolution.

The King express'd himself with an air of uncommon Severity, and without permitting *Antiochus* to reply, bow'd to *Stratonice* as he pass'd along, and quitted the Room. The Prince now left alone with the Queen, and having but a Moment for the Decision of his Destiny, thought it high Time to consult her on the Subject of his Love, since his Address was not only permitted but injoin'd. Madam, says He, can you forgive a Person, the Necessity of whose Fate has oblig'd him insolently to disclaim his Passion? A Person who languishes to Death for your Beauties, yet
whom

whom Duty has restrain'd from encouraging an Idea, or Hope of Happiness? But now the unpropitious Gods are alter'd and seem consenting to my Love: The Vehemence, with which my Father pursues his Purpose, looks like a Direction from the Sacred Powers. Could Paternal Tenderness else prevail to make him relinquish a Treasure of such Worth? Could he with such Ease throw up the Advantages of his Flame, and resign the Title and Interests of a Lover, unless the Divinities, with an unseen Influence, had work'd on his Soul, and fashion'd him to the Tryal of this unequal'd Generosity? -- O Princess, suffer me to indulge this Thought, and to see the Hand of Heaven in his Resignation. Suffer me now to plead the Merit of a Passion, that got the Start of my Royal Rivals: And tell me, Fair One, if I may not hope that your Heart consents to what the Powers decree. — The Prince here paus'd, and expected a Reply from Stratonice, who only answer'd him with Silent Blushes. Are all the Blossoms of my Hopes then wither'd at once, continued He? Am I condemn'd to a fresh Series of Sorrows? Unhappy Antiochus! Cruel Stratonice! But well am I punish'd in your rigid Coldness for the insolence of my Passion; well are a Father's injuries reveng'd on his Son's Presumption. The Gods are just, and assert their Prerogative in punishing my Disobedience

g an
 un-
 ting
 my
 Dire-
 Ten-
 rea-
 Ease
 re.
 less
 ad
 be
 s,
 e
 e

 silence with your Resentment. — My Lord, said the Queen interrupting *Antiochus*, unjustly do you tax me of Cruelty and Resentment; is there a Necessity that my Silence should be interpreted either Aversion or Contempt; or would not the Circumstances in which I am involv'd, excuse the Default of an immediate Answer? Give Them, my Sex, my Dignity, some Allowances; and know that, as I told your Royal Father, *Demetrius's Will* must be the Measure of my Conduct. Yet, Prince, that I may not seem to merit the Imputation of that Rigor you have thrown upon me, believe, I think not so meanly of your Worth, or have consider'd your Passion with such Indifference, that my Heart should make too violent Struggles in complying to exchange *Seleucus* for *Antiochus*.

The Queen had but just finish'd, and the Prince was preparing to express his Gratitude, when the King return'd, follow'd by *Tigranes* and *Arfinoe*. The Lovers, as yet in a State of Uncertainty, and not daring to depend on the precarious Promises they had receiv'd of Happiness, were again in Pain and Agonies of Consternation. *Seleucus*, approaching with something more Serenity than he wore in his Countenance at his Departure, *Antiochus*, said He, we must allow no longer Time to Debates, and therefore

therefore now I expect your Resolution. If you are still resolv'd to confess no Passion for Stratonice, the Princess from this Moment consents to resign her Hand, and Tigranes himself will be a willing Witness of your Nuptials. The Favourite, who had been assur'd on all Hands that the Prince's Desires centred not in Arsinoe, and that therefore he was in no Danger of losing his Mistress, seem'd with Alacrity and a chearful Forwardness prepar'd to ratify his Royal Master's Pleasure. The Prince was not a little confounded at the Suddenness and Importunity, with which this Proposition was press'd, his Soul lean'd all on the Side of Love, but Duty still was a Restraint on his Tongue: Floating betwixt the Tides of Passion and Obedience, and unable to trust himself to either's Direction: *Alas! my Lord, said He, Is this the Return I must make Tigranes, this the Recompence for a Life preserv'd at the Hazard of his own? Syria will be reproach'd with the Memory of her Prince, who would in such an Act exceed the Ingratitude and Barbarity of the wildest Scythians. No, let Tigranes be happy in his Arsinoe, and if ever I have interpos'd betwixt him and his Wishes, I have now taught my Heart no more to wander. Let War be the future Province of my Youth; let me be sent,*
my

my Lord, to assert your Conquests, and remind the Tributary Nations of their Victor. The Indus still has Countries unsubdued, and Countries worth the Business of my Sword, if That may be worthy of the glorious Service.

The Prince spoke with an Air of manly Fierceness, that gave a sudden Bloom and Life to his Features, and extinguish'd the Injurious Deadness of his Melancholy ; but the King who was satisfied that it was but an Effort of Generosity, and that Love more than shar'd the Empire of his Heart : Prince, said He, I have other Expectations from your Youth that claim the Preference. Syria has Dominions wide enough to satisfy her Monarchs Ambition ; assure me first of a Line of distant Successors, to whom the conquer'd Kingdoms may be parcell'd out, and then 'twill be Time enough to think of opening new Roads to Glory. For myself, so may the Gods we worship continue my Protectors, I from this Moment renounce all Thoughts of Beauty : My Age begins to tire beneath the Weight of Empire, and I would live to see my Honours renew'd in the Task of your Youthful Administration. Consent to share the Scepter with your Father ; nor disdain to receive, from his Concession, a Princess that should have bin the Partner of his Bed. But since you have
bin

bin so strict to the Regards of Honour, as to punish yourself by an obstinate Concealment of your Love; in time redeem that Error, and let This convince you that I have not barely guess'd at your Sentiments.

The King here deliver'd him the Picture of Stratonice, which Arsinoe had found in the Grove behind his Apartments, and which She had kept back from the Prince, and put her own in the Room of it, to ascertain her Suspicions and bring about the Discovery of a Passion he so zealously labour'd to conceal. The Prince upon Receipt of this darling Tablet, blush'd as well with Joy at regaining Possession of it, as with Confusion at receiving it from the Hands of his Father. Princess, says He, *was this well done? Is this your Sincerity, and the Discharge of your Promise? My Noble Cousin,* reply'd Arsinoe to him, *if I have transgress'd the Limits of a Promise, I hope the Consequences will excuse my Breach of Faith: And if I have contributed to the Promotion of your Happiness, that Benefit at least may mitigate the Heinousness of my Crime.* My Lord, says the Prince turning to his Father, *I must own my Offence, and throw myself into the Hands of Justice: Punish this insolent Son as you please, I will not murmur*
at

Antiochus and Stratonice. 289

at the Severity of your Resentments, but submit to it as the just Correction of my Treason. The King affectionately raising him from the Ground, for he had thrown himself at his Feet, and casting his Arms about his youthful Neck, O my Antiochus! — said He, Your only Crime has been the Obstinacy of your Virtue, which put a Life so dear to Me and these Empires in Hazard. Well has your Passion tutour'd the Indiscretion of my Age; and may the Gods, and Demetrius consent to make the Issue as happy as my Hopes forebode and your own Virtues merit. Tigranes, your Nuptials must now wait on those of the Prince; and that nothing may retard that Hour of your Wishes, yourself shall to Morrow be dispatch'd for Macedon to acquaint our Imperial Brother of this Change, and obtain the fair Stratonice, in Marriage, for our Antiochus.

The King could not finish, e're Tigranes and Arsinoe in Looks of Pleasure congratulated the Prince: The News immediately spread o'er the Court, who receiv'd it with Welcome; and none more rejoyc'd than Ariobarzanes, who knew the Cause of Antiochus's secret Languishings. The Croud were ev'n tumultuous in the Expressions of their Joy, and the whole Army agreed to applaud the Conduct of the King. The

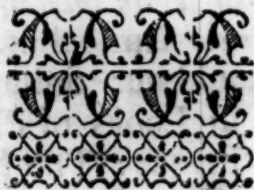
O

reserv'd

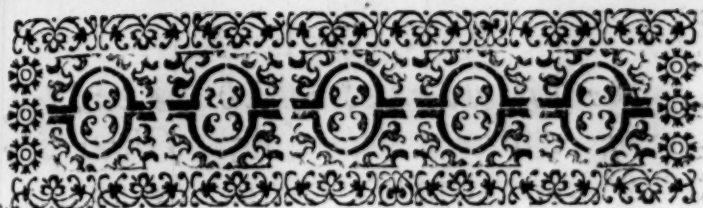
reserv'd Honour of the Son and Generosity of the Father were now the Discourse of Neighbouring Nations : who counted that this Action gain'd *Seleucus* more Reputation than all the Victories he had won, since in This he shew'd that he could conquer himself.

F I N I S.

28 MR. 59



INDEX.



I N D E X.

A.

A Ddresses, Method of them
descanted on, page 26, 27.

A Alexander's Diadem blown off
his Head, and lodg'd on
Reeds in the Euphrates, p. 2. Dies
at Babylon, *ibid.*

Antigonus, kill'd at the Battle of Ip-
sus, p. 218.

Antiochus, the Son of Seleucus, p. 5.
His Character, *ibid.* and 6. His En-
try into Antioch, 6, 7. His Treatment
at Macedon, 20, 222. His Reception
of Stratonice before the King, 22, 23.
His Change of Temper describ'd, 32.
Declines a Crown, 38. Sollicits a Re-
tirement from Antioch, 43. Discovers

I N D E X.

the Picture-case, which he had lost, in Arsinoe's Bosom, 65. Gives the Queen Arsinoe's Picture by mistake, 74. Is confounded at receiving it from the King, 106. His Protestations of Friendship to Ariobarzanes, 111. Confesses his Passion to the Queen, 187, &c. Makes his first Campaigne, 197, &c. Has his Horse kill'd by a Javelin, 207. Is rescued by Tigranes, 208, &c.

Apamia, a Persian, Mother to Antiochus, p. 5, and 120.

Ariobarzanes, Prince of Cappadocia, presents Antiochus with War-Horses, p. 31. Sent to Antioch to complain of the Syrian Governor, 109. Relates the beginning and issue of his Amour, from p. 131 to 156.

Aristides, the Theban Painter, his Excellence, p. 232.

Arsinoe, Neice to Seleucus, p. 7. Discourses with Antiochus on the Subject of Love, 26, 27. Finds the Queen's Picture, 61. Puts Her own in the place

I N D E X.

place of it, 63. Discovers the Secret of the Prince's Love, 250.

Athens, its Flattery to Antigonus and Demetrius, p. 219.

B.

Baseness, not to acknowledge Obligations, p. 197.

Bulls, wild, how hunted, p. 267, 268.

C.

Caspians, Seleucus's War on them, 198, 199, &c. frighted at an Eclipse of the Sun, 202.

Cleopatra, Sister to Alexander, kill'd by Antigonus, p. 218.

D.

Daphne, the Grove and Temple there, p. 236. A Place accounted infamous by Posterity, 237.

Demetrius, Father to Stratonice, p. 2. King of Macedon, ibid. Employ'd against Ptolemy of Egypt. ibid. Makes Alliance with Seleucus, 220.

Description of the Prince's Melancholy, p. 82. Of Stratonice's Picture, 225, 226. &c.

O 3

Diana's

I N D E X.

Diana's Temple, fir'd the Night Alexander was born, p. 218.

E.

Eclipse of the Moon before the Battle at Arbela, p. 201.

Erasistratus, a famous Physitian, p. 83.

His Method of discovering the Prince's Distemper, 85. 86. His Artifice to prepare the disclosing his Suspicions to the King, p. 88.

F.

Friendship and Flattery distinguish'd, p. 21. The latter necessary in Love-addresses, p. 26.

H.

Heraclides of Pontus, his Present to Ptolemy, p. 222.

I.

Indians, prevent Old Age by voluntary Death, p. 224.

Ismenia, Daughter to Orontes, rescued from a Tygress, p. 136, 137. Lov'd by Ariobarzanes, 144. &c. is stab'd by Nicanor, 154.

Julius

I N D E X.

Julius Cæsar, *exhibits a Bull-Feast at Rome*, p. 269.

L.

Lacedæmon, *differs from her Neighbours in Customs*, p. 224.

Laodice, *Mother to Seleucus*, p. 3. *Her Dream*, *ibid.*

Larissa, *Subject to Macedon*, p. 223.

Leucosyria, *its Scituation*, p. 132.

Love, its Emotions describ'd, p. 52, 53.

Lyfimachus *wars on Antigonus*, p. 217.

Lyfippus, *his Statues of Seleucus*, p. 214.

M.

Megasthenes *attends Antiochus to Macedon*, p. 221. *His History of India prais'd*, *ibid.*

Monuments, erected on the sides of Hills and Rivers, p. 4.

N.

Nicanor, *design'd to marry Ismenia*, p. 148. *Grows jealous of Ariobarzanes*, p. 153. *Stabs Ismenia*, 154. *His Death*, 155.

Nora, *Incessant how'd there*, p. 224.

Omens,

I N D E X.

O.

Omens, impertinent, p. 200.

*Orontes, his Carriage to Ariobarzanes,
p. 140, &c. Falls dead with Grief,
p. 155.*

P.

*Parthians, their manner of Fighting
describ'd, p. 205, 206.*

*Pelethronium, its Inhabitants skillful
in Riding, p. 268.*

*Pella, the Birth-place of Philip and
Alexander, p. 222.*

*Phenissa, discovers her suspicions of the
Prince's loving the Queen, p. 51.*

*Philip, the Syrian Governor, stabs him-
self, p. 129.*

*Philotas, Page to the Prince, his Ac-
complishments, p. 120, 121.*

*Preparations, at Antioch, for the Nup-
tials of Seleucus, p. 266.*

*Princes, barr'd from Obscurity by their
Birth and Station, p. 36.*

Pygmalion, deats on a Statue, p. 227.

R.

*Reasons of Seleucus and Demetrius
coming*

I N D E X.

coming to an Accommodation, p.220.
S.

Seleucus, *King of Syria*, p. 1. *Born with the Mark of an Anchor on his Thigh*, 3. *Recovers Alexander's Diadem from the Reeds*, p. 4. *Ambitious of extending his Dominions*, *ibid.* *Determines to give his Son the Kingdom of Phœnicia*, p. 33. *Concern'd at the Prince's Thoughts of Retirement, begs the Queen to dissuade him from it*, 55, 56, 57. *Orders Sacrifices, and a Lustration for the Prince's Recovery*, 59. *His Expostulations with Erasistratus*, 90, 91, &c. *Acquaints Tigranes of the Prince's Passion for Arsinoe*, 105. Seleucus, *how drawn by Apelles*, 213. *Goes to consult Apollo's Oracle at Daphne*, 236. *Deliberates with himself on the Knowledge of the Prince's Love*, 255. &c. *Consults Antiochus on his Design of not marrying*, 271. &c. *Proposes to resign Stratonice to him*, 277. *Obliges him either to own his Passion for*

I N D E X.

*for the Queen, or Wed Arsinoe, 283.
Delivers him the Picture of the
Queen which he had lost, 288.*

Smyrna, rebuilt by whom, p. 222.

*Straton, a River, the Caspians encamp
along it, p. 198.*

*Stratonice, Daughter to Demetrius, p.
2. Her Entry into Antioch, 6, 7. Her
Emotions on the mentioning of Anti-
ochus, 12. Her Conflict with her
self in relation to him, 29, 30. Jeal-
ous of his desir'd Retirement from
Court, 47. Confesses her Passion for
him to her Woman, 52. Disturb'd at
receiving Arsinoe's Picture from the
Prince, 75. Delivers it to the King,
101. Discourses with Phenissa about
the Prince, 178, 179, &c.*

T.

*Taurus, Mount, parts Cappadocia from
Armenia, p. 132.*

*Themistocles yields to Superstition, p.
200.*

*Thermoodon, River, famous for the
Amazons, p. 133.*

Theffa-

I N D E X.

Theſſalians, their manner of hunting wild Bulls, p. 267, 268.

Tigranes, the King's Favourite, p. 7. Complements the Arrival of Stratonice with a Maſque, 9. In Love with Arſinoe, 10. Preſerv'd the Prince's Life, p. 41. particular Account of it related by the Prince, 204, &c. Complains of his hard Fate in having the Prince for his Rival, 160. Is willing to reſign Arſinoe, 163. Has a Confirmation of Her renew'd him by Seleucus, p. 264.

Trapeſus, an eminent City of Cappadocia, p. 132.

W.

Women very reſerv'd in Greece, p. 223.

Words, the Shadows of Things, p. 27.